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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H. L. MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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The American
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April 1924

HORACE GREELEY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

HORACE GREELEY was all his life an intense and passionate worker. From his boyhood in the tens and twenties of the last century, until his death in 1872, it was work, work, work for him, and nothing else. As a child in school and on the farm he worked with his hands and with his brain. As a printer in New York he worked with his brain and with his hands. As editor of the *New Yorker* and the New York *Tribune* he worked with his brain, but still also with his busy fingers, till the fingers were weary and the brain worn to shreds and tatters.

Work was all of life that interested him. What would you do unless you worked? You worked all the time, except when you were asleep. He had a physique which, on the whole, admirably seconded all this intense activity. To be sure, his nerves were sensitive, played queer tricks with him, bothered him even as a child. But in general his body served him well, and he did not suffer from that physical drag which makes all work tormenting, if not impossible. Work, never tormenting to him, became such a habit that he could hardly conceive the attraction of idleness. He even extended his own passion to humanity in general, and could not believe that all men did not love to work as he did. "A lazy man, in my view," he said, "is always the pitiable victim of miseducation. Each human being, properly trained, works as freely and naturally as he eats; only the victims of parental neglect or misguidance prefer hunger and rags with idleness, to thrift won by industry and patient effort."

To men of that temperament work seems sufficient in itself, a reward and a delight, quite independent of any ulterior motive. They work from mere restless impulse, from the mechanical instinct of nerves and muscles craving to be used, almost regardless of any definite aim or object to be attained. At no time in his life was the earning of money in itself an incentive to Greeley's efforts. He earned and saved because that was the natural accompaniment of his excessive work, and because his foresight and far-sight felt the power of protection in such saving. But money meant little to him, for he lived sparely and hardly and had no taste for spending. His youth was the homely, rugged youth of the New England farmer's boy in the first half of the century. The bare necessaries were all that Horace was ever accustomed to and apparently all he ever wanted. In the poverty of those early years were established the oddities of dress which became so peculiarly associated with him that men rarely think of him today without them. As a boy, even when he began to earn, he would spend

nothing on clothes. He went into New York with the crudest country garments and he had no disposition to shed them even under the pressure of ridicule. All his life he dressed roughly, uncouthly, ineptly, wore trailing coats and trailing trousers and clumsy boots, and his slouch hat and white overcoat were objects of everlasting caricature.

Even with a family and a city household of his own it appears that Greeley maintained the same Spartan régime that had taken possession of his spirit in youth. No doubt the wife and children had the necessaries of life and many of the comforts, but they were trained to consider luxury as superfluous, if not wicked, and to believe that only the idle needed to spend money in order to be happy. Yet Greeley was fond of his children, devoted to them, and spoke of them with singular tenderness. The boy Arthur, familiarly known as Pickie, who was such a favorite of Margaret Fuller's, is described at length in his father's autobiography with a pathetic, lingering fondness, and his death was for the time a prostrating blow.

II

More and more, as I study the lives of men of mark, or of any men, for that matter, I feel curiosity about their wives. It is evident that Greeley's wife played a considerable part in his career, though we can get at her only very indirectly and obscurely. Here and there comes a touch that makes her stand out. For instance, we are told that, when Greeley married her, she was a teacher and was "crazy for knowledge." How clearly you see the type! You begin to understand how she could put up with her husband's oddities; perhaps she had plenty of her own. Her rigid family discipline is drolly illustrated in an account of Governor Seward's attempt to smoke on the Greeley premises: "Now Mrs. Greeley happened to be ill in a room just over that in which the gentlemen were, and her husband knew that just so soon as the cigar-smoke made its way to her nostrils, through the flue of the chimney, she would descend upon them like an avalanche in whatever costume she happened just then to be." Wherefor Seward and his cigar were coaxed out into the street and kept promenading for an hour in astonished perplexity as to the cause of such inhospitable treatment. But, whatever Mrs. Greeley's oddities, she was a loyal and a helpful wife, and the loss of her, just as her husband had failed in his last great political struggle, was too much to bear. "In the darkest hour my suffering wife left me, none too soon, for she had suffered too deeply and too long. I laid her in the ground with hard dry eyes." But the memory that lingers with one most is that she was "crazy for knowledge." What a profound and pitiable epitaph!

Work and the domestic affections—these seem to have been all of Greeley's life. It is remarkable how the other common interests of mankind were slighted or left out altogether. All the references to his boyhood agree that he had no taste for play, never cared to join in childish sports or amusements. He was fond of fishing, but, as his biographer remarks, he fished not for fun, but for fish. He did like to play checkers. Also, he played cards occasionally, though never for money and never on Sunday. But such things were a waste of time and rather to be frowned upon, and "he advised persons of sedentary habits to shun them because of the inevitable tendency to impair the digestion and incite headache." Beyond question the people of that generation took life seriously!

It was the same with all the more elaborate distractions which are supposed to divert maturer age. Travel? Oh, yes, the man traveled, but it is clear that he was always in a hurry, and always accumulating copy for the *Tribune*. Social life? If you got him with people whom he liked and let him have all the conversation, he would talk and talk well. But

he had no taste for ordinary social gatherings, and avoided them, and did not appear to advantage in them. His dress was inappropriate, his manners were uncouth. Alcohol he never touched, and he discouraged others from touching it. As for tobacco, you can't say much more against it than this: "The chewing, smoking, or snuffing of tobacco has seemed to me, if not the most pernicious, certainly the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved Man is capable." Whew!

What are usually considered more refined pleasures had little better luck with such an instinctive Puritan. He tolerated the fine arts and filled his house with pictures; but I doubt if he ever looked at them. Even nature, from the aesthetic point of view, meant little more to this ardent farmer than it does to most farmers: crops and bugs and manure always loomed larger than sunsets. The same was true of books. Greeley had been an enormous reader from childhood. He was always at a book or a newspaper, read in the woods, or on his way from school, or by the fireside at night. But while in youth he read anything that came handy, literature proper or anything else, his taste was wholly practical, and the practical was all he got from all he read. He wanted education to be practical, and preached that it should be so, wanted it to turn out farmers and artisans who should understand their business and like it. Colleges, which he had never frequented, seemed to him to be dangerous, or at least greatly in need of reform. "We must have seminaries which not merely provide work for their pupils, but require it inflexibly from all." Work, work, always work! No doubt work is an admirable thing; but when you pack life too full and solidly with it, something is bound to explode.

III

Yet the work in Greeley's case was certainly not for himself alone, nor, though it was eminently practical, was it by any means always material in its nature or aims. His mind was constantly busy, and often in abstract thinking, but always with a practical bearing and purpose. His intelligence was almost preternaturally quick and active, a swift sequence of skipping, frisking, cavorting thoughts, which kept both the inner and outer cosmos in a perpetual whirl. At the same time, the thinking was not always very logical or very deep. It was that of the self-made, self-taught man, who acquires knowledge readily and widely, but without much system or much exact training in its use. Greeley did not gain control of his ideas; he lacked the capacity naturally, was erratic, easily led and misled, and duped by himself more often and more disastrously than he was ever duped by others.

In the more lofty regions of thought he counted for little or nothing. Religion did not trouble him much, or, in its higher emotional aspects, greatly concern him. When he was a child the darker phases of Calvinism repelled and distressed him. The old puzzle of an omnipotent God who made His creatures to suffer eternally would not let him rest. He finally solved the problem by adopting the comfortable doctrines of Universalism. The long and the short of it was that, as he said in later years, "I am so taken with the things of this world that I have too little time to spend on the affairs of the other." He was a faithful church-goer, but seemed to think that his bodily presence was the main essential, and allowed his mind to profit by the golden opportunity for sleep. "He generally stalked in rather early, the pockets of his long white coat filled with newspapers, and, immediately on taking his seat, went to sleep. As soon as the service began, he awoke, looked first to see how many vacant places were in the pew, and then, without a word, put out his long arm into the aisle and with one or two vigorous scoops, pulled in a sufficient number of strangers standing there to fill all the vacancies; then he slept again."

There you have the man: whatever benefits the church or anything else gave him must be shared with others, and the sharing was rather more important than the benefits. The side of religion that appealed to him was the practical, and the most fruitful field of labor for his vastly laborious spirit was work for others. His own personal benevolence was almost unlimited. He gave and especially he lent widely, freely—many persons thought, foolishly. Yet, if he was often duped, he was not fooled, that is, he fell into the trap with his eyes open, and knew that he was complying with Christian charity rather than with deserving need. And when a cause did not interest him or appeal to him, he could refuse with a decided petulance, and even with the curious coarse vigor of language which his wandering youth engrafted upon his age, as when he replied to the man who appealed for a subscription to "a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell," "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now."

IV

Greeley not only gave money, but advice, and in incredible measure. As a popular editor, the demands upon him in this regard were enormous, but he gladly spent his time and strength in meeting them. The advice was often roughly and broadly given, as in the celebrated "Go West, young man, go West!", or as in the more concrete story of the boy who had been living with his sister, had quarreled with her and left her, and came into the *Tribune* office to ask for assistance. Greeley kept on writing and did not even look up. "Is your sister married?" "Yes." "Is she respectable?" "Certainly, sir." "Go straight to your sister and tell her that you are ashamed of yourself, and ask her forgiveness. If she will take you, go back and live with her; and after this remember that if your own sister is not your friend, you will not be likely to find any friend in New York City." The boy went and Greeley kept on writing. He was too busy for gentleness, but his advice was sound and wholesome, and those who took it profited.

He was just as ready to advise the world at large, and his editorial employment gave him a magnificent opportunity for doing it. He had the essential qualities of the born reformer: the immense energy, the quick and ready, if superficial, sympathy, the unfailing enthusiasm, the limitless confidence in himself. Various reforms appealed to him—in fact, all reforms did, so long as they were practical and could be felt and touched. He wanted Prohibition, he wanted a reorganized education, he worked with tireless zeal for the abolition of slavery. But perhaps he was most constantly and consistently interested in improving the conditions of labor and the general status of the poor. It is curious to see him trumpeting all the nostrums and panaceas of our own day—and of a thousand years ago—in the middle of the last century, with the same familiar and eternal confidence and undying hope. It is true that he was in some respects moderate. He never urged any fundamental attack upon the rights of property. But he was fascinated by schemes of association, long and ardently advocated Fourierism, and believed that if men of all types and classes would only meet each other and work together in good faith the worst of human evils might be overcome. On the practical side it may at least be said that he anticipated much of the coöperative tendency under which social reform has actually made its most decided gains.

As he had the zeal of the born reformer, so he had the superb unfailing optimism. You can see it written in his face. The author of the "Essays of Elia" proposed to hire a stone-cutter to set up a monument engraved, "Here Charles Lamb loved his fellow men." Greeley needed no stonecutter: he carried his monument with him, in those benignant features from which even thirty years of New York journalism

could not erase the delightful rustic candor, in that fringe of sparse white whisker which always leaves one doubting between an inverted halo and a tonsorial negligence. He expressed his immense belief in the future and in humanity not only with his countenance but also with his pen: "I see no reason why the wildest dreams of the fanatical believer in Human Progress and Perfectibility may not ultimately be realized, and each child so trained as to shun every vice, aspire to every virtue, attain the highest practicable skill in Art and efficiency in Industry, loving and pursuing honest, untasked Labor for the health, vigor, and peace of mind thence resulting, as well as for its more palpable rewards, and joyfully recognizing in universal the only assurance of individual good." When a man carries such sentiments in his heart, he may surely be excused for wearing optimistic whiskers!

V

It was unavoidable that Greeley's philanthropy should draw him into practical politics, though it would have been far better for his reputation if this had not happened. On abstract political questions he always had a definite opinion and an energetic one. He early devoted himself to the extreme protectionist theory and worked for it to the end. His opposition to slavery in the fifties probably made him more friends than anything else, as well as more enemies, and in that earlier period he was a useful and effective agent. But when the Civil War broke out it was too much for him. He was distracted between humanity, love of the Union, hatred of slavery, hatred of war, and his general disposition to dictate to everybody in everything. First he was for letting the South go, then for prosecuting the war and emancipating the slaves; then, when the struggle dragged on, he was for making peace, by foreign mediation if necessary; then, after it was all over, for forgiving everybody, especially Davis, whose bail-bond he eagerly signed. Sometimes he pleaded with Lincoln, sometimes he bullied him, sometimes he rejected him as a poor creature. And always the *Tribune* was an enormous power in the country, which whirled millions after its vagaries, and forced the president to consider its editor, even when he could not agree with him. It is impossible not to contrast Greeley's flighty inconsistencies with Lincoln's deliberate and statesmanlike opportunism. Yet under all the inconsistencies we recognize the fundamental patriotic feeling and high-mindedness which Lincoln appraised when he wrote to Wilson, "I do not know how you estimate Greeley, but I consider him incapable of corruption or falsehood."

When it came to personal participation in political activity, Greeley was even less successful than in theorizing. It is clear that he was in no way adapted to direct political success. He had no magnetism at all, and it often seemed as if he had no manners. He irritated people and fretted them and rubbed them the wrong way. In those rough days this would often have resulted in personal conflict if he had been anything of a fighter. He was not. He had his courage, but it was of the passive order. When he was a boy, he would not stand up and fight. "When attacked, he would neither fight nor run away, but stand still and take it." And this was exactly what he did when he was attacked in Washington by a political enemy. He used his tongue savagely, without knowing it; he did not know how to use his fists, and did not care to.

Yet, with all these disqualifications, he was always eager for public office, always felt that he could be useful to his fellows there and always wanted the chance to prove it. His political desires and interests were much fostered by his association with Weed and Seward, the greatest political forces in the New York of that day. Weed early appreciated the value of Greeley's journalistic ability and made the most of it, but it soon became apparent that the qualities of a great editor were not neces-

sarily those of a great administrator, and neither Weed nor his chief manifested any eagerness for getting their friend into office. Greeley resented this and finally broke off all relations in the well-known letter dissolving the partnership of Weed, Seward and Greeley; and his bitter opposition did as much as anything to prevent Seward from being nominated for the presidency in 1860. The episode as a whole did not make an agreeable phase of Greeley's career.

The only instance of his actually taking part in governmental work was when he was elected to fill an unexpired term in the House of Representatives in 1848. His brief activity in Washington was bustling at any rate, if not glorious. He at once started a furious investigation of the mileage allowances for members of Congress, which was no doubt well intentioned and beneficial to the public service, but did not increase his personal popularity. In his congressional career, as in everything, you see his vigorous self-assertion, his genuine desire to do good to everybody, and his complete disregard for what happened to anybody's feelings in the process.

In 1872 Greeley was nominated for the presidency. Grant was the regular Republican candidate, but there had been much disapproval of his first term, and the discontented Republicans got together at Cincinnati and nominated Greeley, who was also later nominated by the Democrats. There was something so ludicrously inconsistent about this procedure that it made the campaign almost a farce, though a bitter one. Greeley had spent his life abusing the Southern slave-holders, and the absurdity and hollowness of their supporting him could hardly be veiled by any pretext of shaking hands across the bloody chasm. The contest was cruelly personal in many respects, and the savage efforts of the cartoonists, notably of Thomas Nast in opposition to Greeley, gave it a vivid grossness which has rarely been surpassed. Greeley was not only beaten, but overwhelmed. As he himself expressed it, "I was the worst beaten man that ever ran for high office. And I have been assailed so bitterly that I hardly know whether I was running for the presidency or the penitentiary." The strain, the fatigue, and the fierceness of the struggle were too much for nerves already overworked, and within a month after his defeat Greeley was dead.

The element of ambition in his character has been a great deal discussed and disputed. But it is evident that, like most of us, he wanted to succeed in whatever he undertook. He disclaimed political ambition, yet he felt that he had good ideas, great ideas, on governmental matters. The immense flattery that always waits upon popular editorship had to some extent turned his head, and he believed that he would make as good a President as another man, perhaps much better. What would have happened if he had been elected it is difficult to guess. High responsibility might have toned him down and made him practical and useful, but one has one's doubts. It is a familiar boast with our mothers than any American can get the presidency, and sometimes when one scans the long list of incumbents, one is tempted to think that any American *has* got it. Certainly many types have occupied the sacred chair, from genius to gentlemanly insignificance; but it is hard to think of any type, outside the State's prison, which is rather unfairly excluded, more incompatible with it than that of the fiery, versatile, garrulous, emotional, whimsical editor.

VI

All the same, he was a great editor. The cheap, popular newspaper came into prominence and power about the time he reached manhood, and he took to it naturally and completely. From childhood he wanted to be a printer, and he had a passion for reading the papers. As soon as he could get his elbows free from the fiercest necessity of self-support, he became an editor,

first of the *New Yorker*, then of the political *Log Cabin*, then of the *Tribune*, which was the child of his effort and the mother of his reputation.

He grew as the paper grew, grew as journalism grew, grew as New York grew, developed daily and yearly in self-possession and self-assertion, if not in self-comprehension. On the merely business side of his undertaking he was not especially distinguished. I do not find his name associated with any of the mechanical discoveries which so greatly facilitated the dissemination of newspapers as the years went on, nor do I note that he was especially interested in them. Neither was he a great or successful financier. His magnificent thrift and self-control, his zealous and well-directed industry, enabled him to hold his own, even when unsupported. But the difficulties were enormous and almost overwhelmed him. He worked all day and nearly all night, drove everything and everybody about him. Yet even so, it was a struggle to keep the credit going and the bills paid. "I paid off everybody tonight, had $10 left, and $350 to raise on Monday. Borrowing places all sucked dry. I shall raise it, however." This, on a larger and larger scale, was the story, until McElrath came along and undertook the business management. It was the salvation of Greeley, and after that he had nothing to think of but his pen. The *Tribune* grew to be a vast investment, and its editor was always well provided for. True to his theories, he insisted on introducing coöperation, and the paper was early made into a stock company, with opportunity for all who worked for it to share in the ownership.

It does not appear that Greeley was particularly active in the advertising department, though he well understood the importance of it. What impressed him chiefly at the beginning was the danger of the advertising influence. Once allow yourself to be subsidized by rich and unscrupulous advertisers, what becomes of the independence of journalism? Godkin highly praises Greeley's earlier attitude: "He sacrificed everything, advertisers, subscribers, and all else, to what he considered principle." At a later date there came a change. The growth of business, the subtle and insinuating pressure of politics, forced Greeley to abandon his lofty position to some extent, never certainly in theory or in his own view, but distinctly in the unprejudiced opinion of others. His tolerance of the Tweed régime was as servile as that of the other papers, until the *Times* shook them all into unavoidable action. Here again, however, it is clear that Greeley was duped, partly by clever machinations, partly by his own ambition and enthusiasm.

The news in the paper was more in Greeley's province than the advertising. Here it is interesting to note his desire for and insistence upon accuracy. He was scrupulous as to form, emphasizing the importance of clear and readable English. He was scrupulous as to fact, at all times endeavoring to get a clear account of what really happened and then to stick to it. He condemned sensational journalism, even going so far as to say that the "violent hurt inflicted upon social order and individual happiness" by the lurid account of a murder involved greater guilt than that of the murderer himself, which is going pretty far, though perhaps not too far.

VII

But it was in the editorial columns that his main strength lay, and from the start he had an intense appreciation of the power that was just beginning to develop in the popular press and the future that lay before it. That power was completely a growth of the Nineteenth Century and it is doubtful whether anyone has yet analyzed its full nature and extent. To some persons its benefits and advantages must appear more questionable than they did to Greeley; there are certain evils which he was disposed to underrate or overlook. For instance, the American

newspaper has been anti-religious, not so much by direct attack, which is not usual, as in a subtle undermining of the influence of the church. Again, it is anti-social. Before it came, men got the news by word of mouth and had to find and meet each other to get it. Now you learn more by staying at home in quiet and silence: the newspaper unites communities, but separates individuals. Little drawbacks like these, however, were nothing in the enthusiasm which Greeley felt for the newspaper as a universal, democratic, educative force. When he was invited to go before an English parliamentary committee and discuss the subject of journalism, he told the committee that he considered the newspaper "worth all the schools in the country. I think it creates a taste for reading in every child's mind, and it increases his interest in his lessons."

Another proof of the man's indomitable optimism! But he at any rate did his best to make the editorial influence what he would have had it, to use it to develop and educate and bring out what was best and noblest in the American people, whom he labored in his way to serve with all his heart and all his energy. Listen to his summing up of editorial requisites: "An ear ever open to the plaints of the wronged and the suffering, though they can never repay advocacy, and those who mainly support newspapers will be annoyed and often exposed by it; a heart as sensitive to oppression and degradation in the next street as if they were practiced in Brazil or Japan; a pen as ready to expose and reprove the crimes whereby wealth is amassed and luxury enjoyed in our own country at this hour, as if they had only been committed by Turks or pagans in Asia some centuries ago." This is a high ideal for a journalist, and if Greeley did not always live up to it, he could hardly be expected to. He carried it in his heart, at any rate, which was something.

To be sure, his methods seem to us to have been singularly at variance, sometimes, with his standards. He had heard too much of a rough and brutal style of speech in his youth, and he never got over it. Coarse and ugly terms applied to adversaries with careless inconsideration never really help a cause, and Greeley was too prone to them. He used profanity in his private talk and the equivalent of profanity in his editorials. These things made hard feelings, sometimes even resulted in legal proceedings, as in the case of the celebrated Cooper libel suit. They were a disfigurement which cannot be overlooked.

At the same time, they came partly from the man's very qualities of power. Words were natural to him, and he poured them out almost unthinkingly, ugly as well as graceful, bitter as well as sweet. His style has been extravagantly praised by excellent judges, notably by Godkin. It seems to me diffuse and by no means of the highest literary quality; but it is certainly vivid and energetic. He had no humor, because he never had the humorous, detached view of life: everything was too intensely and immediately absorbing to him. But he had a quick apt wit in giving things a mocking or satirical turn, after the somewhat exaggerated fashion of Mark Twain. His intellectual powers, while they were, as we have seen, not profoundly penetrating, were quick and agile, and ready to turn at any moment to any subject. Above all, he was inexhaustible in fertility of argument, and had that splendid confidence in human reason, especially his own, which some of us are born without, but which seems to be almost indispensable to the successful editor. He liked to argue, actually enjoyed it, would argue about anything. He liked opposition, liked to have people differ from him: it gave him a chance to show and especially to feel his own power. And he was reluctant to give up an opinion; he hated above all things to own that he was wrong.

With these editorial qualities he endeared himself to the vast masses of the American people and became perhaps the most notable of all the great personal

editors of the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The personal element in the handling of a paper seems now, for various reasons, largely to have passed away. Curiously enough, the personal was intimately bound up with the impersonal. Beyond question what gave the editorial columns their singular power was chiefly their anonymity. You might laugh at Jones's opinion, or Smith's; but the editor's—that was different! The large type and the lack of signature somehow seemed to compel respect. So, though you knew it was Horace Greeley, he of the white coat and old hat, who was writing, his editorial words seemed to get a larger significance. And the impersonality at once developed egotism and was benefited by it. You could not help feeling yourself a big man when you were swaying the minds of millions; and the bigger you felt yourself, the more you swayed.

VIII

Some such feeling of almost godlike consequence certainly informed and inspired the soul of Horace Greeley, and he carried round with him in later years the sense of personifying one of the greatest forces and achievements of his century. This is clearly seen in the striking passage in which he describes his relation to his journal: "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer today will often curse tomorrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I have projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust:... and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

It must be admitted, as Greeley himself admitted, that the glory belonging to his journalistic enterprise was of a somewhat ephemeral character; it was like that of the actor or the athlete, immense for the moment and immediately savored, but transitory and fast-fading as a dream. Yet when one looks about one at the enormous flood of literary production, and realizes how slight is the chance of any slow or careful work, or any hidden genius, ever making its way to permanence through such a throng of competitors, one wonders whether perhaps, after all, immediate renown, like Greeley's, is not better than the effort to create a masterpiece which posterity may or not worship. Only most of us would rather cherish the hope of the masterpiece!

At any rate, Greeley made the *Tribune*, and swayed America, and passed away. In his solemn and impressive funeral all antagonisms were forgotten. The New York papers, which a month before had been ready to put him in jail, united in eulogy, and the President, the Vice-President, and the Vice-President-elect rode in one carriage behind the hearse. It was only fair that these honors should be extended to his end; for the poor man was dead before the breath was out of his body, utterly and finally dead. Shakespeare tells us that

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

Greeley had done no evil, or none to speak of, and the good he did, extensive and indisputable as it was, was not of a character to outlive him very long.

WHAT IS A STATESMAN?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

What are the qualifications or characteristics which mark the statesman off from the great horde of more commonplace persons who concern themselves with government? What is it that gives him distinction and enduring fame? This is a question which has received little consideration at the hands of those who have written on the evolution of political society. Carlyle, it is true, stormed a great deal on the subject and ended with the general conclusion that the statesman is a genius, a hero, a sort of divine messenger sent now and then to set the weary world aright. The Marxians at the other end of the pole dismiss the statesman with a scoff as a mere automaton produced by a complex of economic forces. But neither of these answers is an answer. Each is a sort of categorical imperative: believe or be damned. Neither satisfies the requirements of the scientific spirit any more than the Miltonic account of creation or the Japanese myth of the Sun Goddess.

Trouble begins when inquiry is made as to who are the statesmen of any nation. At the very outset many of Carlyle's heroes and statesmen are dismissed by the special and the general as no heroes or statesmen at all, but mere evanescent windbags. It also appears, if popular esteem be taken into account, that the same person is a statesman to some part of the public and a demagogue and charlatan to the remainder. Still more curiously, a man who is celebrated as a statesman by one generation is dismissed from the school books and biographical dictionaries with a scant bow by the next generation. Are there not times when Napoleon the Great is the hero of France and other times when Pasteur receives the homage of the people? Was not John C. Calhoun the orator, statesman, and philosopher of the Far South and the incarnate demon of the Garrison-Phillips school? Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, the maker of modern Germany, the successor of Frederick the Great, was a towering figure in the history books written between 1890 and 1914. He flouted the talkative members of the Frankfort Assembly—those loquacious professors, who sought to make a national constitution out of paper instead of iron and blood. He dismissed the windy Liberals of the Prussian Diet and built up a Prussian army in spite of their protests. He waged war on Austria and cleared that troublesome member out of the German Union. He made a constitution that gave Hans and Fritz a delusive representation in a national parliament. He outwitted Napoleon the Little in diplomacy and war; he created an Empire on the spot where Louis XIV once disported himself. Having launched the new state he guided its destinies until William the Small dismissed the safe pilot and ran the ship on the rocks. Surely here was a maker of great events out of his own wisdom and will. So it seems.

Yet there are many now who have grave doubts about the majesty of Bismarck, after all. If he had helped the Frankfort professors instead of kicking them down stairs, he might have made the transition to a constitutional democracy less tragic for the German nation. If he had picked no quarrel with Napoleon III, there would have been no *revanche*. With a characteristic gesture of omnipotence, he sought to si-

lence Socialists first by clapping them into jail and then by stealing their thunder with social legislation. In vain. When puny big men had run his ship ashore in the Autumn of 1918 it was only the hated Socialists who were prepared to take the hulk and keep her from pounding to pieces. In the light of cruel disillusionment, where does Bismarck stand?

Now take Gladstone. If all the school children throughout the English-speaking world were called upon to name two English statesmen of enduring fame, the Sage of Hawarden would be one of them. Yet how many who instinctively choose Gladstone could associate with his career one monumental achievement? What modern Liberal in England bases his appeal on the policies of Gladstone? In theological and scientific controversies he was a pigmy. In classical disputes he was approved principally by those who knew no Greek. He was a formidable debater, and yet to the Tories he was a man "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Liberal, humane, and evangelical, even when dealing with the Turk, Gladstone was idolized by those English bourgeois who refused to read a Sunday paper. Nevertheless in foreign and domestic policy, how far did he foresee the fate of England and prepare her for it? Even in his own sphere of Liberalism, it must be remembered, Disraeli dished him in 1867 by granting the suffrage to the working classes of England and later by formulating many enlightened measures of social legislation. The empire over the minds of men, which Gladstone built up in many long decades, vanished at his death. He left no heritage to his party, except that of defeat. And when the Liberal machine rose again to power in 1906 it was not his party but the party of the Welsh prestidigitator with his famous budget and his still more famous war. What and where is the Gladstone tradition? Even the friendly and facile Morley with three big volumes at his disposal could not create it. Read the speeches and books of young Liberals and see how few even refer to Gladstone,—much less take inspiration from him.

Those who have carried on a long flirtation with the changeful Clio can readily show how fickle is the fame of any statesman. An ingenious mannerist like Strachey can even make the non-conformist conscience crackle with merriment over the downfall of the choicest gods. Indeed, the process has been carried forward with such zeal in every historical quarter that the satirist, Philip Guedalla, is driven to the conclusion that the fate of a politician depends upon the character of his exit from the stage of his labors! If he goes off with banners flying, orchestra thundering, and crowds roaring, his niche in history is likely to be secure. If he is shot by the villain in the last act, and the curtain goes down to soft music, with the heroine bending low over him, then he is sure to take a place among the national gods. But if, after a thrilling display of the histrionic arts, he catches his toe on a torn rug and falls flat on his face amid jeers and tears—of laughter—he is promptly shot into the lumber room.

Illustrations of Mr. Guedalla's ingenious theory may be taken from any historical arsenal. One trembles to think of what would have happened to the gentle and majestic Lincoln if he had lived through the grewsome days of Reconstruction, the Credit Mobilier, and the Star Route frauds, and spent his declining years, toothless and bald, tottering around the streets of Springfield, Illinois. How much poorer in spirit the American nation would be! One is dismayed in trying to imagine Roosevelt, full of zeal and ambition at the age of seventy, beating his restless soul against the iron bars of circumstance and commonplace with Coolidge and Daugherty grinning in the background. Suppose the would-be assassin who shot at Clemenceau during the Peace Conference had done the victim to death; imagine the funeral cortege of the Tiger passing under the Triumphal Arch, the tears of a grateful nation, and the orations by the saints of the *Action Libérale!*

Still, it is well to remember that many politicians and princes have been shot without winning a place on the honor roll. A president of France was assassinated a few years ago. Who remembers his name? Could all the stage managers in the world, from the age of Euripides to the age of Charles Chaplin, fix up a more tragic setting for the exit of a political leader than the immortal gods arranged for Maximilian of Mexico? A scion of royalty who, under the tutelage of Napoleon III, was to restore the balance of the world by setting up an empire is shot by a firing squad and his unhappy princess is swept down the stream of sixty years a hopeless maniac! There is something in exits, but not much. Drums and funeral notes die away with unseemly haste and the rude janitor sweeps out the faded flowers.

If it is not the exit that makes the statesman, is it brains? Not brains alone. A man may be well equipped with powerful engines of logic and controversy and well stocked with knowledge, and yet, if he runs against the current of the long time, he passes away as grass that withers. How many read Bossuet now? And yet Bossuet was infinitely superior in intellect to Rosseau. Madison was one of the brainiest men in our Homeric Age; how many regard him as a statesman? In supercilious Boston he is more often remembered as the author of Mr. Madison's War which prevented business from going on as usual. If not brains, then is it morals? Well, Mr. Bryan's character is above reproach. Would anyone put him higher in the scale of fame than Benjamin Franklin, whose morals, to speak softly, were marred by a certain carelessness? Is it ideals clung to unflinchingly until death? For every martyr who achieves fame there are a thousand cranks stoned by the mob and consigned to oblivion.

After this negative review, let me hazard a guess. The statesman is one who divines the long future, foresees the place of his class and nation in it, labors intelligently to prepare his countrymen for their fate, combines courage with discretion, takes risks, has good luck, exercises caution where it is necessary, and goes off the stage with a reasonable degree of respectability. He must have brains—some, at least. He must have morals—some at least. He must have ideals—but only those which are justified in the economy of Providence. He must be able to reconcile himself without complaining to the inexorable movement which the skeptical call the grand *pis aller* and the devout the divine plan. He must not only see; he must appear to be achieving in the current of things. Above all, he must be justified by events, that is, by good fortune. Perhaps beyond reason and understanding both Carlyle and Marx may be reconciled, a little bit. Meanwhile the mystery must not be entirely cleared up. Otherwise the game of politics would lose its savor.

LILLIAN GISH

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

It occurred to me, gazing apprehensively at Lillian, that it might be wise to take a drawing-room on the New York train. We had been in West Chester, and we were standing on the station platform at West Philadelphia. Everyone who passed, or, rather, who approached, forgot what he might be doing, where he had been going, and regarded her from short distances. There wasn't a crowd, it was too bitterly cold for the casual; but no one on the platform was lost to us. Lillian had just been telling me that she hated a lot of clothes and was never cold. A fur coat, practically speaking, was almost all she needed between her and Winter; and she went on to explain how mistaken it was to refer to her as fragile. The fragility, it seemed, was more apparent than actual: I got the impression from her that when she was making "Way Down East" her favorite position was lying on natural ice with her loosened hair in the water of the river. An insurance company, called upon to protect Mr. Griffith against the risk of such scenes, would only chance its money on Lillian and her soundness. She told me this, more than once, I think, with a great deal of pride. As she said it she looked at me with the wistfulness, the drooping delicacy, of a young weeping willow at dusk.

The drawing-room to New York we got; and, finally, rid of the Pullman conductor and the train conductor, after assuring the porter once more that he had neglected nothing, I bolted the door on a public acting as though the car had been sharply tilted in our direction. I fastened the door, but, before I could sit down, a firm knock fell on it. I hope you don't mind, I said to Lillian; but I'll be damned if I hear it! She was a little startled at the damned, but at the rest she smiled. The knocking, however, grew continuous; and in the end, I was forced to recognize it. Two men at once entered as though they had been comically propelled from behind. The first was vaguely familiar, but there was nothing vague in his greeting of me: he had gone to school with me—thirty years ago, that would have been—his memory of those days held nothing happier than me, and he saw me again, after so long, with a deep pleasure. . . . . During this his intentness on Lillian was romantically complete.

The individual with this faithful friend of my childhood elbowed himself into view, and, prompted by their names, I introduced them to Miss Gish. I then explained that we were engaged in planning a moving, a very moving, picture, and they reluctantly withdrew. Lillian, sitting facing me, was turning over the pages of *Vanity Fair;* and I reflected that I was in a Pullman drawing-room, going to the city of New York, with, perhaps, the loveliest girl known. This surprised me in that I was surprised at my lack of surprise. If it had happened to me fifteen years before, if, at any time between twenty and thirty, I had taken Lillian from one place to another, I would have been in a state of incredulous delight. At the idea alone! But now—though no one in the world better appreciated her loveliness—I had a calm and very complete, almost a detached, view of her. The truth was that I was filled with the desire to use her beauty

for my own very definite and selfish ends.

At that time my experience in moving, exceedingly moving, pictures had hardly begun: and I saw, in imagination, the picture I would, without a doubt in the world, make with Lillian Gish. I had described it to her: no one, I told her, who has worked with you, has had the slightest idea of what your charm really is. Two men, and not unsuccessfully, have written about it, about you, for years—James Branch Cabell and myself. James thinks it is Helen of Troy; and, if he is right, then you, too, are Helen. I mean that you have the quality which, in a Golden Age, would hold an army about the walls of a city for seven years. Helen might be different from you in every apparent particular, from the ground gold in her hair to her dyed feet, but you are one at heart. Listen, in this picture none will ever possess you, no arms will be caught about you, dragging you down to the realities of satisfaction. You will be, like the April moon, a thing for all young men to dream about forever; you will be the immeasurable difference between what men have and what they want.

How, she asked, could that be done on the screen?

Easily, I asserted—that, heaven is my witness, was what I said. The stories for you are endless; we can choose any period of the world's history, any place in the world: and there you'll be, perpetually young and always old, as eternal, almost, as the ice. Timeless. Her celebrated wistfulness, at this, increased. Looking back, now, I can see that she was thinking of the moving pictures as she knew them. But she was touched, pleased; my admiration was strong enough to persuade her, for a minute, that what I described might be accomplished.

But I hadn't, yet, made clear what, in her, the special power was that no one had publicly recognized. All men, I continued, young and old, have a longing for a perfection of beauty; they never possess it; and so their dream is uninterrupted. If this happened differently, and the loveliest of ladies flung herself into the arms of a man cherishing her as a radiant vision, while he wouldn't consider himself defrauded, still the dream would escape. He would find it, a star, still undisturbed in the sky of his imagination. The loveliest of ladies he'd soon grow accustomed to. And you, dear Lillian, as I have already said, are the fragrant April moon of men's hopes.

I will make a picture for you that, a hundred years from now, will send young men away from it forever dissatisfied with reality. No one, seeing you, will ever again be deeply interested in other girls. I recalled to her the legend of Diana—how a countryman, hearing Diana's horn through the woods, lost in vague restlessness his familiar content. You will be the clear and unforgettable silver of the horn! She expressed a concern, for a moment pleasantly granting the incredible, for all those young men. It was then necessary to discover the outline of a suitable story; and, in a few minutes, I rapidly explained one which held the elements we were searching for. Lillian liked it, and a sense of triumph, of actual accomplishment, swept over me. Then, in a plaintive and musical murmur, she spoke of money. A great deal would be necessary. I knew that much, at least; but I was certain I could explain any sum from any source for the purpose of making deathless her charm.

And the director—

We could almost do it ourselves, I assured her; we might have a purely technical director, a mechanical director. Such a person, she admitted, she had never heard of. Perhaps I might find one. He would, I replied, be procured; and it would take me no time at all to clarify in his mind the Platonic theory of love. The end, she asked, hesitatingly, wouldn't it be unhappy? Of course not! Death isn't as tragic as the loss of a vision. If we could show that to the public . . . she lifted her gaze to me and left me—it invariably did—a little breathless. It will be as obvious,

and as remote, as an apple tree in blossom. An apple blossom and never the apple.

II

At West Chester Lillian had been reading, in manuscript, that part of "Cytherea" where Mina Raff, a moving picture actress delicate in beauty, had a part. I wanted her approval of Mina since, without Lillian, she would never have existed. One was not the other; it was just as I've said. I didn't want Lillian annoyed when the book appeared. She read before an open fire of hickory logs, in a characteristic delicate primness, the primness of a lily; and when she had finished we spent a long while trying to find a more satisfactory phrase for moving pictures than moving pictures. There was, we found, none other; and some people came in for one of those informal suppers where plates are carried to the stairs and to the corners of rooms.

There were drinks, but the one offered to Lillian she most firmly refused. She didn't, in this sense, drink; she never smoked. It dawned on me that she was a prude. By prude I meant a person convinced that the world and the flesh were the devil: she had an instinctive recoil from the thought of a cocktail and the implication of a cigarette. And that, as much as anything about her, delighted me; it was, for her, so exactly right; it made flawless her quaint rigidity of bearing, her withdrawn grace. She was, I thought, amazed at supper; and it occurred to me that the conjunction of undoubtedly nice people and drinking she found not without its novelty.

She talked very little—Lillian chattered not at all—and when she did it was in response to questions about what she called her work. That, naturally, was her passion, it was her religion, since it had accomplished for her the offices of a religion—it had raised her from the earth to the sky. Into her personal objective belief I didn't inquire. Yet, in whatever she said, she was insistent on the debt owed to those who had helped her, who had, in a way, made her possible. I objected there, telling her that no individual was essential to her. You would have inevitably discovered what you needed and used it until the value was gone, and then you'd have taken the next step in your career.

She didn't agree with me, she even suspected my remarks for a lack of gratitude. The innate coldness, the self-preservation, of the creative spirit, she, in effect, repudiated. Her friends she adored. They were, in addition to warm actualities, symbols of what it was necessary to maintain. She could no more hold back her gratitude than—than deny her love for her mother. In Lillian's case, of course, it was possible that her mother was all she maintained for her; but I wasn't touched by the sheer idea, the word, of mother; and I admitted this. There are mothers who are only a nuisance, a fatality, I declared; and, of all her delightful looks, the one she gave me then was the most entrancing. It was during this that I happened to think of her eyes as butterflies fluttering softly to their object. Her breath was suspended: it was clear that a bolt from heaven, driving me down to the ultimate cellar, would not have astounded her.

I went on, not too seriously, in an attack on the most celebrated objects of veneration, including home, the lamp in the window, loud patriotism, charity; and, as I progressed, she positively looked for the bolt from above; she regarded it as dilatory, a bolt not about its avenging business. Lillian had never before heard the coolness of logic applied to the figures of emotion, and I wondered how it was affecting her. I wondered if it were possible to add to her loveliness a mind liberated from the tyranny of mob sentimentality. And, in this connection, I repeated perhaps the most beautiful phrase ever conceived, the truth shall make you free. I wanted this, I am afraid, more for myself

than for her—wasn't she to act in the picture I had mentally projected for her, for us . . . for me!

The trouble with her was slight—she hadn't associated with the people and ideas that would have given a clear and aesthetic form to her thoughts. She hadn't the relative calm, the superiority, of an intelligent background. Lillian, God knew, was wholly superior; but the surroundings chance, and her needs, had led her into were not those to encourage a tonic hardness of mind. The acting profession, for example, was notoriously sentimental, generous with money and tears and sympathy and promises; loving its mother—why, practically, was its father never mentioned?—and declaiming the beauties of conventional curtains transferred from a stereotyped stage to informal reality. Inherently Lillian was infinitely better than this; but it had imposed itself on her willingness to believe good of everything that wasn't bad. That, however, was not her fault; it was the failing generally, of America.

It was, in particular, the weakness of moving pictures. The men who—no better presenting themselves—really had them in charge were without aesthetic background. They had been, in many cases, actors; with the stoutest of hearts their minds weren't tough enough to encounter life, now out of the theatre, and set it down with even a relative truth. They carried into the new suspended possibilities of moving pictures the stupid terms of the stage—a heavy, the lead, the juvenile; and into those tin moulds they forced, well—Lillian. I was thinking rather less about Mr. Griffith than of others; but when, in a picture that held Lillian's utter grace, he persuaded a hen to drop an egg on the head of the immemorial fat boy, I began to see that we couldn't turn to him for a visual legend silver like Diana's horn and tender like the veiled moon of Spring.

Some of this I said to her on the train and some through dinner at the St. Regis. We began the latter promptly, a few minutes past seven; I made what seemed to me a few remarks, and a dining room captain told me that it was time to close. It was past midnight. A waiter gave me my account: on it there were charged six plates of raspberry ice, three English double corona cigars, and an alligator pear salad. The table cloth was traced with red lines—the raspberry ice—which formed the pattern of a moving picture; the cigars had vanished . . . I suspected Lillian of eating the salad, and it was time to go. I didn't remember the details of our talk, but I did know that she had grown enthusiastic: for us, then, our plans were complete. What remained was inconsiderable. Did she tell me that she was then rehearsing a moving picture over Keen's Chop House? It seems to me that, in addition, she described how every night, conferring with the author, a new ending was written. Or was it the entire picture? There was a bother about money, too. More promises. It appeared to me that Lillian had been imposed on.

Yes, she did tell me such an unhappy story: the author of the stationary picture was the daughter of someone famous—was it on the Paris stage or in French letters? Anyhow, for that reason, principally, she had been retained. Again that wide willingness to accept everything as for the best! The romantic misconception. She secured the fur coat, and, in her automobile, we returned to our several hotels. The automobile, at least, was a reality, a fact; that much she had spun out of the intangible film of her charm; she had materialized, from a magic lantern, a solemn and correct chauffeur and a perfumed spray of flowers in an engraved glass cone.

III

I was the last person in the world to deny the solidity of her accomplishment there: a limousine and maiden-hair fern, flowers, for a Winter night were more than admirable; they were indispensable. I left

her, at the Savoy, I think it was, and returned to the Algonquin; and it was a long while before I saw Lillian again. The brightness of our imagined picture grew dim; it flickered and went out; since, among other things, I had been unable to discover a director willing to hear the Platonic theory clarified for the purpose of Lillian on the screen. Money and plans widely different from mine took possession of her. During this time I became better acquainted with the actualities of moving pictures. I met other stars, mostly clusters of electric lights, a number of directors, and some pictures were made from my stories. Now, a moving picture was a very large pan indeed, but not, by many diameters, large enough to hold all the fish it was required to fry. There was the star, the director, the author of the story, the author of the scenario, the whole technical battery, the distributors, the public, and the investment—visible, usually, in the persons of one or even two reassuring beings standing, on the locations, in an apart and distinguished calm beside the cameras. Every one of them had to be satisfied. The author of the scenario, for example, was almost invariably an exceedingly attractive and forceful woman, a woman, safe in the chair of authority, whose general attitude was one of benevolence together with a total lack of any spare moments. I liked them very much, but I always had the feeling that they heard what I had to say exactly as they heard the running clicking of the cameras, a necessary but not insuperable noise.

There could be no doubt about where the authority, the unquestioned power, should be—with, of course, the director. The quality of being Lillian Gish, the difficulties of that accomplishment, made practically impossible the gathering of the other widely separated and indispensable requirements for a successful moving picture. Here, again, was the question of background—an enormous knowledge of what had and what could be done. The directors I met were insistent on the difference of moving pictures from other formal methods of expression, but that was, except for technicalities, mere nonsense. The essence of their occupation, like the base of mine, was a story: that was, a logical and convincing arrangement, the clearest arrangement possible, of facts and emotions for a given emotional result.

The parallel between themselves and me they wouldn't admit; what I called a successful picture they regarded as a sum of money up to a half million dollars dropped magnanimously into the bottomless cavern of art. The word art was theirs; I detested and never repeated it. They suspected me of a melancholy nobility which I was willing to discharge at their expense. In the meantime, though, in momentary burning nobilities of their own, they produced ideals of art; with, financially, the result that their suspicions, where I was concerned, were solidified.

Yes, the director, and not Lillian, should control every aspect of a moving picture woven out of her; and in that, miraculously, she was entirely willing to agree. She had a wonderful temperament, plastic and strong, and with an inhuman capacity for work. I watched her in "'Way Down East"; and, thoroughly sophisticated to the mechanics of exhibited feeling, when her baby died I had a most naïve contraction of the heart. She wasn't, there, a shining and unattainable moon; but she was absolutely satisfactory . . . when she was allowed to be. The picture as a whole was a vaudeville, nothing more; its parts had no more essential relationship to each other than the varied acts of an evening at a vaudeville theatre. The sole difference was this—that, fortunately, Lillian came upon the stage more than once.

When she appeared what had been dead took life, what had been meaningless took meaning, that contraction of the heart occurred. A story had to have movement and direction, it had to be composed to a centre, and the centre never, under any circumstance, lost sight of. Lillian was,

it turned out, the centre of "'Way Down East"—the part Richard Barthelmess had was not, I thought, interesting to Richard—but her story was more blurred than focused on. What there was of it was admirably arranged by Mr. Griffith; but she was continually neglected for the laugh which, in moving pictures, is supposed to be the required support of a tear. Laughter, of course, could be quite all right, but it must be laughter in the tone of the whole, it must be the same voice, the same purpose, the single purpose—the story—speaking.

The trouble with that, it might be urged, lay with the censors—a force I had neglected to mention—for "'Way Down East" was the story of a betrayal. But that, then, was a fault in selection; better that it should have been, with me, Platonics. If you couldn't have the picture of the stork winging downward burdened with his special errand then, obviously, you couldn't make the betraying of innocence sufficiently real. This, under the circumstances, was carried as far as might be, and the rest left to the accommodating and domestic hen. The photography was as fine as possible; and the river choked with ice, the crumpled figure at the frozen edge of death, were as stirring as the inevitable rescue permitted. Good vaudeville, but not Lillian.

In Lillian moving pictures had a miraculous possibility—the perfect medium of expression; but they were, so far definitely, unable to realize her. I didn't see "The White Sister"—I had no wish to see Lillian's pale charm against the rigid whiteness of a nun's headdress—but I heard rumors of earthquakes and terrestial disaster, and of extraordinary machines. Damn it, I wanted Lillian! I wanted a screen quiet and composed, out of which her magic would reach and touch all hearts with tenderness and longing and memory, with hopes. I wanted her to fill America with the illusion of the beauty of love. Instead of that a *terremoto*.

IV

Just before she left for Italy I saw her in a little private reception room of a hotel in New York. Her loveliness was more potent than ever. I had grown older, and, instead of talking, planning pictures never to be a reality, I wanted to sit as silently as possible and hold her slender hand. But, naturally, she was concerned with "The White Sister"; and, as usual, I couldn't hide from her that I disliked what she was doing. Anyone who cared to was free to deduce from this that I was merely self-seeking, impatient with developments that had no place for me. They could go to the devil!

She talked in little eager cool rushes; and again, it seemed to me, she had a belief in what I said. It was almost like the dinner at the St. Regis—time was obliterated. The April moon, the fragrant April evening, in a reception room at the Ritz-Carlton; an evening with a stir among the new maple leaves and the dim whiteness of early apple blossoms. She smiled, torn with doubt; a smile never to forget. I left her, and another phase of her career began, a new stardom in electric lights of a potential argent planet.

STELLA

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

As she dressed, Stella thought about Frank Simmons. He was coming to call in half an hour—it was half-past seven—and Frank was always on time. He would probably say something definite about getting married. Oh, he wouldn't propose in so many words, really. Men didn't do that. But they were to be alone for the evening and it would be easy enough to have him say something that would settle things. He had said a lot the last few times they had been together. She could have snapped him up if they had been alone. There had always been someone around, Margaret or Rita or Rita's Laurence. Well, she'd be alone with him tonight.

Stella dressed slowly so as to take up all the time, so that she would just be finished when Frank arrived. That was best. She hated that few minutes of waiting, after you've finished dressing, that interval when you sit with a book or play a Victrola record or run back and forth looking into the mirror, adjusting a stray hairpin, adding a little more powder.

She put on her best underthings, peach colored *crêpe de chine* with little scolloped lace edges. They wouldn't show, of course, but it sort of gives you confidence if you know you are looking nice underneath. She put on her newest, next-to-best dress. Her best dress was too formal for a casual call. This dress was brown satin with nice big chiffon sleeves. She could raise her arms and let the sleeves fall softly away. Nice sleeves. A nice dress. It had a big silver ornament at one side and made her look slender. It had been expensive but she could wear it all winter—after she was married, even. It pays to buy a really good dress once in a while.

Stella ran the comb through her hair again and stuck in a few invisible hairpins. She wore her hair bobbed and it curled just a trifle. She knew the myth about bobbed hair being so much easier to take care of but she knew it took more time to keep her hair nice looking than it had ever taken when it was long. Still, it did make her look younger. That was the main thing.

Stella looked in the dressing-table mirror. No, she didn't look her age. She felt sure of that. Twenty-seven! What an awful age! Frank thought she was twenty-three. She hadn't told him that, actually, but Rita was twenty-three and he thought her just a little older than Rita. Would she have to tell him? Maybe. Oh, she could smooth that over all right.

She examined her face closely. Yes, there were wrinkles. Little ones at the corners of her eyes and rather deep lines from her nose to her mouth. Her cheeks were a little thin, too. She didn't have any gray hair, though. Of course she had found a few gray hairs from time to time, but if you pull them out when you first see them . . . That's all rot about ten coming in for every one you pull out. Twenty-seven wasn't old, these days. Being small kept Stella from looking her age. She knew that. Wasn't there an old German proverb about *"Alle kleine Hünde . . .?"*

What would it matter, once she was married to Frank? She wouldn't let herself go. Of course not. She hated women who actually slumped. But it would be nice to relax, sort of. Even a good job,

the kind Stella had, being a private secretary, isn't easy work. Long hours and getting up early in the morning when you've been out late the night before. How do men keep it up, year after year? Stella felt pretty tired nearly all of the time. Well, Frank didn't believe in women working—a woman's place is in the home. That was something. He had a good position, too. Really good. They'd get an apartment not too far up town—maybe in the East Sixties if they wanted to be really sporty—well, anyhow, near the park, West, and not as far out as the hundreds. A nice little apartment—and have the girls in to dinner to show how well she'd done. She'd look up the girls she knew who had got married—get in with nice married couples. Frank had a lot of fine business friends, too. He'd introduced her to some of them. They could have them to the house, too. Maybe a maid, even, in cap and apron, always neat and ready to answer the doorbell. Not like this . . .

Stella looked around at the apartment she shared with Rita Lewis. Not bad for two girls. A living room with a davenport in it. Rita slept on the davenport. An alcove, called by courtesy "the bedroom," with Stella's bed and the dressing-table for both of them. A kitchenette off the living room. A telephone on a little table in the hall. Two big chairs in blue velour to match the davenport. Orange silk curtains and lamps. A gray rug. The Victrola. Not at all bad for two girls. Certainly not. If she'd only had more opportunities to meet men Stella knew she could have made them awfully comfortable when they called. It was hard to meet men in the city. Business acquaintances never really meant more than a stray dinner now and then. Other men were always tied down, permanently, had a mother to support or were married or didn't want marriage—like Kenneth. She wasn't going to think of Kenneth any more. Of course not. Kenneth was out of her life. Completely. Here she was, all ready to marry Frank.

Did she love Frank? Of course. How silly! She wasn't the sort of girl who'd marry a man she didn't care for. Everyone knew she loved Frank. She had talked him over with the girls.

"I think he's a perfectly splendid man" . . . "Good looking, too, I love that type, sort of honest and dependable . . ."

There were few enough men she liked at all. Of course she loved Frank. A lot. Lucky to get him. She didn't love him as much as she had loved Kenneth, perhaps. This was different. But nicer. Much nicer. More comfortable. She'd be happy with Frank. He didn't interest her to talk with, the way Kenneth had. Things he said didn't have wonderful, mysterious, heart-stopping meanings. Why should they? Wouldn't it be silly having things like that happening all the time? Frank was nice and comfortable . . . and . . . and comfortable. She wouldn't have to talk with Frank, entertain him, after they were married. They both liked to read. They could read, evenings, instead of talking. She wouldn't have to think up conversations when they were married. Of course not. Comfort! That was the main thing. Even thinking about Frank was nice and comfortable. He always telephoned her exactly when he said he would. She always knew where he was, where he was going to be. She could get him on the telephone any time she wanted him. Frank never looked at another woman, hadn't really ever cared for other women. Oh, there had been a woman or two. She was glad of that. It made him appreciate her more. But he hadn't had a lot of affairs—like Kenneth. Years ahead—nice comfortable years—new clothes and a nice place to live and friends in and the theatre once or twice a week. Not the way she had imagined life once upon a time—a few years ago. What did that matter? This was life, really—comfort and pleasant years stretching out ahead.

The doorbell rang. Another dab of the powder puff. Stella hurried to the door. Frank.

"Hello Frank. For me? You are a dear to bring me these . . . oh, you spoil me. You remember my favorite chocolates. Sit down here. Comfy? I was just thinking about you. I cut a clipping out of the morning paper—thought maybe you hadn't read F. P. A."

Frank! This was nice—the one shaded light and sitting next to Frank on the blue davenport. His arm was around her. It didn't mean a great deal, his arm or the touch of his fingers. It didn't mean thrills, that is. It did mean peace and . . . and comfort.

And Frank said,

"I was looking forward to tonight. We never get an evening together. You know, the evenings with you are the most important things in my life. Other evenings just seem marking time . . ."

He was nice—a dear! She liked his arm around her, his kisses. His kisses weren't like—like Kenneth's. Why should they be? That was an episode, breath-taking, unreal. This was lasting contentment, serenity.

The telephone bit into their completeness. Stella jumped to answer it, smoothing her hair unconsciously as she took up the receiver. A woman's voice:

"Hello, Stella. Guess you'll be surprised to hear from me. It's Ruth—Ruth Morris."

Ruth Morris—a little flash of days with Ruth and Alex Morris and—Kenneth. Stella shivered just a little.

"Hello, Ruth," she said.

"Guess who's here?" Ruth went on. "He insists on seeing you—just got back to America today—Kenneth. Uh, huh, right here with us! He came up to dinner with Alex. He won't come to the 'phone. Wants to know if you're still sore at him."

"Of course I'm not angry," said Stella. "Not a bit. I never was. Tell him I'm not angry at all. In fact I'm awfully glad," she tried to make her voice smooth and cool. "I'll—I'll be glad to see him sometime soon."

Ruth giggled.

"Oh, you know Kenneth. He isn't going to wait. Asked about you the first thing. Said to get you on the 'phone and if you're home and not angry he's going to run in tonight—right away—to say 'hello' for a minute."

"He—he can't come tonight," said Stella. "I've got company. Frank Simmons. You ever meet him? Tell Kenneth to—to come to the telephone."

A wait, then, little noises over the telephone. Stella turned to Frank,

"A man I used to know last year—two years ago. He just got back from abroad—he wants to come in for a little while."

"Why, of course," said Frank, courteously, "why not let him come in for a while, if you like—a friend of yours . . ."

"He won't come to the telephone," said Ruth, and giggled again, "and he said to tell your new boy friend to go to hell. He'll be there in half a minute, he said. He's been drinking all through dinner—brought some stuff with him. You know Kenneth. He hasn't changed a bit . . . same old Ken. Ring me up in the morning and tell me what happens. Goo' bye."

II

Stella went back to the blue davenport. Everything in the world had changed. She didn't know what to do. Should she get Frank away—before Kenneth came? Should she go out with Frank and have Kenneth find the apartment deserted? She could visualize Kenneth ringing the bell of the empty apartment. Should she just wait—with Frank—and let Kenneth call?

Why not? Nothing would happen. How silly! She wasn't really engaged to Frank—in words. Of course she could get Frank to think that they were engaged—Frank wanted matrimony—was willing for matrimony, anyhow. Still, what could happen? Kenneth didn't want to marry her. Kenneth wouldn't do anything. He would just come in and say "hello" and leave again. That was all. Why—it was two years since Kenneth had gone away. He probably wouldn't mean anything to her

any more—would mean nothing at all.

She explained, in little sentences, to Frank:

"Yes, he used to be a good friend of mine. Ruth Morris, she was Ruth Sterling, then, and Alex, the man she married and Kenneth Hendricks and I used to trail around together. I haven't seen him in ages. You won't mind—if he comes in. He may not even come. He won't stay long. A nice chap, splendid. But odd. Awfully odd. I'm anxious to see what you think of him. Says all sorts of odd, peculiar things. Everyone likes him though. Ruth said he'd been drinking a lot . . ."

The atmosphere of peace—of Frank and the lamp-lit room—was gone. Stella's heart began thumping a little. She sat stiffly, waiting.

Kenneth back again—and she'd thought of him only tonight. Tonight—why, there hadn't been a night she hadn't thought of Kenneth. To think that he was coming—tonight. Why not tonight? Wasn't this just a night, a night that she was having a caller? Frank had called lots of nights. Kenneth hadn't come those other nights. Kenneth and Frank—together. Like a play. Why was it like a play? How silly! Nothing to get nervous about—just Frank—whom she—might marry—and Kenneth, an old friend.

Kenneth would never marry—would never have married her. He said that. He didn't believe in marriage. Why bother about Kenneth?

She got up, slipped into the bedroom, powdered her face, added more rouge and lip-salve, touched up the corners of her eyes with her pencil. She puffed her hair softly around her face. She was glad she had on the new brown dress. Kenneth would see she hadn't mourned for him. He'd see her—having a caller, candy, a new dress—Kenneth was clever—he'd see she didn't care at all any more.

Talking with Frank again. She listened with only a part of her consciousness. The rest went to the telephone, the door, the street. Would Kenneth come—or telephone? How would he look? What would he say? Kenneth!

"Yes," she said earnestly to Frank, answering something he had said, "yes, I think so. I agree with you absolutely. I really think that—"

The doorbell rang. Stella jumped up, ran to the door. She had intended going slowly. She forgot all about that. She opened the door. There—why there was Kenneth—dear Kenneth—the Kenneth of year-before-last, of her nights of sleeplessness and sobbing, of her wasted days of dreaming . . . Kenneth . . .

"Hel-lo, Kenneth," she said. "Enter, my son. The—the prodigal back home! Kenneth Hendricks, I want you to meet Frank Simmons, my—my 'jump-man friend'." Giggles, then.

Kenneth was cool and amused—and taller than she had remembered him. Taller than Frank. She hadn't thought of him as that tall. He put down his hat and his stick, lounged over to Frank, then to the largest chair, took out his pipe—Kenneth's pipe . . .

"Hum, home-like," he said, "this *is* worth coming back for. Still the one sentimental light, I see. Turn up another one, old dear." Then, to Frank,

"Isn't she the greatest girl for sentiment? Give Stella one rose-colored light or a mushy novel or a movie with a sad ending and she'll cry happily for hours. I remember one time . . ."

That wasn't right. That wasn't what Kenneth should have said! Stella wanted to tell him so, give him a cue. Why, here was Frank, who didn't think she was sentimental, who was going to marry her . . .

"Did you miss me?" asked Kenneth. And "those were the great days. Oh, well, now that Papa's back again . . . Stella's the greatest kid. Can't tell you how glad I am she's not all married and everything. I'd hate to have to break up a home. Not that she'd fall for me or anything like that, eh sweetie? She always was hunting around for something permanent and I was sort of afraid she'd be married by now. I

don't see why women are always hunting for husbands. It beats me. Over in Paris I ran across a girl I'd known here in New York—you remember that little Finch girl, Stella, the one who was up at Lakewood that summer . . ."

A long anecdote, one of Kenneth's anecdotes—bitter, hard, cynical—and unbelievably interesting. How could she have forgotten him? Had she forgotten? Not for one minute all of the time. Kenneth . . . Kenneth . . .

She looked at Frank—Frank who had grown curiously aloof, curiously a stranger, Frank in his neat blue suit with his serious, peering, kind eyes behind thick glasses. Frank was wondering, was uneasy about the stranger with his easy knowledge of Stella, of women. She looked at Kenneth, relaxed, sprawled in the big chair, his hair mussed and a bit shaggy as always, his light eyes narrowed, lean of jaw, his mouth perhaps just a trifle soft.

Kenneth held the floor as he always held the floor, with anecdotes just a trifle risqué and yet showing a peculiar knowledge of life and of women. ". . . you'll meet her, Stella, a Miss Picard, a beautiful girl. She came back on the boat with me. I've a date to take her to dinner on Tuesday. When we were in Paris she told me about this Giovanetti . . ."

Miss Picard—Kenneth was going to take her to dinner on Tuesday! A sudden hot jealousy—a jealousy she had not felt in two years, came to Stella. Miss Picard! He'd seen her in Paris. Stella had been a bit jealous of Frank one evening, months ago—but nothing that Frank could do could have mattered, really. Tuesday—dinner with Miss Picard—a beautiful girl—Kenneth knew a beautiful girl when he saw one—always knew beautiful girls—

"I—I'm afraid I must go," said Frank, hurt, puzzled. Stella knew that and knew why. She knew how all of Kenneth's little personalities had offended him, how it had annoyed him when Kenneth, passing to turn on an additional light, had rubbed his hand across Stella's hair, "my—the girl's gone and got a bob. Get it cut shorter in back, sweet thing, that's the way they wear it in Paris now . . ."

"It's early," said Stella. She knew that she ought to say something, explain. She knew that Kenneth ought to offer to go, that Kenneth wouldn't. She would have fought, somehow, if he had tried to go.

"Yes, I know, but I was up late last night," Frank answered. "I'll telephone you later in the week, if I may. I'm glad to have met you Mr., oh, yes, Hendricks."

The door slammed. Frank was gone. It would be hard to get him back again. Frank—peace—contentment . . .

Kenneth stood up.

"Come and kiss Papa," he said. "Gee, I'm glad the chief mourner had brains enough to beat it early. Just brains enough, I'd say. What a cheerful individual! Is that who you've used as a pinch-hitter while Papa was away? Gee, Baby, it's good to get back again. You and I are going to put on some of the prettiest parties this winter, eh, sweet thing . . ."

His arms were around her—his kisses on her lips . . . Kenneth's kisses. Had she forgotten them even for one moment? Kenneth—back again! Across Stella's mind there surged a hundred things—unhappiness, the memories of hours she had waited for telephone calls that had not come, the memories of Kenneth making love to other women, treating her with studied—and with unconscious—indifference . . . unrest—tumult—fever. . .

"Love me?" asked Kenneth, "love Papa?"

How silly—"love Papa?"

She could have pushed him away, now—she could have told him to leave—while Frank was still there. Here he had come in—spoilt everything—her peaceful winter, her contentment, her life. Here he was—back again—for a little while—a little while . . . Kenneth—her Kenneth—who cared enough—to come back. What did anything else matter—the future, peace, anything! Kenneth was back, now. Stella gave a little prayer of thankfulness.

"Of course I love you," she said.

EDITORIAL

HALF the sorrows of the world, I suppose, are caused by making false assumptions. If the truth were only easier to ascertain the remedy for them would consist simply of ascertaining it and accepting it. This business, alas, is usually impossible, but fortunately not always: now and then, by some occult process, half rational and half instinctive, the truth gets itself found out and an ancient false assumption goes overboard. I point, in the field of the social relations, to one which afflicted the human race for milleniums: that one, to wit, which credited the rev. clergy with a mysterious wisdom and awful powers. Obviously, it has ceased to trouble all the superior varieties of men. It may survive in those remote marches where human beings go to bed with the cows, but certainly it has vanished from the cities. Asphalt and the apostolic succession, indeed, seem to be irreconcilable enemies. I can think of no clergyman in any great American city today whose public dignity and influence are much above those of an ordinary Class I Babbitt. It is hard for even the most diligent and passionate of the order to get upon the first pages of the newspapers; he must make a clown-show, discreditable to his fraying cloth, or he must blush unseen. When bishops begin launching thunderbolts against heretics, the towns do not tremble; they laugh. When elders denounce sin, sin only grows more fashionable. Imagine a city man getting a notice from the ordinary of the diocese that he had been excommunicated. It would trouble him far less, I venture, than his morning *Katzenjammer*.

The reason for all this is not hard to find. All the superior varieties of men—and even the lowest varieties of city workmen are at least superior, in information and experience, to peasants—have simply rid themselves of their old belief in devils. Hell no longer affrights and palsies them, and so the sorcery of those who profess to save them from it no longer impresses them. That profession, I believe, was bogus, and its acceptance was therefore a false assumption. Being so, it made men unhappy; getting rid of it has delivered them. They are no longer susceptible to ecclesiastical alarms and extortions; *ergo*, they sleep and eat better. Think of what life must have been under such princes of damnation as Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, with even bartenders and politicians believing in them! And then compare it to life under Bishop Manning and the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, with only a few antediluvians believing in them! Or turn to the backwoods of the Republic, where the devil is still feared, and with him his professional exterminators. In the country towns the clergy are still almost as influential as they were in Mather's day, and there, as everyone knows, they remain public nuisances, and civilized life is nearly impossible. In such Neolithic regions nothing can go on without their consent, on penalty of anathema and hell-fire; as a result, nothing goes on that is worth recording. It is this survival of sacerdotal authority, I believe, and not hookworm, malaria or 100% Americanism, that is chiefly responsible for the cultural paralysis of the late Confederate States. The South lacks big cities; it is run by its country towns—and in every country town there is some Baptist mullah who rules by scaring the peasantry. The false assumption that his pretensions are sound, that he can actually bind and loose, that contumacy to him is a variety of cursing God

—this false assumption is what makes the yokels so uneasy, so nervous, and hence so unhappy. If they could throw it off they would burn fewer Aframericans and sing more songs. If they could be purged of it they would be purged of Ku Kluxery too.

The cities got rid of that ancient false assumption half a century ago, and have been making cultural progress ever since. Somewhat later they got rid of its brother, to wit, respect for law, and, in particular, respect for its visible agents, the police. That respect—traditional, and hence irrational—had been, for years, in increasingly unpleasant collision with a great body of obvious facts. The police, by assumption austere and almost sacrosanct, were gradually discovered to be, in reality, a pack of rogues, and but little removed, save by superior impudence and enterprise, from the cut-throats and purse-snatchers they were set to catch. When, a few decades ago, the American people, at least in the big cities, began to accept them frankly for what they were—when the old false assumption of their integrity and public usefulness was quietly abandoned and a new and more accurate assumption of their roguery was adopted in its place—when this change was effected there was a measurable increase, I believe, in the public happiness. It no longer astonished anyone when policemen were taken in evil-doing; indignation therefore abated, and with it its pains. If, before that time, the corps of Prohibition enforcement officers—*i. e.*, a corps largely composed of undisguised scoundrels—had been launched upon the populace, there would have been a roar of wrath, and much anguished gnashing of teeth. People would have felt themselves put upon, injured, insulted. But with the old false assumption about policemen removed from their minds, they met the new onslaught calmly and even smilingly. Today no one is indignant over the fact that the extortions of these new *Polizei* increase the cost of potable alcohol. The false assumption that the police are altruistic agents of a benevolent state has been replaced by the sound assumption that they are gentlemen engaged assiduously, like the rest of us, in finding meat and raiment for their families and in laying up funds to buy Liberty Bonds in the next war to end war. This is human progress, for it increases human happiness.

II

So much for the evidence. The deduction I propose to make from it is simply this: that a like increase would follow if the American people could only rid themselves of another and worse false assumption that still rides them—one that corrupts all their thinking about the great business of politics, and vastly augments their discontent and unhappiness—the assumption, in brief, that politicians are divided into two classes, and that one of those classes is made up of good ones. I need not argue, I hope, that this assumption is almost universally held among us. Our whole politics, indeed, is based upon it, and has been based upon it since the earliest days. What is any political campaign save a concerted effort to turn out a set of politicians who are admittedly bad and put in a set who are thought to be better? The former assumption, I believe, is always sound; the latter is just as certainly false. For if experience teaches us anything at all it teaches us this: that a good politician, under democracy, is quite as unthinkable as an honest burglar or a virtuous harlot. His very existence, indeed, is a standing subversion of the public good, in every rational sense. He is not one who serves the common weal; he is simply one who preys upon the commonwealth. It is to the interest of all the rest of us to hold down his powers to an irreducible minimum, and to reduce his compensation to nothing; it is to *his* interest to augment his powers at all hazards, and to make his compensation all the traffic will bear. To argue that these aims are identical is to argue palpable nonsense. The politician, at his ideal best,

never even remotely approximated in practise, is a necessary evil; at his worst he is an almost intolerable nuisance.

What I contend is simply that he would be measurably less a nuisance if we got rid of our false assumption about him, and regarded him in the cold light of fact. At once, I believe, two-thirds of his obnoxiousness would vanish. He would remain unpleasant, but he would cease to be a fraud; the injury of having to pay freight on him would cease to be complicated by the insult of being swindled. It is the insult and not the injury that makes the deeper wounds, and causes the greater permanent damage to the national psyche. All of us have been trained, since infancy, in putting up with necessary evils, plainly recognized *as* evils. We know, for example, that the young of the human species commonly smell badly; that garbage men, boot blacks and messenger boys commonly smell worse. These facts are not agreeable, but they remain tolerable because they are universally assumed—because there is no sense of having been tricked and cozened in their perennial discovery. But try to imagine how distressing fatherhood would become if prospective fathers were all taught that the human infant radiates an aroma like the rose—if the truth came constantly as a surprise! Each fresh victim of the deception would feel that he had been basely swindled—that his own child was somehow bogus. Not infrequently, I suppose, he would be tempted to make away with it in some quiet manner, and have another—only to be shocked again. That procedure would be idiotic, admittedly, yet it is exactly the one we follow in politics. At each election we vote in a new set of politicians, insanely assuming that they are better than the set turned out. And at each election we are, as they say in the Motherland, done in.

Of late the fraud has become so gross that the plain people begin to show a great restlessness under it. Like animals in a cage, they trot from one corner to another, endlessly seeking a way out. If the Democrats win one year, it is a pretty sure sign that they will lose the next year. State after State becomes doubtful, pivotal, skittish; even the solid South begins to break up. In the cities it is still worse. An evil circle is formed. First the poor taxpayers, robbed by the politicians of one great party and then by those of the other, turn to a group of free-lance rogues in the middle ground—non-partisan candidates, Liberals, reformers, or what not: the name is unimportant. Then, flayed and pillaged by these gentry as they never were by the old-time professionals, they go back in despair to the latter, and are flayed and pillaged again. Back to Bach! Back to Tammany! Tammany reigns in New York because the Mitchel outfit was found to be intolerable—in other words, because the reformers were found to be even worse than the professionals. Is the fact surprising? Why should it be? Reformers and professionals are alike merely politicians in search of jobs; both are trying to bilk the taxpayers. That either has any other motive I expressly deny. If any genuinely honest and altruistic politician had ever come to the surface in America in my time I'd have heard of him, for I have always frequented newspaper offices, and in a newspaper office the news of such a marvel would cause a dreadful tumult. I can recall no such tumult. The unanimous opinion of all the journalists that I know, excluding a few Liberals who are obviously somewhat balmy—they believed, for example, that the late war would end war—is that, since the days of the national Thors and Wotans, no politician who was not out for himself, and for himself alone, has ever drawn the breath of life in this vast and incomparable Republic.

The gradual disintegration of Liberalism among us, in fact, offers an excellent proof of the truth of my thesis. The Liberals have come to grief by fooling their customers, not merely once too often, but a hundred times too often. Over and over again they have trotted out some new

hero, usually from the great open spaces, only to see him taken in the immemorial malpractises within ten days. Their graveyard, indeed, is filled with cracked and upset headstones, many covered with ribald pencilings. Every time there is a scandal in the grand manner—such as the Teapot Dome business, for example—the Liberals lose almost as many general officers as either the Democrats or the Republicans. Of late, racked beyond endurance by such catastrophes at home, they have gone abroad for their principal heroes; losing humor as well as hope, they now ask us to venerate such astounding paladins as the Hon. Bela Kun, a gentleman who, at home, would not only be in the calaboose, but actually in the death-house. But this absurdity is only an offshoot of a deeper one. Their primary error lies in making the false assumption that some politicians are better than others. This error they share with the whole American people.

III

I propose that it be renounced, and contend that its renunciation would greatly rationalize and improve our politics. I do not argue that there would be any improvement in our politicians; on the contrary, I believe that they would remain substantially as they are today, and perhaps grow even worse. But what I do argue is that recognizing them frankly for what they were would instantly and automatically dissipate the indignation caused by their present abominations, and that the disappearance of this indignation would promote the public contentment and happiness. Under my scheme there would be no more false assumptions and no more false hopes, and hence no more painful surprises, no more bitter resentments of fraud, no more despairs. Politicians, in so far as they remained necessary, would be kept at work—but not with any insane notion that they were archangels. Their rascality would be assumed and discounted, as the rascality of the police is now assumed and discounted. Machinery would be gradually developed to limit it and counteract it. In the end, it might be utilized in some publicly profitable manner, as the insensitiveness to filth of garbage men is now utilized, as the reverence of the clergy for capitalism is now utilized. The result, perhaps, would be a world no better than the present one, but it would at least be a world more intelligent.

In all this I sincerely hope that no one will mistake me for one who shares the indignation I have spoken of—that is, for one who believes that politicians can and ought to be made good, and cherishes a fond scheme for making them so. I believe nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I am convinced that the art and mystery they practise is essentially and incurably anti-social—that they must remain irreconcilable foes of the common weal until the end of time. But I maintain that this fact, in itself, is not a bar to their employment. There are, under our perfected Christian civilization, many necessary offices that demand the possession of anti-social talents. A professional soldier, regarded realistically, is much worse than a politician, for he is a professional murderer and kidnaper, whereas the politician is only a professional sharper and sneak-thief. A clergyman, too, begins to shrink and shrivel on analysis; the work he does in the world is basically almost indistinguishable from that of an astrologer, a witch-doctor or a fortune-teller. He pretends falsely that he can get sinners out of hell, and collects money from them on that promise, tacit or express. If he had to go before a jury with that pretension it would probably go hard with him. But we do not send him before a jury; we grant him his hocus-pocus on the ground that it is necessary to his office, and that his office is necessary to civilization, so-called. I pass over the journalist delicately; the time has not come to turn State's evidence. Suffice it to say that he, too, would probably wither under a stiff cross-examination. If he is no murderer, like the soldier,

then he is at least a sharper and swindler, like the politician.

What I plead for, if I may borrow a term in disrepute, is simply *Realpolitik*, *i.e.*, realism in politics. I can imagine a political campaign purged of all the current false assumptions and false pretenses—a campaign in which, on election day, the voters went to the polls clearly informed that the choice between them was not between an angel and a devil, a good man and a bad man, an altruist and a go-getter, but between two frank go-getters, the one, perhaps, excelling at beautiful and nonsensical words and the other at silent and prehensile deeds—the one a chautauqua orator and the other a porch-climber. There would be, in that choice, something candid, free and exhilarating. Buncombe would be adjourned. The voter would make his selection in the full knowledge of all the facts, as he makes his selection between two heads of cabbage, or two evening papers, or two brands of chewing tobacco. Today he chooses his rulers as he buys bootleg whisky, never knowing precisely what he is getting, only certain that it is not what it pretends to be. The Scotch may turn out to be wood alcohol or it may turn out to be gasoline: in either case it is not Scotch. How much better if it were plainly labeled! For wood alcohol and gasoline both have their uses—higher uses, indeed, than Scotch. The danger is that the swindled and poisoned consumer, despairing of ever avoiding them when he doesn't want them, may prohibit them even when he does want them, and actually enforce his own prohibition. The danger is that the hopeless voter, forever victimized by his false assumption about politicians, may in the end gather such ferocious indignation that he will abolish them teetotally and at one insane swoop, and so cause government by the people, for the people and with the people to perish from this earth.

H. L. M.

THE UPLIFT ON THE FRONTIER

BY JAMES STEVENS

THE pioneer outlaws and harlots of the Golden West and that glorified farmhand, the cowboy, have been so vastly celebrated in American legend that every schoolboy knows about them, and the pioneer farmer, trader and missionary have had their shares of glory too, but the pioneer laborer remains unhonored and unsung. Yet it was his sweat that really won the West—his strong and untiring muscles that cleared off the primeval forest, bridged the rivers, tunneled the mountains, and laid the shining lines of rail. For one argonaut butchered by the Indians or lost in the deserts, for one cowboy trampled or frozen on his lonely vigil, there were a thousand loggers done to death in the woods, and a thousand miners sacrificed under the earth, and a thousand "savages" wrecked and wiped out in the railroad construction camps.

"Savages" is what they called themselves. It was, indeed, a savage life out there at the edge of civilization, and they delighted in the fact. They were men of primitive impulses and desires—barbarians thrown off from the docile herd. They were cynical of the benefits of democracy and scornful of its laws, but fearful of its confinements. Regimentation was loathsome to them, and seemed impossible. They preferred rough camps to houses, the open trail to paved streets, liberty to security. Worked cruelly hard, more often than not ill-used, they yet felt themselves to be free men and rejoiced in their freedom.

That was fifteen years ago, ten years ago, even five years ago. The wild West lingered among these savages long after the last argonaut had become a town boomer, and the last cowboy had gone into the movies. But the savage, too, is now only a memory. The uplift has reached out its long arm and brought him to grace. He is "civilized." He lives in a house. He has gone on the water-wagon. He wears store clothes. He reads the newspapers. He goes to see Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart. A few short years have completely reformed him. He is no more the outlaw that he was. He has been reduced to the common level of American workingman.

I myself have shared his transformation with him, for I have been a common laborer in the Northwest for fifteen years, and remain a laborer today. I had behind me a boyhood amid gentler scenes when I took to the wilds, and its influence, perhaps, is strong upon me now, but while I worked and roistered with the savages I was genuinely one of them. I lived in grading camps, box-cars and jungles, and liked it. I was a team-hand, a muleteer. I graduated from the gay-cat class, and won my tribal name: Appanoose Jimmie. Now I set down some memories of those old days, and some notes upon the new ones.

II

One April night in 1909 I crawled from the trucks of a dining-car in Pocatello, Idaho, and joined a band that was headed for a railroad job in Montana. We gathered in a saloon, and the ones who had money bought amusement for us all. I knew some of them; the others had rambled in from the East and South, where they had wintered.

The bar was in a squalid room, but I would not have traded it for a palace

chamber. The smoke-grimed ceiling, the spotted and streaked walls, and the rows of kegs on the floor made the glitter of the bar itself seem only the richer and warmer. There the swaying, gesticulating, stamping mass of muleteers in dark suits and round-topped, curly-rimmed hats—the uniform of the tribe—bawled out news, stories and plans. I, the youngling, was silent, of course. I stood at the end of the bar, downing foul whisky with the rest and pridefully dispensing with any chaser. The alcohol added a crimson flame to the glory in my soul. I was among heroes! In this band was Hard Line Billy, who could crack a bottle with a leather line flung twenty feet, and Poker Tom Davis, the champion poker player of all the camps. Also there was Red Grabby, who, as a walking-boss, had commanded camps of two hundred men. These were of the nobility. But Paddy the Devil, I thought, was the king of them all. He was hammer-chinned, light-footed, powerful. His piratical countenance—all sinister shadows of thick eyebrows, Indian eyes and twirled moustachios—and his fame as a battler gave me an impression of heroic personality. I had heard tales of riots in camps, jungles and saloons, where good men fell or fled before his passionate attack, his shattering fists. He wore a twenty-foot lash wound around his waist. And the tribe called him Paddy the Devil.

While I worshiped I snatched what sense I might from the racketing talk. As I remember, there was little that was vile spoken. They talked rather of wars with John Yegg, roving thief and enemy, with John Law and John Farmer, and with the scissor-bill, the settled laborer of the towns. I caught bits of history about the building of the Milwaukee, the Midland Valley and the North Bank, where they had helped grade the road-beds. . . . The glasses clinked, the smoke thickened, the voices became an unintelligible roar. . . .

Paddy the Devil had gripped my arm. "Not 'nother shot, Appanoose; you gotta keep your legs to make the three o'clock rattler." And then he bawled to the others, "Come on, you savages; let's perform!"

Here haziness intervenes, and I recollect but dimly a parade through the redlight district, where I heard a shrill of female voices and saw painted faces and thrilling eyes. Then the railroad yard.

I was awakened at dawn from my slumber in a gondola-car loaded with coal. The train was on a siding in a sagebrush desert. Paddy the Devil heaved me to my feet, shaking me roughly, "Yay, Ned," he growled. "Ditch the sleep! The shack's fixed, and we ride an empty to Lima."

We all left the gondola and crawled into an empty box-car. Bottles were passed around, and we stretched out for another sleep. When I awoke again beer and food had been procured at some town, and the savages were eating lustily. When the bread and canned salmon had been consumed there were many bottles of beer left, and with the emptying of these came stories and songs.

Songs of toil and stories of toil, of wanderings, sprees and battles without rules, of hardships, privations and persecutions that marked the lowest range of life's miseries. But even these were told for laughter. I remember most clearly Jailhouse Whitey hoisting his shirt to display the hideous scars made in a Southern prison camp—"Got a 'riginal tattoo, I has, b'god—," Paddy the Devil describing a battle with five loggers who had assailed him with beer bottles, and Memphis Fogarty telling of the murders of Negroes in Mississippi levee camps, and their burial with dead mules in the dumps of levee fills.

We reached Lima, the division point, at sundown. We bought supplies and went to the jungles—always a sheltered spot by some stream, where crude cooking-ware was used and left by various bands. There we prepared the "call." This, a strictly jungle dish, is composed of mashed potatoes, bits of bacon and onions. On call, coffee and bread we feasted. We drank the coffee from old tin cans and ate the call

from cans or boards, using whittled-out paddles for spoons. I remember that the last two savages to eat sat facing each other—the can in which the call had been cooked between their legs—and solemnly took turns in scooping up mouthfuls.

The night was spent in the back room of a saloon, where we had drunk enormous quantities of beer earlier in the evening. The next day we proceeded to Armstead, the headquarters for the new railroad. Armstead, then a village of many brothels and saloons, one hotel and one store, was built at the junction of two narrow valleys. There were new warehouses and sidings by the main line, and alongside them were great piles of material for the building of the railroad. Dust from freight wagons rolled all day up the slopes of the bald, wrinkled hills. The streets streamed with men, and as soon as we left the yards we met other members of our tribe. Now we felt the excitement of the enterprise, and as we jammed into the first saloon the talk was all of the work before us, of the wages to be made, of the virtues of the various camps. Gamblers and yeggs worked through the saloons, seeking possible victims, and on the fringes of the mob cowboys stood marveling at the rushing, violent life that left them without honor in their own country.

The hard-rock men, or dynos, and the team-hands ruled for the moment; their hard labor of ten hours a day would in time thrust twin rails of steel ninety miles up a valley and into the heart of a region rich in metals. For this they would receive a wage, but the reward they claimed was a short day or so of riotous drinking, brawling and primitive amour, and then a free ride to a new job. If they considered their souls at all they thought them as useless as neckties; they had no politics, nor any religion; they were as remote from the amenities of civilization as a tribe of Neanderthals. But they had a sharp instinct for the drama and color of their violent life, and a sense of the simple usefulness of pioneer labor. So they lived greatly in their own light. They did not want salvation or betterment. And as they had only contempt for the prosperity of tamer people and were wary of the law they did not tamper with others.

Considering them austerely I might admit that the savages were detestable fellows and that the suppression of their old life has been a noble work. But the memory of my experiences with them flashes on my mind in hot streaks of light. I knew them when I knew the fresh fire of youth, and this fire is ecstasy of the flesh. Even now I do not shudder at their brutalities, or at the blood on their hands from knifings, clubbings and fist-fights. No, I still feel a thrill of elemental passion in the memory of the pickhandle duel between Paddy the Devil and Keen Heel Sam at Leyden Brothers' camp on the Armstead road.

That was the hey-dey of the savages and I was in the thick of it, and happy every hour. Squalor and dirt were in the camps, of course, and the work was hard and the hours long. But the savages themselves, for all their brutality, were amusing and amiable fellows, and life among them went with a rush. The day-ends were for stories and songs around the fire—vast, heroic, incredible epics that have yet to find their poet. At that time I had read nothing save an occasional newspaper for a year and a half; when I began reading again, a year later, I had almost forgotten how. So the tales that I heard were literature to me, and I took them in with immense satisfaction. "Blow-ins" came on pay-day—colossal, barbaric revels, but short, and, I believe, not harmful. It was the life of overgrown boys. It was hooky every day.

III

It was, of course, doomed to perish. The frontier kept sliding back; civilization kept sneaking in. Every time they finished a new line of rail or cleared a new section of woods the savages were pushed further into the wilderness, and soon or late they were bound to come to its end.

But it was not natural forces working from within but a spirit working from without that broke up the old life and converted the care-free savage into a sober workingman. I believe that it was none other than Henry Ford who made the first inroads. Ford's ideas, put into practice in his automobile plant, penetrated to the camps very quickly, and there they seemed to arouse discontent in men who had been quite unaffected by the prodding of radicalism. One began to hear strange doctrines preached, some of them subversive. The savages began to be class-conscious, to consider their woes, to demand relief. The men of the crafts and the common laborers joined forces "for the common interest"; there was talk of unionism, of one big union. Newspapers appeared and ideas were mulled in the evenings. The old songs and stories were heard no more; the savages began to learn shame and aspiration.

Then came the war, and with it the uplift —and the end was in sight. The camps began to be penetrated by the prophets of all sorts of new gospels—preachers of patriotism, sacrifice, service, order, morality. The bordellos were closed; the saloons came under a strange and disconcerting ban; silence fell upon the once loud and happy savages. It began to appear that almost everything that had made the old life charming to them was wrong—that it was wrong to go on a bust on pay-day, wrong to get drunk and fight, wrong to squander money. The camps began to grow decorous and dull. It was a tremendous change, and there was something unnatural about it. But it lasted.

In 1917 after spending some seasons in the woods, I returned to the construction camps. I rode the freights to Kansas City, and from there I shipped out to a tunnel job in Wyoming. Then I worked in the Utah copper mines and on a reclamation project. I was driving mules on California highway work when I was snared in the draft. I found the life of all the camps profoundly changed. Everyone was covered with the scum of city labor, and its tribal traditions and vitality and the innocence of its old spirit were smothered by the aggressive righteousness of the towns. In camp the savages complained; in the jungles they were surly and depressed. Everywhere I heard: "I'm goin' to get the hell outta this an' join the Army." Most of them did. With the halting of development work others drifted into the new war enterprises. Troops guarded the railroads and there was a general suspicion of all strangers. The savages settled down. The saloons were finally closed and the last tribal bond was broken.

Few of the old team-hands have returned to construction work. The grading camps are now simply places of labor. In the logging camps and sawmill towns the old spirit breathes only feebly. Ancient loggers keep alive the memory of Paul Bunyan, their legendary hero, and stories and songs survive from the primitive days, but the younger loggers are all of a much different stamp. They still have the instincts that make them scorn the duller trades and usually they are hard-muscled and exuberant of spirit, but they were not yet men when the new regimentation began and they have been moulded and guided by its influences. They are no longer savages. They are simply laborers.

IV

I am writing this paragraph after eight hours of work, loading lumber. I am writing it, as I have written the preceding ones, mainly because I have nothing else particularly interesting or exciting to do. My labor did not weary me, I am full-fed, my room has cheer and comfort, and the devising of phrases is an intriguing sport, though a tame one. So I shall write. But first I must consider my ideas and get them in order. I turn off the light and settle comfortably in my chair.

Through my window I see the mill lights and the glowing domes of the burners, and beyond these the darkness of a great forest that reaches to the snows of

the Cascades. Lofty peaks, hundreds of sections of giant pines, a river roaring down a canyon which cleaves a desert of lava ridges and buttes. To the South there is a hundred miles of cattle range. Surely a grand setting for a roaring, tumultuous life of freedom-loving men, . . .

An idea: I shall go exploring, and on my return write of the men and life I have found. . . .

I descended the stairs and saw two of my fellow-roomers, husky mill-workers, solemnly conversing over a table heaped with magazines and newspapers. I stopped to listen. Perhaps a spree was being planned, or a joust with a crew of loggers. The voices were argumentative.

"What the hell y'see in Fairbanks, anyway? He's a swift guy, all right, but he can't pull half the stuff Tom Mix does. He was a real cowboy, too, that bird was."

"What I'm trying to get at is Fairbanks has the *art*, see? He's there with the real he-actin', too, but he puts *art* in his picshers, an' that way they's somethin' to his actin', see? For what the newspapers say is, the picshers need more *art*. That way they's a real force of progress an'—"

I passed on. Art has enchanted the savage; his soul ripples and gleams under its airs and stars!

I left the boarding-house and turned up the street that led by the mills. After passing the American Legion building I reached Main Street, but ere I struck out for the bon-bon district I paused for respectful consideration of the 4-L Hall. The Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen was a creation of the tyranny of holiness; the good folk used it to oust the I. W. W. from spruce operations during the war. The organization persists now as a petting party between the lumberman and his employés. It is not greatly different from other company unions. A fair fraction of the workers belong to it because they consider it a guardian of the eight-hour day. It provides means to settle disputes between the employer and the workers, guarantees a very minimum wage and stands staunchly for American Ideals. It opposes rum-drinking, hell-raising and unrestricted immigration, and its members must vow allegiance to the land of milk and honey and, incidentally, declare against strikes. The president of this loyal legion of brawny loggers and hard-headed lumbermen is an ex-professor of English! In this hall the safety and efficiency experts punch out their ideas and the ecstatic sociologists deliver themselves of profundities and appeals. Citadel of the New Freedom! I saluted it gravely and passed on.

I reached the first business block and passed a grocery store, a cobbler's shop, a confectionery, a meat market, a poolroom and confectionery, a temple of art, another confectionery and a clothing store. I turned into the side street and the light of Ye Sweete Shoppe threw its glitter into my eyes. I retreated to the poolroom. I entered, sauntered past the big show-case crammed with candy, and stopped by three men who were drinking pink milkshakes.

As I sipped my near-beer I contemplated the trio. Good men, all three, still representing the best stuff of the nation, because they were still the least pretentious. They had strong frames for hard and perilous living, and eyes—alight with vitality even now—that could be dancing stars in a free and stirring environment. At their labor of felling trees or skidding logs, their faces sweat-streaked and dusty, their rough-clad bodies turning, twisting, lunging, stiffening in shifts of action, they stir admiration. When in the woods I have fancied that the loggers have the blood that beat in the legions of Rome and the sailormen of old England and Spain. In physical energy and vitality they are superior to any class of American labor. But what a transformation when their hours of leisure come and they remember their duties as members in good standing of Our Civilization! For them, too, there are now pure and refined pleasures, docile behavior, modish apparel, consideration of public matters . . . !

My friends were dressed in the latest from Rochester; they were barbered and

bejeweled, and talcum powder whitened their cheeks. The players of cards and pool were quiet; they simply played and smoked and munched candy. The suppressionists had conquered and tamed their race; their spirits were caged, their instincts drugged. Small wonder that the simpletons among them are lured by the childish excitements of the Ku Klux Klan!

We took a few chances on a punch board, and K. C. won a box of candy.

"We got some high-school women dated," said K. C. as we ate the sweets. "We got plenty of room in the car. Come along."

"Got something else on tonight."

"I ain't keen on goin' myself. Them damn goofy kids give me a pain. But what else you got to do 'round this hind end of creation but chase 'em, that's what."

"What else anywhere in the whole damn country?" growled P. L.

Having no intelligent reply, I plucked an answer from the national catechism.

"America's the best country in the world. How'd you like to live in Europe? You got eight-hour jobs, all you can eat, clothes and automobiles. Still you kick!"

"Well, I s'pose that's true enough," P. L. agreed reluctantly, and the others nodded.

"But just the same," declared K. C., "I want to get a kick out of life sometimes, an' I feel all haywire, for I can't somehow. Moonshine ain't worth a damn the way you have to drink it, sneakin' around alleys or lockin' yourself up, an' I 'bout got a bellyfull of gasoline an' women. But they's all they is. I wish I could go hog-wild an' raise hell just once an' do it right. Oh, well; let's have some more pink belly-wash."

V

These men belonged to the tribe whose calked boots once crashed on the floors, and whose bellows once rattled the glasses of the bars on Burnside Street and Yesler Way! In mackinaws, stagged overalls and logger boots they came to town for their blow-ins, and in this garb they returned to the camps, their rough life brightened by the memory of short but wild and thrilling days of revelry. They toiled fiercely at dangerous labor, and they were violent in every activity. When the uplifters began to burn away the weeds and briers of evil in the West the loggers terrified the missionaries by starting the I. W. W. forest fire. This organization had courage and imagination in its beginnings, but the campus radicals devitalized it. Its pungent by-words were bundled into sober tracts, and the shrewd and wary labor policies of the employers soon left it to the mercy of the intelligentsia—and it began to disintegrate. Now it is an earnest and active ally of the Prohibitionists, and during the strike it called last Summer in Portland and Seattle it played the rôle of stool-pigeon!

Such is the new laborer of the frontier, the heir of the old-time savage. He has many material comforts undreamed of by his predecessor. In the section where I am working our condition is almost Utopian. We have the eight-hour day, respectable wages, insurance, health protection, safety-guards, sheets and showers in the camps, democratic association with our employers. But we also have a large measure of boredom, which, like a wet fog, breeds rust wherever it falls. The new laborer has leisure and nothing to do with it. He reads desperately the chief newspapers and fiction magazines. He has discovered duties and ideas, and they have made him sober and right-minded and a little ridiculous. Consider the spectacle of a paw-handed, anvil-shouldered toiler declaring the faith to a gang of equally Gothic listeners! The new rival of the barber! Behold his hairy paw fumbling among the ribbons and lace of a box of chocolates! Hearken to his basso giggles as he rides down the highway with a gang of spooners! The suppression of his old spirit has brought him into a sugar age. The bulge in his pocket is a box of candy instead of a bottle. And the pamphlet he is reading is not the *Police Gazette*, but a work on etiquette!

APOSTLE TO THE HEATHEN

BY ERNEST BOYD

In the high and far-off days of splendid isolation he would have been merely incredulous if it had been suggested that America would ever open a lucrative career for his talents. He had then just come down from Oxford and was hardly aware that the North American colonies existed. Fabian Socialism was his creed, more or less, but he was an aristocratic radical and had shunned the plebeian society of such Rhodes scholars as might have too sharply reminded him of the overseas dominions. On his arrival in London he had inevitably been caught up in the orbit of those now dimned stars, then blazing comets of post-Victorian radicalism, for whom what is now euphemistically known as the British Commonwealth was simply imperialistic propaganda designed to further the tariff schemes of Joseph Chamberlain. Clean-limbed Englishman though he was, the batt[illegible]s which he won on the playing-fields of Eton were not of the kind that give promise of Waterloos. England, he used to say, was good enough for him, and it was his ambition to be accounted one of the gallant band of Liberal warriors of peace who wished to restore that demi-paradise to its once high estate by means of Fabian social reform. With Wells and Shaw as pillars of fire in the night of industrialism he came to London to place his pen, his perfect manners and his classical education at the service, not of the People, for he despised them, but, at the service of a vague monster whom the early Fabians had christened Social Democracy.

To see him on the lecture platform, or lunching at a women's club, in his morning-coat and well creased trousers of Bond Street elegance, his wing-collar catching the light on its all-British gloss, was a sartorial reminder of changed times. In the early days he affected a brown velvet jacket, the baggiest of trousers and a monstrously gnarled stick. It was in this garb that he adorned the editorial office of a weekly review in which his unsigned editorials on the nationalization of mines and kindred topics were hardly less admired than the poems and sketches which he contributed over his own name to the literary section. The latter were collected and appeared as his first book, in a small edition which he has so successfully suppressed that his American admirers cherish the few copies obtainable at a price exceeding his total monthly income at this period. His wife still has a file of the review containing those anonymous political writings which eventually secured him an important post on a London paper. It was then that he acquired the leisure in which to write the books upon which his claim to fame—and eventually to American royalties—was to rest. At the same time, owing to his position as literary editor and the innumerable ramifications which he gradually established in the English press, he also acquired a network of influence which materially assisted his career as an established author. It became impossible for an unfavorable review of any book of his to appear, because almost every possible reviewer was under obligations to him, or entertained hopes of him, in his editorial capacity. The clippings from the London papers which ac-

companied the offer of his works in America naturally impressed the colonial mind, and in due course he achieved the dignity of a New York imprint.

II

Even then, however, it cannot be said that his American public more than vaguely existed in the background of his consciousness. For one thing, he was too busy consolidating his home defences to trouble about so distant a front. For another, he really had no public in this country, as his too confiding publisher discovered when the books about which so many nice words were said in London were jobbed off to the second-hand dealers in New York. Subconsciously he reacted to the discouraging half-yearly statement of his American sales by reinforcing his conviction that this was a barbarous country, which produced no literature of its own and could not be expected to appreciate a genuine work of art when confronted with it. His reviewing staff had a free hand where American authors were concerned, and the patronizing or abusive articles that resulted were some compensation for injuries received. Not that this matter very seriously concerned him, for by now his position in London was assured, and Prime Ministers' week-ends knew him as a welcome guest. He moved in the smartest society, where literature was never sordid shop but always the natural adjunct of the well-educated English gentleman or lady, and here he was privileged to assist at the first flutterings of authorship in young women whose social graces covered a multitude of literary sins. This was vastly more amusing than his relations with a few survivors, now repentant feminists, from the remote period when these ladies had begun to live their own lives by sharing in the great adventure of his beginnings as a man of letters.

As he said to himself, it was rather a bore when the war came and disturbed this pleasant existence. Fortunately, his social success was such that it never became necessary for him to contemplate actual service. Like all his friends, he had to adjust his vocabulary to the changed situation, and he did this so effectively that he soon found himself attached to a propaganda department. Innocent as he was of any language but his own, he seemed peculiarly equipped to undertake journalistic missions to the heathen of neutral Europe, who could never, unaided, have realized the true significance of the great struggle. Thus he passed those hectic years armed with no weapon more lethal than a diplomatic passport, but with this he carried many a difficult position and fought the good fight to such purpose that decorations descended upon him almost as if he were an important profiteer. He guided the pens of foreign editorial writers; he organized bureaux of information, and acquired such an intimate knowledge of European sleeping-cars and first-class Continental hotels that his novels, to this day, are proof that travel broadens the mind. His brochures and pamphlets were masterpieces of the kind, and it was generally felt in official circles that his combination of literary skill and good form was worth the bones of a hundred temporary gentlemen in uniform. He was especially skilful in his treatment of the problem of American intervention, possessing just that mixture of contempt and condescension which is the heritage of the true Briton in his relations with the Colonies. At the same time, he knew how to appeal to a sentimentality which he perfectly understood but did not share. When America finally answered the call of the Mother Country his feelings were comparable to those of the country squire when the tenants have voted as his Lordship wished—dignified rather than exuberant approval.

It was a fitting reward that he should experience in his own person a revelation analogous to that which he had labored so patriotically to effect. He, too, became aware of the existence of These States as

a source of help in time of trouble. When the lull of the Permanent Peace came, he was no longer the insular Englishman. He had traveled and lectured and preached to the barbarians, and it occurred to him that he might turn his war-developed talents to his own account. His London publisher concurred in the view that his American public would like to see him, and with admirable resolution he decided to go over and find out what those weird Americans were like in their natural habitat. In Europe they had affected him as unpleasantly as the Anzacs, but the time had come to face the hardships imposed by his sense of duty to himself and to English letters. After certain delicate tests had been made by his New York and London publishers, news paragraphs began to percolate to propitious places announcing that this distinguished man of letters was about to visit America on a lecture tour.

III

His British reserve was a little strained by the first terrific impact of the New World upon his consciousness. The reporters who met him on the steamer extracted from him the inevitable words of admiration, tempered with advice, which he had been prepared to utter. He declared modestly that he had read nothing of American literature since Poe, but he added that America could not expect to make any real contribution to the arts so long as her attention was concentrated on the sordid business of making money. The pursuit of the dollar, he felt, should be left to other and older races, peculiarly fitted for the task by ties of kinship and centuries of cultured tradition. He added a few words concerning the dire need of American idealism to help in the rebuilding of Europe, and hinted that, with the coöperation of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, the League of Nations could achieve those ideals for which England and America had fought in the Great War.

He languished only a night or two in a New York hotel, for he soon discovered that a host of cultured women had planned to provide him with the lavish Transatlantic equivalents of those house-parties which he enjoyed so much at home. As he never failed to remark, he was overwhelmed by American hospitality. Cars, wives and daughters were placed at his disposal, and within a week he was calling several prominent Long Island hostesses by their Christian names, and had seen more copies of his works on drawing-room tables than he could ever hope to see at home, where his books flourished chiefly amongst the nondescript fiction which the circulating libraries purchase with an altogether admirable catholicity of taste. He secretly conceived an immense respect for these charming people, who actually bought his books instead of promising to ask for them at the library. When eager young things pressed him to write an appropriate sentiment in a treasured volume, he autographed it with a gracious seriousness which persuaded all but the most skeptical that he had done this sort of thing before for privileged people and knew the value of his signature. In a letter to his London publisher he made arrangements to have a limited, large-paper edition of his forthcoming book signed by the author. "The Americans will take it off your hands," he said reassuringly.

His public appearances were a huge success and his agent soon had mapped out a tour which covered the whole country and brought him in a sum in excess of anything he had dared to hope. He looked so distinguished that the women just adored him; he was so unlike the crude type of their own men, who never really looked like creative artists. His subjects, too, were so illuminating. At the P.E.N. Club he addressed an appeal to all concerned for closer relations between America and England, and dwelt upon the bond of language as the greatest factor in establishing an Anglo-Saxon peace. His lecture on "Is There an American Liter-

ature?," which he repeated in every place he visited, was particularly stimulating. After an appreciative reference to Emerson and Longfellow he would discuss with real feeling the danger to American literature of straying from the straight path of Anglo-Saxon tradition, and without mentioning individuals he would deprecate the rise of a school of writers whose very names betrayed their alien outlook. By audiences composed of the loveliest daughters of Zion, for the most part, this Nordic aesthetic was as warmly welcomed as by the professors of literature who presided, and who wrote appreciative studies of the man and his work in the Sunday supplements.

He could be relied upon for any occasion, from a Wanamaker Book Week to a Book and Play Luncheon, from an address to the Sulgrave Institution to a reading at the Thanatopsis Club of Davenport, Iowa; he could even carry off a debate with a rival from England at the National Arts Club without mishap, but he never talked without a fee, in accordance with the terms of his contract. For a time he found it possible to evade specific questions which would reveal his complete indifference toward current American literature and his unalterable conviction that, with the possible exception of O. Henry, this country had nothing to offer. In due course, however, he came into contact with some of his American contemporaries, and with truly British acumen set himself to exploit them for his own ends. The art of publicity, as understood in this country, being now familiar to him, he realized the importance of cultivating American authors who would advertise him by word of mouth or in print. Thus he would allow himself occasionally to become interested in a work whose sales could never be large in England, or whose success could in no wise clash with that of his own work. For such he would write a preface, or, more frequently, a commendatory paragraph in a London paper. With the writer personally he would, in a few hours, achieve a degree of affectionate intimacy utterly at variance with his practice at home. I have known him to write letters to a casual American acquaintance in such terms of friendliness as he would be ashamed to betray to his oldest friend in England. His reserves, as a strong, silent Englishman, vanish under the stress and urge of this very personal Anglo-American friendship, which is the goal he has substituted for the wider and more disinterested service of war time.

IV

In this fashion the new type of literary visitor was evolved from his—in every sense—rude forbears, whose harsh strictures on American life belong to the classical literature of Anglo-American relations. The voice has changed, but the hand is still the same that held the pen of Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens. The pilgrim, modern style, keeps to himself the thoughts which his predecessors ingenuously committed to print. He hitches his wagon to the League of Nations, or to Sulgrave Manor, and proceeds to feed the national appetite for ideals while his own energies are concentrated on more realistic aims. He reserves for the private ear of his own people his impression of Colonial manners and customs and, instead of becoming facetious about cuspidors and ice water, he will now write an essay entitled "American Poetry of Today," which proves on examination to be merely a sniffish review of a book of verse by some minor New England poet. This revised form of the old condescension is irresistible evidence of the dawn of a brighter day in the literary relations of the two countries. The incorrigible persistence of the American language is still, however, a delicate subject, and even the most tactful English commentators cannot refrain from pointing out that it is "incorrect" to say trolley when one means tram. When faced with an American translation of colloquial speech the conviction

still surges up in the British mind that it is blasphemous to write: "Say, kid, how do you get that way?" when the slang of the original text demands it, but that the laws of God are obeyed when it is rendered: "I say, you priceless old bean, aren't you rather going in off the deep end?"

The unpleasant emotions aroused by the harsh dissonances of the American idiom are something more than a mere philological protest. Amongst the heathen a certain barbarism, linguistic and otherwise, is inevitable, but the strident yawp of the American language is symptomatic of deeper heresies. It is the outward and visible form of the revolt against colonialism which is finding expression in literature and art that are quite outside the line of apostolic succession. This naturally complicates the task of the missionary visitor, and, what is more important, threatens his prerogatives. The old patronizing attitude was plausible when challenged by nothing more substantial than the well-bred provincialism of a literature that knew its place and was humble in the presence of its superiors. Nowadays American writers actually arise in public meeting and disturb the proceedings with defiant scepticism and the irreverent queries of an aesthetic agnosticism which knows nothing of the childlike faith of its forefathers. The apostle has felt decidedly uncomfortable during these encounters, and with genuine alarm he foresees the day when such uncouth fellows will set out to conquer new worlds and perhaps expect, in their turn, to make a little money out of their missionary enterprise. So far, with exquisite British tact, he has succeeded in keeping the visiting American author within the bounds of a rare show, allowing him to exhibit his eccentricities privately and without profit. But the time will inevitably come when Americans in London will refuse to perform for less than the terms specified in their contracts. They will insist upon a treaty of literary reciprocity, and will abrogate the existing policy of the (one way) Open Door. Of such dire changes is the American language the sign and portent. In anticipation whereof a far-sighted zeal, an otherwise inexplicable sensitiveness, are noticeable whenever the hegemony of the King's English is disputed.

Out of the sorrow and suffering of the Great War, however, the Island Race has emerged with a wider and deeper sense of the infinite possibilities of this great Republic. The literary pilgrim has a mission to do for himself what his country did in her hour of need. He has mastered the technique, and if here and there his natural inhibitions and prejudices peep out, his willingness for closer coöperation and mutual service is wholly admirable. With what graciousness he submits to the frank democratic friendliness of his American hero-worshippers, he who shuns the common herd at home and is rather proud of the fact that most of his colleagues are personally unknown to him! In New York, it is now possible for one English author to meet another in a spirit of the purest human camaraderie, so perfectly do they adapt themselves to the freer atmosphere of the New World. The lesson of Armageddon—as they used to call it in the old propaganda days—has not been lost upon them; they realize that sweet are the uses of publicity. Pinning their faith in a few platitudes to carry them through the intellectual wilds of America, the literary pilgrims set out for the land that promises royalties and lecture fees. And each time they turn eastward, with their income tax returns skilfully adjusted and duly stamped at the Custom House, their hearts are filled with gratitude. They depart with tangible evidence that the pursuit of the dollar in America is not incompatible with the liveliest interest in the arts. It all depends upon who does the pursuing.

IN DEFENSE OF THE PURITAN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Being myself a descendant, on both sides of my family, of the earliest settlers in the Bay Colony, I have a certain personal reaction when the adjective Puritan is contemptuously applied. (It is never, of course, applied except contemptuously.) I have been puzzled frequently to discover why Bryan, Volstead, the Reverend Dr. Straton, should be Puritans, and Charles W. Eliot (whose ancestor translated the Bible for the salvation of the Indians), Henry Adams, Amy Lowell, should not be. John S. Sumner, the famous smut-hound, is, I am told, a Puritan, but Charles Sumner evidently was not. A Puritan, it would appear, is anybody who assumes an I-am-holier-than-thou attitude, is afraid of the truth, shrinks from change, from speculation, even from honest doubt, and endeavors to compel all of his neighbors to live and think as he does. A Puritan is a bigoted, petty moralist, and there is no joy in him. That is what, I gather, he is today. If that is what he always was, the settlement and early growth of America is certainly the most extraordinary phenomenon in the whole history of mankind.

But that, of course, isn't what he was, and the current critical usage of the word Puritan is a degradation, if not actually a perversion. The Puritans had descendants, both bodily and spiritual. Some at least must still exist. And certain it is, to me at any rate, that they are not named Volstead nor Bryan nor Straton. It may be they are not numerous; it may be that the thing, Puritanism, is not potent in our midst any longer. But that I regard as a pity, not a cause for rejoicing. We need more Puritanism, not less, in our life and our letters; and we need to recognize it when we see it, and not go on confusing sometimes dubiously historical accidentals with the fundamental virtues of the Pilgrim breed.

The Puritans in England closed all the theatres; but they also cut off the head of a king. The Puritans in America endeavored, with a passionate sincerity no sane person can doubt, to live, and to make everybody else in their communities live, according to the necessities of a terrible theology; but meanwhile they conquered a wilderness, flung ever westward, over rivers and mountains, the thin frontier of empire, and prepared the soil for what was to be the Eighteenth Century's great contribution to history, the ideal of democracy, of government as a contract with the governed. The Puritan theology, by which, as we now envisage them, those ancestors of ours lived, bleakly and sternly averting their countenances from all the joys of this life and in the interests of salvation forbidding others to be joyous, we may truthfully say had little to do with Eighteenth Century political ideals. In fact, the revolt of a too rigidly repressed human nature from this theology was in America at least a much more contributory cause. But the spirit in which that dread and dreary religious philosophy was at first accepted had everything to do with the Eighteenth Century, because it was a spirit of intense faith in the worth of the individual and of assertive independence of individual conscience. The Puritan conscience (one hesitates now to employ the emasculated and belittled phrase) was

a consciousness of the individuals responsible to his Maker alone, and most awfully responsible, since his consciousness included a strange awareness, hardly since possessed by any peoples, of this as a moral universe. For his faith he was quite willing to be, and frequently was, a martyr. But being also an Elizabethan Englishman, for it he was quite ready to fight. Either way, he regarded his faith, his way of feeling, his individuality, much more highly than he regarded any existing customs, conventions or laws. In other words, he was a true revolutionist. What was Puritanism in its very inception but a revolution? What was the *Mayflower* compact but a revolution?—though those who signed it, no doubt, were unaware in their truly superb self-sufficiency of the seed they were sowing in the world. People don't revolt, we are told nowadays, unless driven to it by hunger and misery. But the Puritans did. They revolted when somebody told them they should not believe thus and so, which happened to be what they did most intensely believe. They were not in the least afraid of change in customs, in the very fundamentals of society, if thus they could secure their own way. Their trust in God seems, indeed, to have been considerably mixed with an Emersonian "Trust Thyself."

"Trust Thyself—every heart vibrates to that iron string"—thus the Puritan Emerson, from Concord, more than two centuries later; Emerson, renowned as a good neighbor who "kept his fences up" and interfered with nobody, Emerson who refused to administer the Communion in church because the ceremony "didn't interest him." Not every heart, in spite of Emerson, vibrates to an iron string. The seductive catgut is more to the taste of many. But they do not make revolutionists, and they do not make Puritans. When the *Mayflower* was on her way to the "stern and rockbound" sand dunes of Cape Cod and Plymouth, many of the passengers were seasick and excited the profane mirth of the sailors, who frequently added low-lived abuse to their jibes. The Pilgrim fathers and mothers bore this meekly, and naturally gained no respite by that scriptural method. But when, later, after the arrival, the crew were stricken with disease, and from fear of infection and hardness of heart refused aid one to another, it was the Pilgrims who cared for them. Self-trust and self-interest have little or nothing in common. The heart that vibrates to the iron string is always warmer than the heart of the sensualist. Self-trust, too, breeds trust of others. Self-trust, and self-trust alone, can create and keep alive the dream of democracy.

II

The Puritan's apparent distrust of himself, meaning his natural man, was an accident of his theology. That he dared defy Church and State, that he braved the stake, that he hazarded the wintry Atlantic in a cockle shell and pitted his lone ax against a virgin forest, that he cut off a king's head and told the world he knew more about where the authority for government came from than all the traditions of a thousand years, isn't exactly to display a conspicuous lack of self-assurance. But the Puritan knew also that he lived in a moral universe. He was not afraid of duty, and to him virtue was beautiful. Embracing a religious philosophy which imposed rigid and narrow duties, and severely constricted the virtues, he found himself faced by a well-nigh insoluble problem. He was confronted by all the bodily instincts of mankind, by youth and love and music and the rhythmic loveliness of the world. He took exactly the step you would have expected him to take, knowing both his intense belief in his religious philosophy and his supreme confidence in his powers. He set out rigidly to suppress all that his philosophy declared to be evil.

Of course it didn't work. In Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," his entry for 1642 begins as follows: "Marvilous it may be to see and consider how

some kind of wickednes did grow & breake forth here, in a land wher the same was so much witnesed against, and so narrowly looked unto, & severely punished when it was knowne; as in no place more, or so much, that I have known or heard of; insomuch as they have been somewhat censured, even by moderate and good men, for their severitie in punishments. And yet all this could not suppress ye breaking out of sundrie notorious sins, (as this year, besids other, gives us too many sad presidents and instances,) espetially drunkennes and unclainnes; not only incontinencie betweene persons unmarried, for which many both men & women have been punished sharply enough, but some maried persons allso. But that which is worse, even sodomie, and bugerie (things fearfull to name,) have broak forth in this land, oftener than once. I say it may justly be marveled at, and cause us to fear & tremble at the consideration of our corrupte natures, which are so hardly bridled, subdued and mortified; nay, cannot by any other means but ye powerful worke and grace of Gods spirite. But (besids this) one reason may be, that ye Divell may carrie a greater spite against the churches of Christ and ye gospell hear, by how much ye more they indeaour to preserve holynes and puritie amongst them, and strictly punisheth the contrary when it ariseth either in church or comone wealth; that he might cast a blemishe & staine upon them in ye eyes of ye world, who use to be rash in judgmente. I would rather thinke thus, then that Satane hath more power in these heathen lands, as som have thought, then in more Christian nations, espetially over Gods servants in them.

"Another reason may be, that it may be in this case as it is with waters when their streames are stopped or damed up, when they gett passage they flow with more violence, and make more noys and disturbance, then when they are suffered to rune quietly in their owne chanels. So wickednes being here more stopped by strict laws, and ye same more nerly looked unto, so as it cannot rune in a comon road of liberty as it would, and is inclined, it searches every wher, and at last breaks out wher it getts vente."

It would appear that the good governor was not without a realization alike of the difficulties of the task the Pilgrims had set themselves, and of the true causes of their failure. Ensuing years in Puritan America saw a fairly steady breaking down of the artificial dykes of restraint against the natural man, a fairly steady increase of recognition for the normal instincts. This, of course, was constantly and bitterly opposed by the clergy, who felt their powers slipping, and the legislators continued to legislate against nature. But unless it can be shown that the clergy, carrying Calvinism by remorseless logic to even greater depths of monstrosity, alone remained true to the Puritan spirit (not alone the Puritan theological creed), while the people lost their self trust, their consciousness of a moral universe, creed or no creed, their spiritual independence, then it is impossible in fairness to brand as Puritan today only this temper of unnatural restraint, this hang-over of Calvinistic theology.

Nothing of the sort can, of course, be proved. Quite the contrary is the case. What James Truslow Adams calls "the pessimistic passivity and determinism of Calvinism" was not a creation of the Puritans. It was imposed upon them by theologians, and accepted by them not because they were the only peoples dour and sour enough to accept it, but because they were the only ones with the moral stamina, the concentrated purpose, and the scorn for worldly consequences necessary to give this theology the trial which history demanded. It is absurd to suppose that what qualities made the Puritans effective in the world vanished when they ceased to accept a dogma. To suppose that they did is to yield to the common failing of all timid men grown old, accusing the new generation of every manner of iniquity

because of its new beliefs. In 1701 an elderly observer remarked sadly that many boys in Harvard College "differ much in their principles from their parents." So "the stock of the Puritan" was dying even before "Fair Harvard" was written! But it didn't die immediately. Its interests were diverted into other channels than the theological, to be sure, but those men and women of the Puritan stock who retained their sense of a moralistic universe, and their consciousness of individual responsibility and integrity, led the world to its next great historic experiment—led it, of course, through revolution. In 1776 the little town of Ashland, Mass., in the frontier of the Berkshire wilderness, passed in meeting assembled a resolution that is open to criticism for its spelling, but hardly for its adherence to the Puritan spirit. "We will take the Law of God for the foundation of the forme of our Government," Ashland resolved, and "it is our opinion that we Do not want any Govinor but the Govinor of the univarse, and under him a States Gineral to consult with the wrest of the united States for the Good of the whole."

I am confident that the people who are called Puritans today would regard this perfection of Puritanism as sheer anarchy, and would have the perpetrators in jail if they could.

III

It chances that more than a century later, Ashland, no longer a frontier village but a community left far behind and forgotten by the westward march of empire, sprang into notice again because there a latter-day Puritan followed his conscience and defied the mob. He was a delicate and gentle spirit, a lover of sensuous beauty, of art and poetry. His name was Charles Eliot Norton, and he reminded his excited countrymen that we had taken the law of God for the foundation of our Government, and that law did not sanction the ruling of alien peoples against their wills, even if they were brown-skinned Filipinos. America was just then donning its imperialistic diapers, and was in no mood to be told that it shouldn't play with this new rattle. Professor Norton, and the little band who stood with him, were roundly abused. They weren't running with the mob. They were standing steadfast by their consciences, by their belief in a moralistic universe, by their faith in the individual.

Nothing could well be farther from Calvinism than Unitarianism, considered as doctrine. But when, a century and more ago, the church in Rowe, Mass., was burned, and the covenant destroyed, every member, including the pastor, Preserved Smith, forgot it and refrained from asking for a new copy, so for twenty years more the Reverend Mr. Smith continued to preach liberalism to his flock, till the people down Boston way finally heard of the scandal, and tried the poor old parson for heresy or some other crime. However, that church remains Unitarian to this day, a quaint little witness, far up in the hills, to the independence of the Puritan frontiersman. The Unitarianism of Channing, of Theodore Parker, was no less intensely aware of a moralistic universe than the Calvinsim of Cotton Mather. And it was no less ready to defend the individual conscience and defy traditional authority. The temper of Parker and Channing in the pulpit was their temper, also, in the anti-slavery contest. It was the temper of Garrison. It was the temper of nearly all the early Abolitionists, who were concerned, and only concerned, with the dignity of the individual, with the supreme importance of right principles. Cotton bales and factory dividends were a later and quite unpuritanical issue.

Wendell Phillips, defying the Boston mob in Faneuil Hall, was a Puritan. He was no less a Puritan many years later when he delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard. Having seen the dignity of the individual Negro vindicated (or so he then believed), he dared to tell the Harvard graduates and overseers

that individual working men also possess dignity in God's sight, yea, that even women do. It was the voice of the Puritan speaking—a very eloquent voice, to be sure, so eloquent that it is recorded that one Brattle Street gentleman was seen to applaud vigorously, at the same time exclaiming, "The damned old fool—the damned old fool!" But still, the voice of the Puritan, of the revolutionist for right.

And the Puritans today—who are they? If you care to say that some of them have rather recently, and reluctantly, been let out of Leavenworth prison, I shall not take the trouble to dispute you. They are certainly not the men and women who run with the mob; they are not the men and women who wrap about them as a garment the mouldy husks of a dead theology and seek to impose their traditions and inhibitions on all their fellows in the name of a petty morality which, even to them, has no living force because it is not the fruit of their own revolt, and has no connection at all with the higher moral law; and neither are they the men and women who, in the name of individual liberty, recognize no moral force in the universe, or those who have not the courage or the fibre to be either for God or against Him. Mr. Volstead is not a Puritan. But no more is the man who is fired by a passion for individual liberty merely because he wants a drink. Let us have done with such shameful belittling of the word.

The Puritan was a revolutionist for the right. He instinctively placed principle above expediency, his trust in himself above his trust in tradition, and possessed the fibre to put his convictions to the hazard of any necessary experiment, however daring. Show me a man today, and I care not what his theological creed may be, if he has one (the chances are at least equal that he hasn't), who views the world and society as something more, and something deeper, than a jumble of trade, politics and pleasure, as something which should step with the march of moral law and who himself looks for this moral law, in his own heart and his own intelligence, and determining it there trusts the verdict though kings or mobs or editors or parsons or all tradition be against him, that man I will call a Puritan. He will speak or write with force and conviction. He will not belong to any pretty-pretty, or pee-wee school of life or literature. But he will respect the integrity of all other honest individuals. He will hate sham, and cant, and timid shirking; he will insist that life has duties, and he will rejoice in doing them. He will be a man most men respect, and many admire. Not so many will follow him, because to follow him will require character, purpose, spiritual integrity, the moral bravery which dares revolt.

It does not seem to me that this characterization outlines a portrait of our current smut-hounds and Sabbatical Leaguers. It seems to me to outline the portrait of a man I could wish for a leader in these troubled and unconfident times, hoping greatly that his integrity to principle will be to the principle of scientific truth, that the light he follows will be the light of reason, not of faith—a word we of the Twentieth Century should regard with the utmost suspicion.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

FIELD sports in the home State of the Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, candidate for the presidency, from the archives of the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives:

> Helena, Ala.: After protecting himself against a mob for six hours John King, employed in the mines, was lynched by men whom he had accused of taking money from his pay-envelope.
>
> Adamsville, Ala.: Will McBride, 60 years old, was taken from bed by a mob and beaten to death. He had been arrested on a charge of assault but dismissed by the judge. Some school children had become frightened at seeing him walk along the road.

ARIZONA

FATE of the First Amendment to the Constitution in the Arizona Free State, as reported by a Nogales dispatch to the Tucson *Daily Star:*

> George L. Patrick, of Seattle, Wash., a civil engineer, will probably spend the next 200 days in the Santa Cruz county jail, as a result of getting all het up at the international line, and proceeding to say unkind words about President Coolidge. Patrick arrived here several days ago with the intention of crossing the border with two burros on a prospecting trip down the west coast of Mexico. He tried to get a permit from the Customs Service to take a rifle across the line and when shown a telegram from President Coolidge stating that an embargo had been placed on firearms and advised that he would have to get a permit from Washington, he is alleged to have replied: "To h—— with Coolidge; it's only an accident that he is President." A complaint was filed against the man and Justice of the Peace Charles Hardy gave him his choice of paying a $200 fine or serving 200 days in jail. He chose the latter.

CALIFORNIA

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning at Stanford University, as reported by a press dispatch from Palo Alto:

> Yell leading has been made a subject in the curriculum at Stanford and credit will be given to sophomores trying out for assistant yell leader who register in the new course. "Bleacher psychology," "the correct use of the voice," "development of stage presence" and "what a coach expects of the yell leader" will be topics of lectures by members of the faculty and by Prof. Andrew Kerr, football coach.

FROM a list of acts forbidden by city ordinances in Los Angeles, prepared for the use of visitors:

> Shooting rabbits from street cars.
>
> Throwing snuff, or giving it to a child under sixteen.
>
> Bathing two babies in a single bathtub at one time.
>
> Making pickles in any downtown district.
>
> Selling snakes on the streets.

CONNECTICUT

DÉBUT of a new crime in the land of Blue Laws, as reported by the Waterbury *Republican:*

> Amelia Moses, eighteen, was arrested yesterday by Lieutenants Timothy Hickey and Milton MacMullen of the Detective Bureau, charged with *being in danger of falling into vice.*

FROM the platform of the new board of editors of the *Yale News:*

> The Eighteenth Amendment should be strictly enforced throughout the university.
>
> Compulsory chapel should be retained.
>
> There should be a course on the Bible as literature.
>
> There should be a course in dramatic art.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CONTRIBUTION to a new Gesta Romanorum by the current *Hofprediger*, as reported by the Washington *Herald:*

> Jiggs, hen-pecked husband of Maggie, one of the comic strips appearing in the Washington *Herald*, served as an example in the sermon yesterday at the First Congregational Church. The Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, pastor of the church, speaking of the unhappiness of the rich, said: "Money does not always bring happiness. Mr. Jiggs knows this. Of course you all know Jiggs of the 'Bringing Up Father' cartoon. Recently Jiggs lost his fortune. Sitting on the steps of the pretentious residence from which he had just been evicted, Jiggs remarked,

'Oh well. You got to be poor to be happy anyway!' And that's the truth."

President and Mrs. Coolidge were among the congregation.

FROM a public bull by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

No representative body in the world surpasses the American Congress in intelligence or character.

FLORIDA

APPEARANCE of a new and fantastic heresy in the swamps behind Miami and Palm Beach, as reported by an alert correspondent of the Florida *Baptist Witness:*

I am not seeking a controversy, but would like to say that the custom that some Baptist churches have fallen into of oyster crackers and cubes of bakers' bread in the Lord's Supper is to my mind unscriptural and a digression from our Master's example and Apostolic usage.

ILLINOIS

FROM an interview with Mary Garden in the Boston *Herald:*

"I often discuss spiritualism and future existence with my friends and—"

"You believe in spiritualism?" she was asked.

"I can't tell. I only know that when I die I shall be cremated and that my ashes will be thrown into a lake."

"Why not the ocean? It's not as apt to be muddy."

"No. It must be Lake Michigan, in front of Chicago. Think of how thrilled some of the bathers would be to have the ashes of Mary Garden swept up against them."

FROM an address by Col. R. R. McCormick, co-editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, to the advertising staff of that great newspaper:

There is no one—be he priest, or preacher, or rabbi; be he poet or editorial writer—there is no one whose calling is more exalted than yours!

IOWA

EFFECTS of Prohibition, vice crusading, laws against cigarettes, wars upon the bunny hug and other Christian moral measures in Des Moines, the Western capital of the uplift, as reported by the estimable *News* of that city:

Criminals are running wild in this city! . . . The people of this community, with their lives and property in constant jeopardy, and fearing to venture from their homes after nightfall, have known for a month that crime was rampant and unbridled in Des Moines. . . . The criminals who infest Des Moines are robbing banks, beating up helpless women and becoming more daring, more brutal in their operations.

FROM a trade journal for life insurance go-getters published in Kansas City:

An Iowa agent for a western company, who has two and a half millions in force in his county, makes a point of attending practically every funeral in his county and invariably sings at the service. He makes a note of all those present at the funeral whom he considers as prospects. He also finds out whether the deceased carried life insurance and the amount.

As he sings at the funeral all who are present must see him there and that fact justifies his discussion of the insurance affairs of the deceased with them and opens the way for a consideraton of the prospect's own insurance needs.

Perhaps you can't sing at funerals, but if you are RESOURCEFUL the story of this Iowa agent may stimulate you to think of original and effective methods of your own.

KENTUCKY

TRIUMPH of human enterprise by Blue Grass disciples of the Wilson idealism, as reported by the Louisville *Herald:*

Within seven minutes after receipt of the news that former President Wilson was dead, the Louisville *Herald* was on the street with a bona fide extra announcing the news and giving the exact time of Mr. Wilson's death.

The other morning newspaper (i. e., the *Courier Journal*) also issued an alleged extra in which it was announced that President Wilson had died on February 2 (Saturday). No time was given. A bulletin carried by that newspaper credited the news to the Associated Press, as follows:

Washington, Feb. 2 (A. P.)—Former President Wilson is dead.

The actual text of the Associated Press bulletin read as follows:

Washington, Feb. 3 (By the Associated Press)—Former President Wilson died today at 11.15 A. M.

The question naturally arises: Was the "extra" issued by the other morning paper printed Saturday night? The date given on the alleged Associated Press dispatch would indicate that.

The moral, of course is, When in doubt, buy *Herald* extras! Then you get the REAL NEWS first.

MARYLAND

LINGERING effects of the late war for democracy upon jurisprudence in the Maryland Free State, as revealed by an advertisement in the Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

LAWYER WANTED
To Enter Suit Against a
PRO-GERMAN CONCERN
Address Purchasing Agent, 5870, Sun.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE New Thought method of snaring a husband, as described in the *Nautilus Magazine*, of Holyoke:

> Make up your mind that God knows the right man, that God *now* brings you and the right man together IN SPIRIT.
>
> Now, the only way that the right man can find you is for you to so express yourself that all men looking upon you may see your good work, your radiant spirit, and may *glorify the loving Father within you.*
>
> In short, begin to *express yourself*, instead of sitting around and praying or affirming or longing to have God hand you this particular man on a silver platter!

MISSISSIPPI

FROM the archives of the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives, in charge of the Dyer anti-lynching bill:

> Ashland, Miss.: An unnamed colored man, charged with stabbing a white man, was taken from jail by a mob, hanged, and his body riddled with bullets. The white man, who had charged the Negro with stealing, attempted to search him.
>
> Pickens, Miss.: An 18-year-old colored girl was shot by a mob which was in search of her brother, who was said to have borrowed 50 cents from a white man and refused to pay him 10 cents interest.

NEW YORK

THEOLOGICAL dictum from an article in *America* by the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S. J.:

> How do we know that this particular miracle of the Virgin Birth happened? We know that it happened *because the Catholic Church teaches that it happened.* This is in itself complete, absolute and final proof of the truth of this doctrine.

THE theatre's tribute to the late Dr. Wilson, from a memoir in *Variety* entitled "The Draped Proscenium":

> During the bitter days of the grim war he was a steady attendant at the lighter amusements. Each Monday found him in his box at Keith's. The players gloried in his presence and he smiled upon them. . . After the war he modestly declined to use the box he had so long occupied as President, but came each Monday and sat in extra seats behind the last row. A sincere patron of the stage arts, a figure almost divine who lent the glamor of his person to heighten the effulgence of an institution so frequently shadowed by the intolerance of the soulless, Woodrow Wilson glorified the history of the theatre as he glorified the history of his country and his world.

NORTH CAROLINA

UPWARD sweep of the Fundamentalist wave from the steppes of Texas toward the line of the Potomac, as revealed by a dispatch from Raleigh, home of the Hon. Josephus Daniels:

> The North Carolina State Board of Education, headed by Governor Cameron Morrison, today voted to bar from the list of biologies to be adopted by the State high schools all books which in any way intimate an origin of the human race other than that described in the Bible. "Evolution," said Governor Morrison, "means progress, but it does not mean that man, God's highest creation, is descended from a monkey or any other animal. I will not allow any such doctrine or intimation of such doctrine to be taught in our public schools."

OHIO

SPORTING offer of the Hon. Norman E. Tully, of Youngstown, O., in the esteemed *Vindicator* of that city for January 16 last:

> I will lay a small wager that the long-looked-for Second Advent of Jesus will occur within five years.

CURIOUS contribution to American history by the Rev. C. Jeffres McCombe, D.D., pastor of the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Columbus:

> Before going to Washington to take the oath of office the late President Harding said to Bishop William F. Anderson, of Cincinnati: "My prime motive in going to the White House is to bring America back to God."

OREGON

EXITUS of an ancient legal maxim, as recorded in a dispatch from Portland:

> Speaking before the District Attorneys' Association of Oregon here last night, Governor Walter M. Pierce declared time has modified the old adage that every man's home is his castle and sanctuary, and in the future Oregon homes must be kept in such condition that a visit from an inspector of the State Prohibition forces will be welcomed at any time.
>
> "The laws and customs have changed vastly since first was announced the right and doctrine that every man's home was his castle and sanctuary," the governor said. "The law clearly makes it your duty as district attorneys to cooperate with the Prohibition commissioner. We claim the right to go into any place in the State at any time as secret agents and to discover, if possible, law violations."

PENNSYLVANIA

AMENDMENT of the First Amendment in Pennsylvania, as reported in a dispatch from Wilkes-Barre:

> Mayor Daniel L. Hart today supported the action of members of the American Legion in breaking up a meeting called to honor the

name and memory of Nicholai Lenin. To members of the Workers' Party of America, who protested that their right of free speech had been abrogated, he declared that in the future the city will not issue a license for any public meeting *unless such a meeting is approved by the American Legion.*

FROM a communication by the Hon. William B. Yeakel, of Coopersburg, Pa., in the *Farm Journal:*

Mr. William S. Hallman wants to know if life insurance is a good investment. I say, absolutely no! In what way is it right for a man, made in the image of God, to walk around with a price on his head, payable after death?

SOUTH CAROLINA

TRIALS of the Fundamentalists, as revealed by a letter to the *Baptist Courier*, the leading organ of Christian thought between the Peedee and Tugaloo rivers:

The South Main Street Church of Greenwood is again without a pastor. It came in such a short time after we had gone through with the trials of securing one to whom the church was devoted and whom it had hoped to keep for years, but it seems that it had to be; for that Earle Street, Greenville, crowd just kept working until they got us in this fix. Personally, I have no censure for any one of them, because I must love my brethren, but they had better mind, and keep away from Greenwood the remainder of their days. Trying to locate a pastor is no little job. Our prayer is for a message from heaven, naming the man upon whom the Lord has laid his hands to do this blessed work.

TEXAS

PROGRESS of Fundamentalist jurisprudence in the great Republic of Texas, as reported by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored Peoples:

At Bishop, Texas, one Smith, a colored physician, was burned to death after his hands and feet had been cut off. It was alleged that Dr. Smith, while riding in his automobile, collided with a car occupied by whites.

NOVEL contribution to the American language by Texas Baptists, as revealed by news notes in the *Baptist Standard* of Dallas:

Work starts well on the Carlton-Olin field. Within the last three weeks a brand-new six-room *pasterium* has been built, insured for three years, pastor's family moved in and graciously pounded, and salary paid to the end of the year . . .

Dr. McHenry Seal is leading the San Saba Church in a beautiful way. The spiritual life of the church is good in spite of the fact that it has just built an excellent *pasterium* and a two-story annex to the church building.

FROM a circular distributed by Nordic Blond evangelists at a recent revival in Dallas under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Bob Jones, an eminent pastor of those remote steppes:

I am a Searchlight on a high tower.

I run my relentless eye to and fro throughout the land; my piercing glance penetrates the brooding places of Iniquity. I plant my eyes and ears in the whispering Corridors of Crime.

Wherever men gather furtively together, there am I, an austere and invisible Presence. I am the Recording Angel's Proxy.

When I invade the fetid dens of Infamy there is a sudden scampering and squeaking as of rats forsaking a doomed ship.

I am the haunting dread of the depraved and the hated Nemesis of the vicious.

The foe of Vice, the friend of Innocence, the rod and staff of Law, I am —

THE KU KLUX KLAN.

EFFORTS of this subtle espionage on the native Christians, as reported the next Sunday by the estimable Dallas *News:*

An employé of one of the largest bookshops in Texas recently managed to get hold of a copy of an obscene book, paying about $5 for it. He offered it to a prominent business man in one of the prominent towns of Texas, and the man immediately paid $20 for it.

VIRGINIA

DECAY of the spoils system and rise of the technical expert in the Old Dominion, as reported by the Roanoke *Times:*

William F. Drewry, M. D., for 37 years in the service of the State caring for the insane, has accepted an appointment as city manager of Petersburg.

STATE of the enlightenment in the same State, as reported by the worthy *Nation:*

Two hundred excited persons, gathered before Magistrate Bell in Princess Anne County, Va., accused 70-year-old Annie Taylor of witchcraft. Whether convinced or not that Annie could kill a mule by waving a cane at him, queer the rising of good corn bread, or put snakes in a woman's stomach, the court banished her to North Carolina.

WEST VIRGINIA

GROWING appreciation of the bozart in West Virginia, as revealed by a banner over the main automobile entrance to Parkersburg:

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Birthplace of Harold Tucker Webster, artist, writer, humorist. Entertains the nation with his "Poker Portraits," "Life's Darkest Moment" and "The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship." Is married, loves the great outdoors and plays a keen game of poker.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS

III. The Editorial Writer

BY JAMES M. CAIN

You are, I shall suppose, a cub reporter on a newspaper. Life is a bleary maze of thick green pencils, skew-cut copy paper, busted typewriters, round sergeants, coroners, near-beer saloons, corpses, patrol wagons, and three-alarm fires, with a cacophonous accompaniment of whoops from Saturday night drunks, the *clack-clack* of telegraph instruments, the rumbling of presses, *cop-e-e-e-!* —and over all the majestic chant of the city editor: Gimme a new lead on it . . . Better get on that right away . . . Cut it to two sticks . . . Work it up from that angle . . . Smoke him out, make him come clean . . . Well, it's worth a feature, anyway . . . Check up on that before you go . . . Get the low-down on it . . . Hell, we should worry if he wants it in or not . . . !

It is all terribly confusing, and your head aches: it is so hard to tell appearance from reality. For instance, the old gent frowning so portentously in the swivel chair, the one you thought it would pay to stand in with, is nothing but the head copy boy; and the kid chewing tobacco with his feet on the desk, that you thought was the janitor, is the news editor, with authority to tell even the city editor where to head in. There doesn't seem to be any way of going by looks. They all mooch about in waistcoats, without coats, all have prematurely gray hair, all have the same funny look about the eyes.

You start in your chair. There is that man again, over by the city editor. Who is he, anyway? You have seen him around a lot, and intended to ask about him. But —*is* he the same man? They all look so much alike, and this one in particular looks like a synthetic portrait of everybody in the shop, from the make-up man to the anemic copy reader who sits on the other side of the copy slot. It must be the same man, though. He always wears a green eye-shade, and his shirt makes a little soft pillow where it rolls out from under his waistcoat over his belt. Yes, it is the same man. Come to think of it, his face has lurked in the background all through these first awful days. Who is he, anyhow? You prepare to make covert inquiries.

Well, well, save your breath. Pull up your chair and I shall tell you who he is. The man is a Priest. He is Keeper of the Soul of the American People. He sits alone in his office, high above the madding crowd, and as he sits, soft voices rise from below. When he hears them, he passes into a long, long dream, and as he dreams, his hand (which holds a pencil) begins to write and write and write. . . . The voices are so soft that few could hear them at all, but the man hears them because hearing them is his trade. They are the Voices of the People, the Voice of God. And they go into his ear while he dreams, and in his head they become thoughts. Not ugly, naughty thoughts such as you and I have, but thoughts that Nobody Will Deny—Beautiful Thoughts that the People think, about Rights of the Taxpayer; Do Your Duty, Mr. Mayor; Our Grand Old Man, the New Parking Plan, Five Years of Peace, and Mr. Tchitcherin's Latest Treachery. And as the thoughts pass out again, through his hand, they become

renewed, purified, transmogrified, until they become the very soul of the American People. . . . In brief, this fellow in the green eye-shade is the man who writes the editorials.

Like yourself, he started as a cub. He too had a terrible time finding his way around, and he too soon developed that weary wisdom, that precocious cynicism about life—Well, hardly that. But a veneer of wisdom, a posture of cynicism. On $22 a week, cynicism was about the only luxury he could afford. It helped a lot when he had to eat in one-arm haricoteries. . . . He had his derisive names for some of the certified prominent citizens. For instance, Mr. Littleton Thomas Titscomb, president of the Second National Bank, who made 972 four-minute speeches during the war, he called Little Tom Tit, and boasted that he never had to go hear Tom Tit's speech, for he already knew it by heart. Mrs. Bertha Willoughby, of the School Board, he called Bertha Krupp. His Excellency, Oglesby A. Adams, governor of the State, he called Old Up-And-At-'Em. Sometimes his wisdom reached lyrical heights as he argued with his fellows: he made glib references to the City Hall Crowd, and cynical predictions about things: They're not going to let Nick Beal walk off with that nomination. Don't fall for that stuff. They know who they're going to put in there, and when it gets too late for anybody else to file, they'll put him up, see? Hell, all this talk about Nick Beal just hands me a laugh.

So his early years. He passed through the stage where he said: Ain't this a hell of a life for a white man? Where he called the telephone girl Sweetie. Where he said: They got a hot way of running things around this joint; *I'll* say they have. Where he called the theatre managers by their first names, ordered gin by telephone, clapped the mayor on the back, corresponded for *Variety*. He saw the staff change completely as men came, saw, and got the gate. He held his job, though. After a few years the city editor called him by his first name and relied on him whenever a *big* story broke, such as a suicide, love-nest, or murder, or a bad wreck up on the P. B. & R. Oh, he had come to know the business, all right. According to the life line in his palm, a Great Big Change was just about due in his life.

II

And sure enough, it came. He had been covering the big McGinnis murder case, wherein the bandits jumped out of the car, shot the bank messenger, and scuttled off with $5426 in good hard cash—BANDITS SLAY RUNNER, GET $5426 LOOT, ESCAPE IN AUTO. The case had been on for two days, and not a trace of the jolly *banditti* had been found. He had been up two nights on the story, and came down the next afternoon ready for more heavy work. But a surprise was in store. He was called into the managing editor's office.

After a preliminary compliment about the story, the managing editor got down to business:

"You know, I think it's about time we went aboard the police department in this town and went aboard them right. This is the eleventh murder this year where they haven't even made an arrest. Gosh, that's rotten! . . . But we don't want to be unjust, and that's what I wanted to see you about. You're in pretty close touch over there. Do you think we're justified in jumping on them with both feet?"

Is Our Hero flattered? He is. Consulted by the managing editor! On a question of *editorial policy!*

Indeed, his mental processes at this point give the whole key to his subsequent development, and throw a bright white light on the whole business of writing about public affairs in these United States. First, about his cynicism (by now he doesn't think of himself as cynical—simply hard-boiled). Does he come out and tell the managing editor that all this crusade stuff is the bunk and the police

department will go on running the same old way until the end of time, crusade or no crusade? He does not. His cynicism evaporates faster than the clouds in the last verse of "Anchored." Cynicism! Why, you dumbbell, how do you get that way? The managing editor doesn't want to know his *personal* feeling about the police department. So far as that goes, a lot of those boys over there are friends of his;—no better bunch in the world;—and he and Sweeney, captain in the Eleventh Precinct (where the murder was done) are right down buddies. No, nothing like that. What the managing editor wants to know is whether the police department needs reorganization (shake-up) for the public good. When a crime like this is committed, it concerns the whole community. . . .

So he looks solemn and tells the managing editor he has been wondering why the paper didn't take up that angle. Of course, he's no authority on police systems, but it stands to reason when their Bertillon bureau is away out of date, and they haven't any system for keeping track of suspicious characters, and they have no men available for special assignment, no "flying squad". . . "You've said enough," says the managing editor. "Now let's handle it this way." So the upshot is that he is sent off on a trip to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, and makes a study of police systems in those cities. He draws $250 expense money (feeling pretty important), stays away a week, and writes a series of articles under the caption: HOW OTHER CITIES COPE WITH CRIME. For the first time since he has been on the paper he sees his name signed to what he writes. . . . And Sweeney loses his job.

It has been a turning point in his life. As a result of his articles, he gets a $10 raise. He is frequently consulted by the managing editor. He finds it pays better to be Constructive than Cynical, or even Hard-Boiled. Oh, the devil; he hates to think what a fool he was once. So he begins to orient things with a view to the Public Interest involved. He takes them seriously. The police department gets into the limelight again, and he is asked to write an editorial about it. By now he is a real expert on all public matters: the taxable basis, the City Hall crowd, the school situation, the police department, the merit system, vice, the health department, the city Federation of Labor, the flying squad of the Prohibition enforcement bureau, the State police, the situation in the counties, the attitude of the women voters, and the date of the birthday of Rufus P. Higgins (president of the Consolidated Foundry Company and Our Grand Old Man). . . . So he gradually comes into his own. One day the editor dies unexpectedly, the assistant editor is promoted to be editor, and Our Hero is made assistant editor. At last he is an Editorial Writer. He is to write the local editorials (and foreign editorials too on Tuesday, the new editor's day off).

So the next day he shows up at 9 A. M. instead of 2 P. M., hangs his coat in the editor's office, and sits down to work. He has quite a day ahead of him. There are two columns of editorials to get out, and editorials don't grow on trees. Then a dozen or so of breezy sayings must be composed, to sandwich between the editorials and relieve the tedium a bit. Then other papers, magazines, etc., must be clipped for novel tid-bits, and these must be captioned. Then the letters to the editor must be read and captioned (But, Sir, If You Were Governor, Would You Compel All Dry Law Violators To Drink Prussic Acid, As You Propose?). Then most likely a number of people will be in, to see about something or other. . . . Well, to work, to work!

First off the bat: What to write an editorial about, heigh-ho, heigh-ho? He skims through the paper. The first story he spies is this: MAYOR PLAYS HORSE—FOR KIDS AT NEW—PLAYGROUND OPENING. Well, well, well! This surely

must have an editorial. So he hitches up to the typewriter.

But mark you: In the old days, when he was a cynic, his own honest reaction to this story would have run about like this:

"Say, that there is a hot sketch, ain't it? Playground for the kiddies. You heard about that playground, didn't you? Nick Beal had three acres out there he couldn't sell to the P. B. & R. and dam if he didn't wish it off on the city. 'S a fact. Say, what do you know about Nick riding the totties around on his back? How does he get that way? Does this town hire that fat mope for a mayor or a mule, I'd like to know."

Not exactly lofty, but incisive, in its way, and possessed no doubt of a certain interest to the public, if published. But does it occur to him to write it? Or to paraphrase it into more orthodox prose? Or to ignore the whole performance, on the ground that such monkeyshines are not worth writing about? Not on your life!

Great guns, no! Of course, everybody knows about Nick and the P. B. & R. deal, but nobody has ever brought any charges against him, and if you went on putting things like that into the paper you would have the worst libel suit on your hands you ever saw in your life. As for Nick putting in his whole time at the City Hall, why it has come to a pretty pass when the mayor of this town can't spend a few hours at a playground opening that cost the city $75,000, and he got half of that! As for not writing anything about it, why, man, remember that a whole lot of people are interested in that playground. There were 5000 children out there, and everyone of them has a father and a mother, or most of them have, anyhow. Besides, it's a community affair, and it's up to the paper to take an interest in everything of that sort.

So—to the editorial. He captions it: "The New Playground." The first paragraph:

> Every resident of the city must rejoice at the opening of the Evergreen Park Playground. Coming as it does at the beginning of the warm weather, it means that thousands of little tots will have the opportunity for fresh air and play all through the Summer. Wholesome frolic in such surroundings means that when school opens in the Fall, thousands of sturdy, sun-burned scholars will be on hand to take up the more serious business of life with renewed vigor.

And so on. A paragraph on the need for sturdy bodies. A paragraph on fresh air as the best Road to Wellville. A paragraph on the hitherto inadequate playground facilities of the city. Then to His Honor, the Mayor:

> Happy the official who can spare an hour or two during a busy day to romp with the kiddies at a time like this. *Parva leves capiunt animus.* It is well so, and it would be well for us all to realize it more often. We salute you, Mr. Mayor, as one who has not forgotten the happy days of childhood. And we freely confess that our salutation is slightly colored with envy.

This graceful tribute out of the way, he picks up the paper again. The next story he spies is: MERCURY SETS MAY 14 RECORD. To the machine again. Does he pull down the side of his mouth and say: "Well, hell, it's supposed to be hot in May, ain't it?" Nay, nay. He hops off this way: "At the wedding feast men may be seated according to high or low estate, but before Old Sol all men are equal." On to the next story: CITIZENSHIP SCHOOL —GRADUATES 31 ALIENS. He writes: "One reads with a sense of civic pride of the work which the Citizenship School of the Chamber of Commerce is doing toward qualifying aliens for the complex duties that will confront them after they become citizens." On to the next: TO PUSH CONSTRUCTION—ON SCHOOL NO. 78. He writes: "The School Board is to be congratulated on its determination to lose no time in the completion of School No. 78; and if its action comes rather late, the patrons in that section, served so poorly by the present structure, at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been taken at last." And so on and so on. Next Tuesday, when the editor is off, he will write: "The decision of M.

Poincaré to make drastic cuts in expenditures, in order that the budget can be balanced and the downward course of the franc arrested, will be read with satisfaction by all who realize the far-reaching implications of the present fiscal situation in France." And on June 22, birthday of Rufus P. Higgins, he will write, under the caption "Our Grand Old Man":

> How chastened and humble most of us must have felt yesterday when we learned that Rufus P. Higgins had passed the seventy-fifth milestone of his life. Serene and untroubled as the years march slowly by, this Grand Old Man of industry and public affairs spent the day at his desk as usual, a simple private soldier in the ranks of productive effort.

And so on, and so on, and so on. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year. Take up any provincial paper in the land and turn to the editorial page. If you find a single editorial that rises above this general level cut it out and paste it in your hat. You won't find it again.

III

Why is such stuff written? Why is its tone so uniform, from Portland to Portland, and so feeble? I think its hollowness is the hollowness of an echo; it is *not* the genuine thought of the man who writes it. Certainly he never talks any such ponderous blatter. Mostly his conversation consists of long anecdotes about what Bill Murphy said up at the State convention back in 1912. . . . Rather it is his notion of what the great multitudes of plain men think. Often, of course, he gets as low as plain fawning, and that may be because he is afraid if he doesn't stay on the right side of Bill Murphy he will lose that place on the Board of Police Examiners that has been promised him for next year, after Pete Humphreys gets out. But even if he is of comparatively high spirit, he soon comes to regard himself as a sort of tribune of the people, rather than as one speaking in his own right. Thus he becomes an inverted horn, a recording instrument, tuned to catch the slightest murmur from that great throng milling about below. In very few instances does he write what he himself thinks. He takes a sort of pride in having voted the Republican ticket for 22 years, all the while writing Democratic editorials; and a sort of pride by inversion in his paper, that was so broadminded it never even thought of discharging him for it. . . . He writes what the upper end of that great horn tells him to write—what the people think. Often he erects what the people think into transcendental verity: "The opinion of so eminent an artist as Mr. Jan Humperdinck as to the location of the Robert E. Lee statue should be weighed carefully before a decision is made; *yet in the face of so overwhelming a popular demand*" . . . So, his writings attain their unbelievable flatulence and blowisness; they are permeated throughout with the greasy smell of voting booths and assessors' notebooks, for it is these things that the people are primarily concerned with.

But, you say, sometimes he does get really heated up—assails the mayor and police department, wages crusades, demands complete and searching investigations. Yes, but always within the compass of the horn. If he writes for a Democratic paper, he assails a Republican mayor bitterly; but he says only what all Democrats think about the mayor, and what all Republicans would think of a Democratic mayor. He never calls attention to the odd fact that all mayors somehow contrive to look alike. That is an octave above the range of the horn. He subscribes, by the rules he imposes on himself, to all the notions that the people hold: that it is a civic duty to vote (he may not have voted for 20 years himself); that foreigners ought to become naturalized (his own mother may be a citizen of the Irish Free State); that girls ought not to use paint (his own daughter may put it on with a feather duster). The sum total of these notions makes a fairly definite philosophy, a stew in which all

ideas must be dissolved before they may be promulgated—and any idea not therein soluble is ruled out of the paper. . . .

The characteristic flavor of this *potage mondain*, I believe, is supplied by the moral judgment, the judgment that includes an ought or ought-not, that assesses blame or credit: The mayor ought to take action. . . . The police department is to be praised for its efficiency. . . . The dancer should not be permitted to land. . . . All good citizens of the community must have been shocked to hear. . . . No man is more truly entitled to the epitaph, *Requiescat in Pace*. . . . A complete investigation of the scandal should be demanded by Congress. . . . All of us might learn a lesson from the example of the girl who. . . . The warmest co-operation should be extended the Health Department in its effort to. . . . The action of the City College trustees will meet the approval of all who. . . . The deficit in the State budget is a matter that should be explained and explained at once. . . . Before Germany presents this plan formally to England and the United States she must first convince the world she is really at work. . . . Most thoughtful citizens will condemn these trips on the *Mayflower*, feeling that the President of the United States might better occupy his time than by courting the favor of politicians. . . . Nicholas R. Beal is an official who, most thinking citizens will agree, should be supported for re-election. . . . It does seem, however, that the Weather Man, after giving us 16 rainy days in succession, might vary his répertoire a bit. . . .

If, as an editorial writer, you hoist the *fasces*, you will dissolve your ideas in the soup willy-nilly, no matter how brilliant you may be, and write just such silly stuff as this. There are many men on the big Eastern papers who are vastly informed in their fields; they are perambulating encyclopedias on foreign affairs, on city, State, and national government, on labor questions—not all of them got their posts by the same route as Our Hero, who is the Average Case. But do their writings show any vitality? Would you re-read their editorials? Hardly ever. They succumb to the limitations of their depressing trade. It would seem, indeed, that *any* man must succumb. The minute EDITORIAL appears over what he writes, that minute what he writes ceases to be worth reading. Composing in his own right, his tempo may be sizzling fast, but his editorials will move at a decorous *andantino*. Composing in his own right, he may thrust sharply at the truth, scale high pinnacles of fancy, unloose flashing wit—but not in his editorials. Do the people thrust at truth? Scale pinnacles? Wax witty? Then neither does he. He has become a Spokesman. His writing is the writing of the Committee on Resolutions.

IV

This seems to be a story without a moral. I have racked my brains for one, and the only one I can think of is not original, but I give it:

When he dies the Press Club buries him.

THE INVASION OF AMERICA

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

EVERY nation is in danger of invasion. This is true in spite of the fact that no nation is ever an invader. No nation, indeed, ever attacks another nowadays; everyone is always the innocent party. No nation ever declares war; everyone waits for an assault to be made upon it and then recognizes reluctantly that a state of war exists. No army is ever maintained for offensive purposes; the object of every government is simply to provide for the national defense. Such is the state of international thought in the world today. But the fact remains that some nations are stronger than others, that some have bigger armed forces than others—forces better provided with rapidly available reserves, well-trained and ready to march to the sound of the drums. Whatever the theory, such facts survive. A nation with a large army may be pacific; nevertheless, it may *possibly* become the aggressor. A nation with a small army will certainly be on the defensive, at least in the opening days of hostilities. Thus each nation in the world today tries to maintain armed forces for its national defense, in proportion to its wealth, resources, population, and the degree of exposure of its frontiers. There is the question: the question of the frontiers! The whole problem of national defense in the United States depends initially upon the protection of our sea-coasts.

The first defender on whom we count to protect them is the sailor lad in his wide-bottomed trousers swaggering along the deck of his dreadnaught. The Navy has a set strength, defined and established by the Disarmament Treaties. We are even on a parity with Great Britain, so-called "mistress of the seas," as to our paper strength—which, by the way, is not at present maintained. But our Navy, alas, is divided. An enemy navy, or group of navies, would not have to go to the trouble of trying to obey the first portion of the time honored precept: "divide and conquer!" We have already done that for them, putting half our fleet in Pacific waters and half in Atlantic waters, and so making it easy to defeat the whole piecemeal. The Panama Canal is essential to the union of the two halves—and the Panama Canal is certainly not invulnerable. With that short-cut waterway out of service, the Navy might as well not exist. We could not concentrate our ships on the eve of a possible war, any more than we could start mobilizing reserve officers and training new drafts. Such conduct, when war threatens, becomes a precipitant of war; and no government can afford to countenance it. So with a weak fleet, and whatever helter-skelter army we could muster, we would have to meet our enemy.

Under these conditions the burden of the first big clash would fall upon the coast defenses. After the frantic days of the Spanish War, when every little seaport feared it might be bombarded by the ranging cruisers of Cervera, the Coast Artillery Corps came into its own. Every shore-line congressional district shouted loudly for its share of the appropriations. New forts were laid out. Newer and bigger guns were mounted. Increases in personnel were authorized, enough to make votes and provide a few contractors with work, yet scarcely enough to last for twenty-odd years. Down in Panama, during the recent

maneuvers, we heard that even with the assistance of infantry,—infantry unaccustomed to the manipulation of big weapons,—Fort Sherman was able to operate only four of its disappearing guns. Doughboys, cavalry, ordnance experts, food dispensers, military lawyers, and pill rollers rushed to cover the threatened coast. A single battalion had to be spread out to protect forty-five miles of shore. Naturally, the enemy landed. He simply could not be stopped. Army beans and rolls of bandage could not do the work of rifles and of big guns adequately manned.

According to the War Department, "of the twenty-five harbor defenses which have at great expense been installed and equipped for the protection of our coasts, fifteen have been turned over to caretaking detachments sufficient only to keep these valuable installations from becoming useless through deterioration." These include such important posts as Philadelphia, Wilmington (Delaware), Charleston, Savannah, Key West, Mobile, and San Diego. "It has not been possible to assign to even the most important harbors more than sufficient coast artillery personnel to operate approximately twenty-five per cent of the major armament." We have a nice new railroad artillery developed during the late war, big guns mounted on railway trucks ready to run up and down the coast with the same ease that a wheeled-chair glides from end to end of Atlantic City—but not so fast! We have a few guns in actual steel and we have the rest in India ink on drafting paper. Have you ever, going up and down the coast, seen any railway tracks or any concrete emplacements where the guns might be stopped to do their firing? You have not. They do not exist. Even the bottle-ships of the bootleggers penetrate our territorial waters with impunity. The Chief of Ordnance in his last annual report tells of one project after another for new and up-to-date defenses—all at a standstill for lack of funds, lack of material, and lack of personnel.

II

But are the coast defenses really undermanned? Don't the picture papers show us, every now and then, a nice concrete emplacement and a large weapon belching smoke, with heroic troops standing by? Well, let us look at the coast defenses of Boston, seven forts in all. They have less than two hundred coast artillery troops to man them! Here are the coast defenses of Delaware with less than forty at four forts. Here are the important defenses of Narragansett with about two hundred and fifty and the defenses of Southern New York with fifty. At one of the coast forts not long ago a visiting inspector was highly pleased to see a handful of less than two hundred artillerymen first operate the guns at one of the forts and then sail across the harbor and operate entirely different guns at another fort! Very nice for peace-time inspection; in due course a letter of commendation came down from higher authority. But could this be done in war? The batteries, alas, would have to fire simultaneously in war; an enemy would not wait until the troops went from one fort to another; shell and shrapnel would come down instead of letters of commendation.

There are other troops at some of these forts. But these other troops are chiefly infantry, infantry belonging to tactical divisions which, in the event of war, would have to be withdrawn and concentrated wherever the main enemy attack might develop. They are even today carried on the lists as part of the projected covering force for the imaginary "national position in readiness." The famous Sixteenth Infantry, for example, is in New York harbor. The efficient Eighth Infantry is occupying Fort Screven outside of Savannah. But these troops are merely housed there to keep the rains of Summer and the storms of Winter off their heads in time of peace. They would be urgently needed elsewhere in time of war, to meet the invading enemy and prevent him interrupting and shattering our plans for mobilizing men

and munitions. A year ago General Pershing made a formal report to the Secretary of War in which he outlined what he called "the national position in readiness." If a war came, he explained, the regulars and the National Guard would be rushed to the frontiers, to the danger points. They would be placed at appropriate places along the coast, and behind them would be the reserve divisions, gradually filling up with men, materials, weapons and clothing, and slowly approaching an efficient condition of training. A good plan. A clear plan. Yet only a plan nevertheless. Suppose that the guardsmen and the regulars were not sufficient to hold the line? Suppose the "enemy" of the Panama maneuvers became an active enemy instead of merely a simulated one? Suppose he landed on the coast? He would disrupt the entire scheme—and we'd have a problem of National Defense indeed!

To what extent can the regulars be counted upon? With a third of their regiments on the inactive list, with but a single regiment at all fully trained and equipped for war, and that one a demonstration regiment down in Southwestern Georgia, our regular army would be in a difficult position from the start. Could we depend upon the World War veterans to fill the ranks quickly and take up the combat they dropped in 1918? The World War veterans are gradually approaching the age where they will no longer be of use for military service. In 1925 there will not be 40 per cent available. Could we depend upon the generality of loyal American patriots to resist the foe? We could not so depend upon them in any effective sense at Bladensburg. Could we depend upon the Air Service to bomb an enemy away from our coasts? Our planes deteriorate rapidly and are not being replaced.

Let us resign ourselves, then, to the conclusion that an enemy *could* approach our coasts and attack our ports, our important concentration points, and our industrial centers. The fleet appears off New York with its big caliber, long range guns—and its airplane carriers. Our aviators are swept from the sky in tangled masses of flaming wreckage. Our coast defense guns are outranged and outshot, and many do not even get an opportunity to fire at all, for lack of men to operate them. Over the tops of the skyscrapers comes a fleet of hostile planes. Peering over the fuselage and down through the broken clouds the enemy aerial leader picks his targets. There are the Grand Central Station and the Pennsylvania Station. A few bombs will disrupt transportation and the bringing in of re-enforcements. There are the Post Office building, the telephone exchanges, the *Times* Building above a network of subways. A few bombs there will confuse the communications and transportation system of the whole city. The bridges may as well go too. The railway tracks down the Hudson shore, across the Jersey meadows, and above Hell Gate are essential to the assembling of more troops. They go too.

Don't say that all this is hypothetical and imaginary. I am not trying to follow in the wake of H. G. Wells. Taking into account our actual strength and the known actual strength of a possible enemy, a group of officers down in Washington played a war game last year. They figured that we would have so many planes in the air, and that the enemy would have so many. The number of enemy planes was so much superior to ours that, even with allowance made for American superiority in courage, for American desperation in defense of the homeland,—even then, our planes would have been dashed to the ground, the Capitol would have been destroyed, the Treasury demolished, the White House bombed, the State, War and Navy Building smashed. The government would have been so disrupted that an infinite military advantage would have been gained. Because such an attack would result in that vast military advantage, such an attack may be expected.

III

This war game was not played as a piece of big-army propaganda. It was an exercise given to high officers of our army as a serious part of their training. Another similar problem was set not very long since out at Fort Leavenworth. It also was hypothetical, and yet it was surely not fanciful. The procedure was in accordance with the so-called applicatory method, whereby general principles of war are applied to specific, concrete, probable situations. Such problems must hold fast to facts; they must include only possible contingencies. The topic this time was "a group of armies in defense." The general region to be defended was the mid-Atlantic area. And with the primary object of study, indeed with the sole object of study, and not at all with any alarmist motives, not with any purpose of impressing the people of the country, this is the analysis that preceded the problem:

> The plans for the national defense had originally contemplated a covering force composed of nine divisions of the regular army and eighteen divisions of the National Guard. The scheme contemplated that behind this covering force there would be mobilized and concentrated the units necessary to complete the first three field armies of twenty-seven divisions.
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> Since this policy had been inaugurated, however, legislation had materially reduced the size of the regular army until it was so small that only two incomplete divisions could be hurriedly extemporized in an emergency. Because of lack of popular interest in matters connected with national defense, and consequent lack of legislative aid, it had been impossible to recruit the ranks of the National Guard even to "reduced" (65 per cent) strength, or to bring the cadres of the organized reserves up to the required 10 per cent of peace strength.
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> From the moment war was declared, the enemy was able to land an average of 300,000 men per month. From the moment of the enemy appearance at the entrances of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, considerable confusion existed in the executive departments of the government. It was not known where the enemy would strike, and such small forces as could be gotten together were divided.
>
> Events succeeded each other rapidly. Our weak air forces took the field, but being practically unprovided with pursuit aviation, they were obliged to relinquish control of the air. The enemy overpowered the coast defenses and landed near Wilmington and Baltimore. There was fighting in which the enemy was victorious. The capital was hurriedly moved from Washington to St. Louis. Public clamor demanded that the enemy be driven out of the country at once. Recruiting offices for the regular army, National Guard, and organized reserves were swamped, but many applicants were physically deficient, and practically all were untrained.
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> Public sentiment would not countenance delay, but ran so high that it was necessary to combine all available forces into the existing regular and guard units. Some officials desired to preserve the existing cadres of the organized reserves as moulds into which the raw man-power, obtained by voluntary enlistment, and by a draft law hurriedly passed, could be incorporated. But the government could not withstand the popular demand that the enemy be stopped, and almost all men of the organized reserves were amalgamated with regular and National Guard units in order to bring them up to a reasonable strength. These forces opposed the enemy. In a series of engagements they were badly defeated. They withdrew; the bulk of their forces concentrating in Northern New Jersey to prevent an advance from the Delaware on New York; the remainder concentrating and observing the enemy in Northern Ohio.
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> Weak cordons were formed around the regions occupied, and we carried on at the same time a harrying warfare with small forces against isolated enemy detachments, and conducted raids against enemy communications. In the meantime the government launched a diplomatic drive on neutral countries to secure allies.

All this is not fanciful. Every government with a modern, organized army has what is called a General Staff, a group of officers devoting themselves to the careful study of what might probably happen in time of war. These gentlemen know the male population of every country in the world, the number enrolled in the standing armies of the world, the number listed as reservists, the number of reservists that have adequate military training and not mere paper obligations, the facilities for assembling those reservists and fitting them out as military forces, and the ability of each country to supply immediately shells for its guns and food for its men. Potential power and powerful resources are not enough; there must be organization, and organization that can go into action immediately. We have an organization in this country, but it is a paper organization. We have a regular Army, but it is too small even for the work

it is called upon to do in peace time, and could not furnish a force adequate to oppose an enemy in war. We have, the Secretary of War's annual report says, over five hundred thousand men in this country taking military training or holding reserve commissions, but most of these are of officer caliber; they are the training elements only, and after the war started we would have to do the training. In 1917 we had been through the throes of a Mexican border mobilization, which should have attracted attention to the state of affairs; nevertheless in 1917 we went to war unprepared. The war lasted, for us, something over one year and seven months; and the year was a year of preparation. During that year we were training.

IV

We have plans now for something better, but plans merely, untried plans subject to test and revision, yet plans that might conceivably eventuate in the smooth mobilization of which a young army captain has just written in a book. He has said that units will assemble locally, and then move off to join their higher headquarters in succession along military channels, until finally an imaginary adjutant general addresses an imaginary commander-in-chief with "Sir, the Army is formed!" This officer has a lively imagination and looks far into the future. There may now be sixty-odd thousand reserve officers with reserve divisions—but there are only two thousand enlisted reservists for them to command! Imagine a regiment of a hundred officers and three soldiers! With an army like that of Mexico we could fight no better than does Mexico. The rest of the soldiers would have to be gathered from the highways and by-ways. The rest of the soldiers would be green. They might think their light mortar a glorified umbrella rack, their one-pounder a saluting gun from a private yacht, and their automatic rifle a new type of dentist's drill. The cadres provided for the organized reserves are weak enough, but even those cadres are not complete. A skeleton army is frail and fragile enough, and yet there are bones missing even from the skeleton army!

The Leavenworth description of the general situation is true to fact, as can be seen by anyone who will go over the reports of the chiefs of the various branches of the army for the last fiscal year. Examine the comparative strength of our air force, the weakness of our coast defenses. Remember the scattered regulars now engaged in care-taking, the reduced strength of units upon which we would have to depend to hold the first line of defense. All of these things are not set forth by the chiefs of bureaux in characteristic army growl. They are plainly stated, but the definite achievements of the troops are likewise stated, to show how well things are being done under adverse conditions. No one, however, seems to have noticed these things save perhaps the President of the United States, who, in a message to Congress, remarked that army reductions must stop and that the air service must not be weakened. But within a week the budget cut in half the funds the air service requested—so much, indeed, that the increase over the previous year amounted to only about $9,000—perhaps enough to buy a new nose for the *Shenandoah*, if the *Shenandoah* were an army instead of a navy airship.

We do not notice these things in time of peace. We do not think of war until we want to go to war. But if a war should suddenly come to us these things would be brought home to what Bacon called "the businesses and bosoms of men." "There is a rank among nations," remarked our greatest President, and our first, "that is due the United States, that will be lost by the reputation of weakness." With that weakness, we try to arrogate to ourselves that rank.

HYLAN

BY WILLIAM BULLOCK

HYLAN himself says that he is a follower of Grover Cleveland, and in the fact his followers find an occult and encouraging significance. On the night six years ago when he left the County Court bench in Brooklyn and crossed the Brooklyn Bridge to enter New York's musty old City Hall—at that hour of fate, when the votes of New York's embattled freemen, piling mountain-high, were crushing the eternal daylights out of John Purroy Mitchel—at that precise moment, 'mid the rockets' red glare and the huzzahs of the multitude, the Hon. David Hirshfield, LL.B., as good a Man Friday as the game of politics ever saw, rubbed his hands together and exclaimed, "Next Albany! And next the White House!"

So far, alas, it has not come to pass, but Hylan, despite his long illness, may yet live to put David among the prophets. Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge: we seem to be going down hill. In another decade—who knows?—we may actually reach the Hylan stratum. Meanwhile, here he stands waiting—big-boned, fleshy (though now illness has pulled him down), with reddish hair, heavy features, and eyes with craft in them. A man of ambition, but apparently afraid or unable to stand alone; and so leaning on others, and so attempting to mask himself behind a stony reserve, and so hesitant to meet and fraternize with his fellows; slow and stumbling in his talk, and indecisive, on his own account, in action, and even in his walk; timid to the point of refusing a gesture when on the platform; coming before his audience like a man on stilts; standing there a bulky, seemingly inanimate figure, reading off in a sing-song monotone the words that others have written for him, and never venturing a word more. A queer hero, indeed. But there is Coolidge—

II

How did Hylan happen? How do the Hylans rise over brains and personality, and honest, solid worth, in our public life?

Hylan was born on a farm near Hunter, Greene County, New York, on April 20, 1868. He did chores, went to the Hunter public-school, and otherwise led the lucky outdoor life of the American country boy. He didn't like farming, so he went as brakeman on the Stony Cove, Catskill Mountain and Kaaterskill Railroad. He was a fireman on the same road for a time, but in 1887, when he was nineteen, he went to live with a relative in Brooklyn. He soon got work on the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, and for ten years, or until June, 1897, he ran a locomotive for that line. But he saw little ahead on the Elevated, and so he decided to enter the law. He pursued his studies, it would seem, back on the home farm, in Greene County; in October, 1897, he was admitted to the bar. He returned to Brooklyn, and opened a law office at Gates Avenue and Broadway.

Even at that early date Hylan had his eye on politics. He had made one capital discovery—that the first real step in politics in New York City is to become a lawyer. Lawyers in New York practice politics as a close corporation; they look on all others seeking places at the trough as outlanders; there is not a lawyer in

the town, no matter how hard put to pay for the shingle outside his desk-room door, who is not ready and willing at a moment's notice to step into any public office within the gift of the plain people, from the Mayoralty to the Presidency. Hylan became a member of the Democratic organization of the Twentieth Assembly District, Brooklyn, and from the first showed the prime talent needed for progress in politics: he played up to the leaders.

The rule in Democratic politics in New York is that a man, to arrive anywhere, must not show a mind of his own. Hylan never made any mistake in this respect. From his first day in politics he was always on hand at the Democratic Club when needed, ready to do what he was told to do; and in time he became recognized as one of the regulars, or, to put it in political parlance, one of the boys. Meanwhile he tried hard at the law, but rose to no distinction. There is no record of him in a case of importance. He had to do mostly with petty criminal cases, and bill collections.

One of Hylan's clients was Charles A. Purcell, a cousin of his wife. Purcell held a judgment for $3,780 against the Mutual Brewing Company, of College Point, Long Island. Hylan collected it, and wanted a fee of $2,280. Further he proposed to sell Purcell some stock in a company he was promoting. Purcell could not see it, and the two fell into a lawsuit. Hylan paid over an additional $1,280, and the suit was abandoned. The stock Hylan wanted Purcell to buy was in the Black Diamond Automobile Company. He had organized the company with a capital of $500,000, but of this very little was paid in in cash. The Black Diamond met rocky going from the start. Hylan was an officer, and in time filed suit against his own company. He claimed $5,772 for legal services. He assigned the claim to his clerk, Frank H. Herbert and then himself prosecuted the suit.

He tried other things outside the practice of the law. The records of the Patent Office show him taking out a patent, in 1893, for a bicycle whistle. He also lent himself to the promotion of a mail-order course in public speaking. None of these enterprises made him rich, neither did the law. After nine years of struggle, he decided to go out for public office. Here his somewhat lame plodding in his profession didn't count against him. His regularity, his standing as one of the boys formed the needed asset. He was marked as tractable, amenable, willing to take orders. He was nominated for judge of the Municipal Court. He was far down on the ticket and was left to do his own campaigning. He was defeated.

This was a set-back, but Hylan was not done. If the voters wouldn't have him, there was another way. He again got machine endorsement, and George B. McClellan, at the time a good Tammany Mayor, appointed him a magistrate. This is the lowest judicial post in New York City, and Hylan served in obscurity from 1906 to March 28, 1914. Then, again backed by the machine, he was named to fill a vacancy as County Judge, in Brooklyn, by Governor Martin H. Glynn. At the general election in 1915 he stood for the same office, and was elected for a seven-year term. This was his real political start. But the County Court is not of much account, as courts go in New York, and there was then no thought, not even among politicians, of Hylan as a possible candidate for Mayor.

III

But he *did* bob up as candidate for Mayor. More, he and his friends stepped in and literally walked off with the office.

These friends were three in number—the aforementioned Hirshfield, Joseph A. Solovei, and Francis P. Bent. Hirshfield was another lawyer. Solovei was a third. Bent, however, did not follow the law: he was a vaudeville entertainer. These three men were John F. Hylan's political promoters, his intimates, his cronies.

When he was County Judge, Hirshfield and Solovei enjoyed refereeships and receiverships. Solovei was one or the other nine times; Hirshfield in eighteen months earned $11,810 in Hylan's court.

The headquarters of the whole movement was a rusty, battered letter-box, No. 3, in the hallway of No. 1028 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn. This was the place where Hylan had had his law office; where he had had a branch office of the Black Diamond Automobile Company. Hirshfield, Solovei and Bent ran this letter-box. Hylan also carried a key, and dropped in and opened it occasionally.

It was the office and headquarters of an organization with a high-sounding title —the Allied Boards of Trade and Taxpayers' Associations of Brooklyn. But the only real alliance behind this board of boards was made up of Hirshfield, Solovei, Bent, and Hylan. But no one ever thought of looking up the Allied Boards of Trade and Taxpayers' Associations of Brooklyn; no one ever so much as cast a curious eye on letter-box No. 3 until Hylan was the Tammany Mayoralty nominee, and within a few days of election. Then it was too late, or as one of the remorseful backers of Mitchel put it, "The beans are dumped!"

The Mayoralty fight was in 1917, with Mitchel up for a second term. The Hylan attempt to land the Tammany nomination began just twelve months earlier. The plan was simplicity itself, but none the less effective. From letter-box No. 3, and in the name of the Allied Boards of Trade and Taxpayers' Associations of Brooklyn, Hylan began to send out caustic criticisms of the Mitchel administration. In addition, he began a constant and ever-increasing round of genuine taxpayer's organizations. There are more than 2,500 of them in the five boroughs of New York, and they find it hard to get speakers to give novelty to their monthly meetings. Most of them are under Democratic control, but at the same time they are all supposed to be non-political. It was not a question with Hylan and his three promoters of waiting for invitations, which probably never would have come; he simply listed what bodies he wanted to appear before, and presented himself. The taxpayers were glad to see him. They heard his pious objurgations against Mitchel.

But here at the start, unluckily, Hylan and his trio encountered a rather formidable obstacle. None of the four knew the first thing about the city's government; they were at a total loss for actual facts and figures against the Mitchel administration. So Hylan conferred with one of his old Black Diamond associates, James P. Sinnott, and Sinnott paid a call on Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall. Sinnott and Murphy were friends, and members of the same club. It was a small request Sinnott made. Were there any facts and figures not complimentary to young Mr. Mitchel that could be supplied to Judge John F. Hylan, to be used in the right way when accepting calls from taxpayers' organizations? Murphy was delighted. He would attend to it. Anything that would spell trouble for the anti-Tammanyites holding forth in the City Hall was the very thing to interest Charles Francis. He might, being a wise politician, suspect Judge Hylan of an ambition not confined to the bench, but what of that? Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. So he sent word to his publicity bureau, engaged day in and day out in digging up facts discreditable to the Mitchel administration. The order was that it should give prompt aid to the friend of good government, Judge Hylan.

When the word was received by the bureau, it asked, "Who in hell is Hylan?" Murphy's own bureau didn't know him! It had to look up the *World* Almanac to find out just what Brooklyn bench he was adorning! But he got copies of all the reports that had been given to the press, or circulated in pamphlet form, by the bureau, and Hirshfield, Solovei and Bent went to work on the stack. From that day there poured out a steady stream of warmed-over denunciations of Mitchel from letter-

box No. 3, and the Allied Boards of Trade and Taxpayers' Associations of Brooklyn. If the big New York newspapers recognized old stuff they did not seem to care, for about every day they printed paragraphs, and always they ran in Hylan's name—which was the important thing. And when Hylan found that he couldn't get publicity from certain of the smaller newspapers, circulating locally here and there, or limited to a single borough, there was space to be had at timely intervals at so much an agate line. This bought space, of course, was set out as legitimate reading matter. Hirshfield, Solovei and Bent were now in earnest. In six months Hylan was getting a headline now and then; in nine months he was getting headlines every day.

IV

But he was not yet a candidate. Nor would he ever have been a candidate if a certain bankruptcy had not come at the wrong moment. Tammany was not only willing but eager to let Hylan have his fling. It wants as many would-be candidates in the field as can be made to feel the urge. The more there are the better for Tammany; it likes to give the public the impression of an over-supply of available timber. If real timber is scarce, Tammany orders picked men from its ranks to "go out and make a noise!" It gives these men "citizens' " committees to support them, though they well know it is all a fraud, and that the lightning is not going to strike them. But in that year there were others beside Hylan seriously making the great bid. William P. Burr, who had been ousted from the Corporation Counsel's office, was one; Thomas W. Churchill, former member of the Board of Education, was another, and, to name a third, there was Bird S. Coler.

Coler was the man Murphy had secretly decided to make Mayor. He was a Brooklyn man, and it was believed at the time that the election would turn on Brooklyn. He had come within 8,000 votes of being elected Governor when he was only a political infant—the pet of Hugh McLaughlin, Brooklyn boss in his own right before Tammany crossed the Bridge. Coler fitted Murphy to a T. He was one of those men who can laugh over a joke till tears course down their cheeks; he was a personality in his way, a pleasant, likeable man; and, better still, he trailed along docilely, and wasn't at all of the build to ask bosses the reason why. Coler had proved himself a voter-getter a second time when he ran off with the Borough presidency of Brooklyn some years before. In every way, from the Murphy standpoint, he was just the man. And then at the last moment, just when all was, so far as the Tammany boss could see, cut and dried, Coler, in the business of selling municipal bonds, and attempting to run a small Southern railroad on the side, had to go to smash.

There was something akin to consternation in the faded old red-brick home of Tammany that day. The boss believed that there was only a small chance of defeating Mitchel; he believed that that small and only chance lay in Coler. But it would never do to take a man in financial difficulties and offer him to the voters to manage their $300,000,000 budget. Murphy had a sad vision of the collapse of his campaign before it had fairly begun. He did the next best thing for himself: he took Hylan.

Murphy could readily have found a Brooklyn man of substance, but he didn't want a man of substance. He had had one experience along that line—when William J. Gaynor, in 1909, forced his hand, and grabbed the nomination. Gaynor was a man of substance; he was a Mayor who *was* Mayor; and the four years that ensued were so painful to Murphy that he was determined the like would not happen again. Hylan was the sort of man he wanted—no Coler, of course, but vastly better than another Gaynor—the best substitute, in fact, in sight.

Letter-box No. 3 had thus done its job. It had spread Hylan's name, given Hylan his chance when the chance came. There the situation was, and there Hylan was! Tammany would rather lose with a Hylan than win with a Gaynor. Tammany had to have a man that the voters had heard about; Tammany was fixed in the idea that only a Brooklyn man would do; and the one man in Brooklyn filling all these Tammany requirements was John F. Hylan.

So he was nominated, and the tragedy of it for Murphy was that, if only he had foreseen, he might have taken any old horse he pleased out of the stall. For with the naming of Hylan, the luck broke so that John Purroy Mitchel suddenly found himself in no end of trouble. His closest friends, with their fingers in his political pie, were indicted for fraud against the city; the very next week, mainly by reason of these indictments, he was beaten in the Republican primary. Thus he was forced to an independent renomination, and was in the race against not one candidate but two. There was no longer any doubt of the outcome. A three-cornered fight means handing the city over to Tammany—John F. Hylan was given what the politicians picturesquely term a walkover.

V

But there were yet some alarming incidents before the campaign was over. For one thing, a shiver passed over the Hall when it was discovered just what kind of candidate John F. Hylan was. Tammany naturally assumed that any man aspiring to sit in the City Hall would know something about the not difficult art of handling himself in a political campaign. It had nominated a learned judge; a man who had appeared before many highly intellectual taxpayers' associations; a man who had got himself a lot of newspaper space; a man who was backed by the Allied Boards of Trade and Taxpayers' Associations of Brooklyn. In view of all that, was it too much to suppose that this man was a discreet, clever and eloquent fellow?

Tammany thought so, but Tammany was mistaken. It quickly found out that it had to get under its candidate and support not only his arms but his whole body, including his head. It appointed three trustworthy and experienced men to this task. It buried them in a bridal suite in the Manhattan Hotel. They proved equal to the job, and they had a good assistant; John F. Hylan never interfered with them. He took what they handed him, and never offered a suggestion, and never asked a question. His speeches were written for him by these professors, even to the "Ladies and Gentlemen," or "My Fellow Citizens." At first the phrases of salutation were not put in, but later they always were—lest the candidate would forget to use them. Scarcely a syllable, scarcely a vestige of a thought, of John F. Hylan's own was used by John F. Hylan during the campaign.

It was a strange and somewhat new situation; Tammany had never confronted it before, and Tammany was nervous. It had reason to be, for it knew the opposition knew just what kind of candidate Hylan was. There was speculation as to what the fighting Mitchel would do. He did just what he was expected to do: he challenged Hylan to a debate. This was on October 11, 1917, and Mitchel went into Brooklyn and repeated the challenge at four meetings. One of these challenges was close by Hylan's doorstep. Hylan was alarmed by this development, but his three Tammany secretaries met the emergency. They wrote:

> No mere oratorical contest with this petulant young man, who is smarting under deserved and almost universal condemnation, will meet the situation or satisfy the people. This is the case of the City of New York against the Mayor and his administration, and his answer must be made to the people.

And so on, to the flat refusal of Hylan to engage in any kind of debate with so trashy a fellow. Hylan was to read these solemn words in Hunt's Point Palace, in Bronx Borough, but he almost spoiled everything. The packed audience didn't

know why he hesitated and mumbled; why he halted nervously over his typewritten sheet. The reason was that he had forgotten his glasses! But he somehow muddled through, and the newspapers next day carried his brave and solemn words to the whole city.

Mitchel kept on repeating his challenge; he offered to meet Hylan in Tammany Hall. But Tammany was taking no such chances; it would have burned down the old Hall itself before permitting its candidate to be led away from his manuscript. So alarmed and watchful did it become that it sprinkled loud-voiced adherents through every one of Hylan's meetings; and at the first sign of heckling they raised the cry, "Throw him out!" or otherwise shouted the hecklers down. Not a single heckler ever got so much as half a chance at the Tammany candidate.

When the campaign was nearing a close, Mitchel tried another tack. He charged that Hylan was a member of an organization called the Friends of Peace, formed by a German agent. Mitchel produced a letterhead with Hylan's name listed as vice-chairman. He bellowed, "I accuse John F. Hylan of being an associate of paid agents of Germany." Hylan was in a stew over this attack; he didn't know what to do. But when he took up his paper the following morning, there were these thunderbolt words of the other John F. Hylan—the three-headed one in the bridal suite at the Manhattan Hotel—, running side by side with the Mitchel charges:

> The use of my name in its present association and significance is a dastardly eleventh hour attempt by Mr. Mitchel in his effort to prove that all opposed to him are traitors, and to distract the voters from the issues of the campaign. No one ever has had the right to use my name for any purpose hostile to the interests of my country. I now distinctly say and solemnly avow that I am informed for the first time and by Mayor Mitchel alone, of the existence of the .etterhead of the Friends of Peace with my name upon it. I know nothing of this society and its propaganda. What I do know is that as vile and ignoble as has been the Mayor's attempt to hide the corruption of his official acts behind the flag, he has tonight outdone himself, in mendacity and indecency.

Hylan's campaign reached a climax in Prospect Hall, in his home borough. Here he was advertised for a most important speech: to tell exactly what he would do as Mayor, to sound his keynote. There were brass bands and marching clubs and an overflow. The stage was all set; Hylan was plucking his sleeves all ready to go on, when a terrible disaster fell upon him: his speech was pilfered from his pocket! Someone, supposedly in his opponent's camp, had hired a light-fingered gentleman, and there was the Tammany candidate, and there was the expectant audience, and there was no speech. And it was half-way across Brooklyn, and across the East River, and all the way up to the Manhattan Hotel, to get another copy—a matter of an hour there and an hour back. Hylan was flabbergasted. The audience was stamping and roaring; the cause seemed lost. But then, unexpectedly, one of the three professors who had spent all afternoon writing the speech happened around to see how the mass meeting was going—and he chanced to have a carbon copy in his pocket. So Hylan went out, made his speech, and had his revenge on fate a short time later by being triumphantly elected.

VI

In the Mayor's chair Hylan has done just what Tammany knew he would do. He has been complacent; he has been subservient; he has been willing to let Tammany run him. At the start, true enough, he did attempt a few gestures of his own. Once, for example, he wrote a letter to his heads of departments, warning them that they must spend their appropriations for the year in twelve equal parts, or a twelfth each month. He said in this letter:

> It is gross or culpable neglect to spend more than one-twelfth of the money provided for in the budget for any purpose or object in any one month and any violation of these Charter sections by the head of the department, or any of his subordinates, will be sufficient cause to make necessary a change in the department, as well as being subject to criminal prosecution.

Hylan cited Sections 1542 and 1551 of the City Charter as requiring this, which, of course, the sections did not. If they had it would have been necessary for the city, in the market, say, for a horse, to buy that horse in twelve pieces, one a month. Likewise, Hylan's commissioners would have to expend as much on band concerts in Winter as in Summer, and as much on coal in July as in February. One of the commissioners had a horse to buy, and, showing the Hylan letter, went about the City Hall asking if he should buy the tail in January or December. But he didn't go near His Honor asking that. So peculiar a man is Hylan that one and all of his commissioners were afraid to approach him on the subject; they just went ahead spending their money as before, and in all likelihood he is unaware to this day of his joke on himself.

Hylan dictated and signed a few more letters. Here is one of them:

CHARLES NORRIS, M. D.,
Chief Medical Examiner.

Dear Sir: Your letter of September 3, [1918] requesting permission to increase the salary of Mr. Archibald Fulton to $1,800 is received. I understand that this man was not entitled to the increase until he passed an examination. I wish that those who are employed by the City would use their great ability in suggesting how to render better service to the city instead of scheming how much they can get out of the city.

It is too bad that the people on the payroll of the city have only one desire and that is to see how much they can get out of the city. Ask those in your department to forget the clock and to forget the questions of their salary and try to serve the city to the best of their ability, and who knows but that one of them might become great and possibly Mayor of this city.

Very truly yours,
JOHN F. HYLAN.

This letter took wings; it came in quick time to Tammany Hall. Boss Murphy is a practical man. He decided it was time to take Hylan in hand again. And he did.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Sine Qua Non.—In every thoroughly charming and effective person, one finds a suggestion and trace, however small, of the gutter. This trace of finished vulgarity is essential to a completely winning manner. The suavest and most highly polished man or woman becomes uninteresting save he or she possesses it. In the soul of every fetching man, there is a streak of ingratiating commonness; in the heart of every alluring silken woman, there is a touch of calico.

The New Galahad.—My agents in attendance upon the so-called moving pictures tell me that persons who frequent such shows begin to tire of Western films—that they are no longer roused to clapper-clawing by the spectacle of actors in patent-leather boots murdering Indians and Mexicans. Several of the astute Ashkenazim in charge of the movie industry, noting that slackening of taste, have sought to find a new hero to replace the scout and cowboy, but so far without success. The children of today, young and old, seem to take no interest in pirates, nor are they stirred by train-robbers, safe-blowers and other such illicit adventurers. It can't be that the movie censorship is to blame, for the same thing is visible in the field of *belles lettres*. The dime novel, once so prosperous, is practically dead. The great deeds of the James brothers, known to every literate boy in my youth, are now forgotten. And so are the great deeds of Nick Carter and Old Sleuth: the detective has fallen with his prey.

What is needed, obviously, is a new hero for the infantry of the land, for if one is not quickly supplied there is some danger that the boys will begin admiring Y. M. C. A. secretaries, crooked members of the Cabinet and lecturers on sex hygiene. In this emergency I nominate the bootlegger—not, of course, the abject scoundrel who peddles bogus Scotch in clubs and office buildings, but the dashing, romantic, defiant fellow who brings the stuff up from Bimini. He is, indeed, almost an ideal hero. He is the true heir, not only of the old-time Indian fighters and train-robbers, but also of the tough and barnacled deep-water sailors, now no more. He faces the perils of the high seas in a puny shallop, and navigates the worst coast in the world in contempt of wind and storm. Think of him lying out there on wild nights in Winter, with the waves piling mountain-high and the gale standing his crazy little craft on her beam! Think of him creeping in in his motor-boat on Christmas Eve, risking his life that the greatest of Christian festivals may be celebrated in a Christian and respectable manner! Think of him soaked and freezing, facing his exile and its hardships uncomplainingly, saving his money that his old mother may escape the poor-farm, that his wife may have her operation for gall-stones, that his little children may be decently fed and clad, and go to school regularly, and learn the principles of Americanism!

This brave lad is not only the heir of Jesse James and Ned Buntline; he is also the heir of John Hancock and of all the other heroes who throttled the accursed Hun in 1776. All the most gallant among them were smugglers, and in their fragile craft they brought in not only rum but also liberty. The Revolution was not merely

against the person of the Potsdam tyrant, George III; it was also, and especially, against harsh and intolerable laws—the worst of them the abhorrent Stamp Act. But was the Stamp Act worse than Prohibition? I leave it to any fair man. Prohibition, in fact, is a hundred times as foul, false, oppressive and tyrannical. If the Stamp Act was worth a Revolution, then Prohibition is worth a massacre and an earthquake. Well, it has already bred its Hancocks, and soon or late, no doubt, it will breed its Molly Pitchers, Paul Reveres and Mad Anthony Waynes. Liberty, driven from the land by the Methodist White Terror, has been given a refuge by the hardy boys of the Rum Fleet. In their bleak and lonely exile they cherish her and keep her alive. Some day, let us hope, they will storm the coast, slit the gullets of her enemies, and restore her to her dominion. The lubbers of the land have limber necks; their blood runs pale and yellow. But on the roaring deep there are still men who are colossally he, and when the bugle calls they will not fail.

Here are heroes—gallant, lawless, picturesque, adventurous, noble. Let the youth of the land be taught to venerate them. They make the cowboys who linger in the movies look like puny Christian Endeavorers; they are the only Olympians left in a decayed and flabby land, or in the seas that hedge it 'round. Who will be the first poet to sing them?

Observation in Passing.—One of my books was recently published in England. I observe that it has been highly praised by those English critics who like America and Americans and vigorously damned by those who do not like America and Americans. The book itself, so far as I am able to make out, has been dealt with by only one man.

Trio De Luxe.—The contention that, so far as a man is concerned, the pleasantest of all parties is the twosome, that is, one composed of a fellow and a girl who like each other, is no longer maintained save by professors of the orthodox and banal. The true masculine connoisseur of pleasure knows from long experience that the most amusing party ever devised by the angels on high is the one that is made up of one man and two girls, and that its amusement qualities are not particularly much interfered with one way or the other whether the attendants like one another or not. In fact, the less they like one another the more likely the party is to be to the taste of the man, assuming him, of course, to be a member of what may be called cultured society.

The twosome generally repeats itself. One such party is as much like another as the soup stains on a Congressman's waistcoat. The man who can still find gratification of the spirit in sitting around with a girl, holding her hand under the table, gazing lovingly at her ear and whispering sweet emptinesses to her is either a recent college graduate, who hence knows nothing, or a vain old idiot of a bachelor making a gallant and futile stab at youth and romance. The man of any intelligence who spends an evening at a table with a fair creature may, true enough, enjoy the first half hour, but he is a liar who would seriously maintain that thereafter the party does not descend to the time-worn stencils and rubber-stamps. Recall, if you will, that it is the amusement-power of such parties of which I am speaking—nothing else. And with this in mind, consider the relative pleasure to be derived from the triangular party, the one composed of one man and two girls. Here is humor in its fullest promise! Where, in the case of one man and one girl, both the man and the girl feel a certain amount of reserve, and conduct themselves accordingly, this reserve, as everyone knows, promptly disappears when an extra girl is on the scene, and to the establishment of the necessary gala note. What one girl will talk about with a man isn't worth listening to, save perhaps by young boys and adult mushheads. But what *two* girls

will talk about with a man is worthy the attention of the savant. No man who has experienced the joys of the mixed threesome will for a moment debate its tremendously superior humorous horsepower. The conversation at such an affair has life, salt, gayety, wit, searching truth, and the charm that lies ever in the heart of frankness. The conversation at the party made up of a fellow and a girl is usually fit only for the ears of imbeciles, already full-blown or potential.

After 1900 Years.—At the end of one millennium and nine centuries of Christianity, it remains an unshakable assumption of the law in all Christian countries and of the moral judgment of Christians everywhere that if a man and a woman, entering a room together, close the door behind them, the man will come out sadder and the woman wiser.

Memorial Service.—If he were still alive today, the late James Harlan, LL.B., of Iowa, would be 104 years old. In 1865 Abraham Lincoln, whose son had married his daughter, appointed him Secretary of the Interior. One day he was informed by spies that a clerk in the Interior Department, Walter Whitman by name, had written a book of poems, by title "Leaves of Grass." Sending for a copy of this book, he read it with indignation, and at once fired the author. Let us pause a moment to remember this dreadful and almost forgotten ass: James Harlan, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln.

More Reflections at Forty.—1. It is only the amateur of feminine loveliness who believes that a woman looks more beautiful in an evening gown than in day dress. As a general thing, a woman is not half so physically attractive in décolleté as in the habiliments of afternoon.

2. With the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln, every one of our really great Americans was by nature and in private life a light-hearted and even waggish man.

3. Nothing grows tiresome so quickly as an interesting talker.

4. There is one thing, at least, that age is not successful in deceiving itself about. It may lie convincingly to itself about a hundred different things, but it stubs its toe embarrassingly when it is met with an invitation to toboggan. A man and woman become definitely old in their own consciousness the moment the toboggan sled begins to seem risky and uninviting to them.

5. No woman, in the highest moment of her happiness, thinks of marriage. She begins to think of it in her moments of misgiving, self-doubt and misery. Marriage is generally a craft that backs quickly out to sea from a shaky and partly condemned dock.

6. Nothing is so ruinous to the success of a dinner party as good food.

7. Few things in this world are so thoroughly boresome as a professional entertainer doing his stunt after midnight.

8. A policeman who feels that he is growing old—there you have the essence of pure tragedy!

Revolt.—It is frequently said that revolt is ever the distinguishing characteristic of the Younger Generation. This is only half true. The Younger Generation in any double decade or of any century merely talks of revolt. The actual revolting is generally done by the Older Generation. The Younger Generation may be found atop the soapboxes, but the loaded guns are usually found in the hands of their elders.

Vanished Hobgoblins.—In the days before the Nineteenth Amendment one of the chief arguments against the extension of the suffrage to women was this: that the act of voting would bring them unpleasant and contaminating contacts, that going into polling-places peopled by low ruffians would offer them indignity. This argument was heard chiefly from ladies of an

elder school; almost all of us had aunts who voiced it. The instant they got the vote they voiced it no more. What they found in the polling-place was not a horde of assassins from the waterfront, but half a dozen humble and harmless fellows from the neighborhood—the corner delicatessen dealer, an apartment-house janitor, a bookkeeper from a lumber-yard, a retired plumber, and so on. It surprised them, I daresay, but they said nothing; women are far too intelligent ever to admit their errors specifically.

Some worse ones flourished in those ancient days, and now, thanks to the progress of moral endeavor in the Republic, it is impossible to dispose of them by evidential means. Thus they probably continue to hold credit in camera. I offer, as specimens, the general feminine notions of what went on in saloons, in men's clubs, and in what used to be called mellifluously disorderly houses. The saloon, seen from the outside, probably bore an extremely sinister and romantic aspect. It was the place where father acquired his hiccup, where improper anecdotes originated, where politicians, burglars and other criminals met to plan their rogueries. In most American States women were forbidden by law to enter its doors; in all States their entrance was frowned upon by the communal *mores*. Yet they passed those doors every day. They caught whiffs of its ethereal aromas; they heard echoes of its occult ribaldry; they nursed, on occasions, the victims of its sorceries. No wonder they were curious about it, and ready to believe fabulous tales about it!

It is a pity that, at least in its more gaudy and romantic forms, it disappeared, along with the old-time men's club, before the communal *mores* had been abated sufficiently for them to go see it for themselves. Their inspection, of course, would have given them a surprise vastly greater than that they suffered when they began to vote. For the saloon, in actuality, was even more banal than the polling-place. Its charm, to a sober visitor, was scarcely beyond that of a hardware store or a Pullman wash-room. Like the barber-shop—also mysterious and sinister in its time, but now invaded by flappers of ten and twelve—, it was simply stupid. I frequented bar-rooms, in the days before the Wesleyan Reformation, pretty steadily; my constitution, then as now, required an occasional dram. Yet I can't remember ever having met any man in one who was worth meeting, or having heard anything that was worth hearing, or having seen anything that might not have been set before an audience of grandmothers. I seem to remember a few florid paintings of the nude, but the nude certainly would not shock grandmothers. Once I saw a man black another man's eye, but I have seen precisely the same thing in a cemetery.

The old-time bordello, nine times out of ten, was quite as innocuous. Its reputation for thrills was kept up, not by those who had ever actually examined it, but by sensational clergymen who viewed it from a range of 1000 yards. In reality, it was commonly run almost as decorously as the Lake Mohonk Conference. The instant gayety went beyond a mild *mezzo forte* the bouncer emerged from the cellar, the piano-player jumped out of the window, and the police reserves arrived. Save in the lowest dives, improper dress was forbidden the internes, and profane or Rabelaisian language was severely punished, often by heavy fines or suspension from the faculty. The music, true enough, was vulgar, but it was never so vulgar as the current music of Broadway; always there was some simple sentiment in it to mitigate its cacophony. Nor was drunkenness countenanced, save perhaps by the higher functionaries of the gendarmerie. A police captain, on his day off, was permitted to drink beyond the seemly and lie snoring on the floor, but that was out of respect for his office. A private citizen who essayed to imitate him was kicked out without ado, and his hat and stick thrown after him.

This institution, as I say, passed out of existence before the recent relaxation of the

old pruderies permitted any woman of any social dignity to inspect it for herself. The result is that the romantic view of it lies embalmed in amber. It still figures in Sunday-school stories as a place of levantine debauchery—the scene of revels that would have staggered even Offenbach or Heliogabalus. Suburban clergymen, in their Sunday-night discourses to bored victims of the laws against Sunday movies, depict it as a sort of moral slaughter-house, and speak of its suppression as one of the greatest triumphs of Ku Klux Christianity. But was it actually suppressed? I often doubt it. I believe, rather, that it died of inanition—that the dance craze, the vast extension of boozing under Prohibition, and, above all, the increasing bawdiness of the theatre, simply drove it to the wall, as the old-time leg shows were driven to the wall by the universal exposure of the female calf.

Definition.—Christendom may be defined briefly as that part of the world in which, if any man stands up in public and solemnly swears that he is a Christian, all his auditors will laugh.

A False Prudery.—It is less than two hundred years since the art of the surgeon was definitely separated from that of the barber, but already its practitioners have developed a great corpus of professional hocus-pocus and a high sense of their own dignity. If it were not for the remedies for malpractise that equity offers to their patients many of them would be operating in dress suits today, as all of them did down to Lister's day. Not a few of the more pretentious of them, I believe, still refuse to finish an operation that they have begun. The patient is sewed up, not by the virtuoso who gets his money, but by an apprentice who gets nothing. This results, I suppose, in more stitches, but perhaps in fewer stitch abcesses. All the auxiliary work, of course—boiling instruments, counting sponges, shaving the field, and so on—is done by menials, many of them of the female sex and some of them beautiful.

But against all this I do not protest. If a clergyman deserves an altar-boy to open his missal for him and hand him his censor, then certainly a surgeon deserves an assistant to hand him his instruments and prepare his patient for the embalmer. What I object to is the professional sniffishness that has handed over one of the most important departments of surgery—that of cosmetic repair—chiefly to quacks. Nine out of ten surgeons of the first rank, I believe, refuse to engage in it—that is, when it is not a necessary sequel to traumatic or operative mutilation. They will help a soldier who has had his nose shot off in the wars or even a pugilist who has lost an ear in the ring, but they will not help a poor working girl who is lovely in every particular save that her mouth is six inches wide. If she would have it reduced to normalcy by the surgical art, she must resort, usually, to a practitioner who is somewhat below the salt, and not infrequently the net result is that she gets a tremendous bill and two bad scars, and sees her boss' son married to some other girl.

It is difficult to detect any sense in this professional prudery. If the Hippocratic Oath obliges a surgeon to trephine the skull of a Prohibition enforcement officer who has fallen a victim to the just wrath of a *posse comitatus*, then why should it forbid him to relieve the agony of a young woman whose nose, in saggital section, is like a clam shell, or whose ears stick out like studding sails? The girl is obviously more worthy than the enforcement officer and her malady is more dangerous to her success in life. Moreover, her relief and improvement are of infinitely greater value to society in general. To save a Prohibition agent's useless and degraded life is to carry humanitarianism to the verge of pedantry; to convert a homely and unhappy girl into a pretty and happy one is to increase the general store of joy in the world. She is herself lifted to the heights of bliss, and the rest of us are made easier in mind, for nothing, it must be obvious, is more de-

pressing than the spectacle of a human virgin without physical charm. She is a walking futility; a tragedy in one long, lugubrious act. Surgery, three times out of four, could help her. So long as it fails to do so it is recreant to its trust.

Nearly always her relief presents a trifling problem, surgically speaking. She is not homely all over; she is simply homely in one salient feature, and repairing it is seldom as complex a business as repairing a broken knee-cap. The worst nose imaginable yields very readily to the plastic surgeon's ingenuity. He can shave it down if it is too big; he can shrink it if it bulges; he can correct its lines if it is offensively Socratic. Ears, too, are easy for him, and so are double chins. He can make dimples. He can reconstruct necks. He can enlarge or diminish mouths. He can correct bow legs and knock knees—and often, in fact, does so, though always on some specious "ethical" ground. But, in general, he appears to dislike these humane offices. It is his theory that it is *infra dig* for him to aid the beauty doctors, so-called—that he must confine himself to the repair of injuries and the cure of disease. Well, bad ears are injuries to any young girl, and a mouth like a ferry slip is a disease far worse than Asiatic cholera.

On the medical side I detect something of the same prejudice. So long as it may be reasonably argued that a female patient's bad complexion is due to some definite malady, the skin specialists and professors of internal medicine labor diligently to relieve her. But the moment the fact appears that she is quite well otherwise—that her muddy color is simply an act of God—then they desert her. No scientific investigation of complexions *per se* has ever been made; there is absolutely no literature on a subject at least twice as important as, say, color blindness or writer's cramp, both of which have been studied so laboriously that the records fill whole shelves. Medicine is an art as well as a science, and as an art it should be concerned with beauty. To increase the general sightliness of the human race, to augment the number of pretty girls in the world and diminish the number of homely ones—this is an enterprise quite as respectable and ten times as important as ridding infants of the *Oxyuris vermicularis*. It is, indeed, an enterprise that should be one of the first concerns of every civilized people. One can only deplore the fact that the pruderies of the only men scientifically capable of it should stand in the way of its undertaking.

More on Divorce.—In the many learned and eloquent treatises on divorce that have appeared in the various public prints, including this department of cosmic wisdom, it seems to us that we and our colleagues in philosophy have at times laid too much stress on important things and too little on trivial. The adjectives are used, of course, in their generally accepted sense; hence there is no paradox. What we mean to say, specifically, is this: that the causes of divorce are doubtless infinitely more insignificant, as such things go, than the majority of investigators and examiners believe. The real causes, that is. The reasons that appear in court are generally as far from these real causes as the human eye can reach. Long before a husband has committed adultery, for instance, the divorce germ has entered his consciousness; long before a wife actually runs away from her husband, the seed of divorce has begun to take root in her mind. A hundred little things preface a husband's beating his wife, and so giving her grounds for divorce in certain States, as a hundred little things, which the investigators dismiss as negligible, preface a wife's running off to Paris with the first available bellhop. What are these little things? Let us guess at a few.

Perhaps one of the chief causes of divorce, or, more exactly, leading up to the act or acts legally recognized as grounds for divorce, is a trivial physical blemish in one or the other of the parties to the marriage. This defect, in the husband's

or the wife's person, may be comparatively insignificant, yet no matter. Such a blemish, when lived with for a period of time, has a cruel and devastating habit of burning itself into the eye and consciousness of the other person; it gradually becomes almost a visual phobia; its image will not out. It colors the one person's entire picture of the other; it grows to dominate that picture completely. In time, if the other person is at all sensitive—and four out of five persons are extremely sensitive in this regard—it becomes unbearable. The husband, if it is the husband, begins, almost unconsciously, to look around him at other and theoretically more immaculate women. The look grows steadier . . . Atlantic City . . . the divorce court. Or he deserts his wife, or treats her with cruelty. The wife, on the other hand, if it is the wife, simply gets to the point where she cannot endure the marriage relation any longer, and leaves her husband's bed and board. And the newspapers, in due course, print the grounds of divorce, but fail to print the reason.

Another reason for the act or acts leading to divorce may be found in the inability of the married parties to stand the aesthetic jars that propinquity forces more or less upon them. This is particularly true of men and women who marry after the twenties have passed into the thirties. Such men and such women have grown so accustomed to physical and emotional independence that the habit is not easy to break. It is much more difficult for them to endure the invasions upon privacy that marriage brings with it than it is for younger persons. For every couple that have been put asunder by adultery, or lack of support, or a carpet-beater, there are two that have been split by being compelled to use the same bathroom, or by a bathroom that was too disconcertingly close to their bed-chamber.

There are dozens of other such reasons, each and all overpowering in their superficial triviality. The two that have been set down are sufficient to suggest many of the rest. A marriage that has weathered stormy seas all too often goes to smash on a pebble.

Consolation.—A sense of moral superiority, as everyone knows, is very comforting. Personally, I find myself unable to indulge myself in it very often, chiefly, I suppose, because most of the things I like to do are forbidden by the *mores* of my time and nation. Yet even I have my virtues and it is very agreeable to think of them. I would not invite a guest to dinner and then give him bad gin; I would not, if I had been shoved into the trenches, accept a bonus in satisfaction of the injury; and I would not do what Mr. Fall did. At the moment that is as far as I can go. If I ever think of anything else I'll resume the subject.

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1. "I can show you how to rise quickly above the mass in business, how to jump into prominence and become an important part of board meetings, how to become a leader, with the poise and assurance to plunge right into any subject and convince your hearers of your point of view, to sell any number of people, from one to a thousand, on the idea you want to put over. This is the wonderful ability I can and will give you."—*North American Institute, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

2. "The most astounding power ever discovered! So says the man who has startled America. Fear—Poverty—Sickness—Sin—all have vanished before the amazing power this man has demonstrated to thousands in America's great cities—a new and wonderful way to success and health and happiness. What is this mysterious force? Dr. David V. Bush, who, in poverty, wrestled many years with the problems of life and death, finally struck the gold vein of living Truth—a simple secret that has lifted thousands from mediocrity to health, happiness and suc-

cess. Thousands have crowded great auditoriums in America's largest cities to learn the secret of the tremendous force Dr. David V. Bush has so successfully applied and taught to others. Those who suffer the pangs of poverty—the blight of failure—the pain of sickness—the agonies of mental depression find relief. He has swept before him everywhere all doubting, all unbelief, as chaff before the amazing power he proves the rightful heritage of every living person. In Chicago—Denver—San Francisco—Seattle—Salt Lake—Boston—Washington, D.C., and scores of other cities he has given throngs his own wonderful secret—a secret that can be easily grasped and applied by everyone."—*David V. Bush, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

3. "For years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a 'gift' miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched with the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves. These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be 'bunk.' People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing 'up their sleeve'; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them. I have shown hundreds of people how to turn their ideas into cash—men and women in all walks of life—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments. I believe there are thousands of people like yourself who can write much better stories than we now read. Just fill out the coupon. All the secrets are yours."—*The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y.*

The Backward Art.—In all the numerous fields of human ingenuity and enterprise, none shows so small a measure of progress as that which concerns itself with the artificial thatching of the male mammal's bald dome. Human imagination and skill have triumphed over fire and water, the air and the land, the sea and the jungle; they have chained electricity and water falls; they have defied the flight of birds and the very passing of time. But the wig in this Year of Our Lord 1924 is still the melancholy looking and completely obvious dingus that it was in the Sixteenth Century. It is reasonable to believe that thousands upon thousands of men in the last five or six centuries, and particularly in the last, have labored to perfect a wig that would be at least partly deceptive, that would seem to belong where it was put. And yet with what result? With the result that the wig looks today exactly like—a wig.

There never has been a wig or a toupé that could deceive even an onlooker with a violent case of astigmatism. One can spot the spurious covering on a bald head a block away. It is approximately as successful in concealing the fact that a man hasn't any of his own hair left as a bustle is successful in concealing the fact that a woman is deficient in what need not further be described. The wig or the toupé, in fact, does not so much conceal baldness as loudly announce it. The only person it fools is the man who wears it. Yet why should this be? Why should one of the apparently most simple things in the world thus baffle human ingenuity? No prize will be given for the correct answer.

Footnote.—The difference between a moral man and a man of honor is that the latter regrets a discreditable act, even when it has worked and he has not been caught.

MUSHROOM TOWN

By MUNA LEE

THE DRUG-STORE

A DOOR with blurred panes swung aside to show
The cavernous room, across whose muffled scents
Came sudden drifts, volatile and intense,
Of pennyroyal or tansy. A smeary row,
Cases of soaps and notions stood before
Long, gleaming shelves of jars in sapphire glass,
Below were drawers—salts, sulphur, copperas.
The soda-taps dripped sirops by the door.

And pent in every jar, a bewildering djinn:
Linden—*among whose crackling light-brown leaves*
Still clung small blossoms from a foreign tree;
Sesame—*flat seeds known to the Forty Thieves—*
A child for hours could peer and find within
Spoil of far lands and islands of the sea.

II

ELECTORS

THE drug-store was a club, in whose talk took part
Tall men, slouch-hatted, neither old nor young—
Men who had failed elsewhere, and who had wrung
Stakes from scant capital for another start.
Not hopeless men: here was a junction which
Ensured a Harvey Eating House; next year
Congress would pass the Enabling Act; right here
Would be a metropolis: they would all be rich.

These consummations meanwhile they awaited
In the drug-store, talking politics till night.
Texans, farmers, and carpet-baggers they hated;
Feared the Negro—"This state should be lily-white,"
And arguments to damn whatever scheme
Were the epithets "Utopia" and "dream."

III

AUGUST

DAY after day the treeless street was baked
By intolerable sun. The moulded wagon-tracks
Were rayed and rifted by the widening cracks.
Through wavering blurs of heat the red bricks ached.
Drouth made the plain stretch flatter and more wide.
There was no dew in August, there was no shade.
Upon the lake the Commercial Club had made
Hundreds of dead fish floated on their side.

Walking the sweltering street, "wet leaves," one said.
"Rainy leaves," "drenched leaves"—oh words like rillets stealing
Amongst the tortured brain's heat-tangled mazes.
"Drenched leaves," "wet leaves"—savouring the words of healing
For crisp forgetful moments the spirit fed
Upon cool freshness of the cress-like phrases.

IV

MURDERERS

ON Landau's corner, the loafers saw them fall.
Meeting, each drew with an oath; they fired together,
And each fell dying without knowing whether
His enemy fell too. And that was all.
The town threshed through the story, nothing loath—
Simple enough, they told it over and over:
How Billy Ascham was the woman's lover,
The Doctor's wife's; the Doctor had warned them both.

Afterwards, when the town forgot at last,
Not nudging nor whispering even when the woman passed
With that hard, veiled look of hers, one child still thought
With dull, perplexing pain, for a long while,
Of a trick with matches that Mr. Ascham taught,
And of the red-haired Doctor's freckly smile.

V

THE CARNIVAL

THE carnival came late to town that year,
Tents pitched forlornly in the baseball park,
Where a cold wind extinguished every spark

Of merry-making. A ferris-wheel, austere
In skeleton loneliness, viewed vacant grounds.
It rained continuously, a dreary, chill
September drizzle. The merry-go-round was still;
Half-hearted spiels and catcalls the only sounds.

My brother and I, small, shivering wretches beneath
Our papery coats, stood with chattering teeth,
Drinking in pleasure desired through arid days
As we watched a draggled woman lift to our gaze
Grisly tentacles of the octopus, and explain,
"This one killed three sailors off the coast of Spain . . ."

VI

MRS. HASTINGS

AROUND Mrs. Hastings' house, verbena grew.
She coaxed her roses from reluctant earth,
And tenderly nursed jessamine to birth,
And through long drouth, her iris-plot was blue.
She told of an Irish childhood; of hopeless hours
Waiting tables in Dallas; of how the saints one day
Had sent Sam Hastings to snatch her far away
And build the yellow house amid the flowers.

Sam and her boy—coarse as the hides they tanned,
Gamblers and drunkards and foul-mouthed fools—no less—
Were tinged with romance by her tenderness.
"I would not die before them!" the soft voice said.
"How could I bear that an unloving hand
Should bathe and tend the bodies of my dead!"

VII

METHODIST REVIVAL

WHEN the throbbing drums of the opening hymns were still,
The preacher shouted, "Brethren! let us pray!"
And ardently he pled that God that day
Might bend an hundred sinners to His will.
The prayer ended, he touched a lighter note—
Joked with the choir, and merrily mocked the Devil;
Then flung God's curse at the drunken nation's revel
With a voice that sobbed and fluted in his throat.

"Oh, my beloved . . . !" he launched his passionate pleas.
A woman stood. "Praise Jesus!" shrieked another,
A girl ran sobbing and knelt beside her mother.
At a sudden word, again the music swept
The tent with thunder. Quivering, one wept,
Wretched, and shamed, and groveling on one's knees.

VIII

PRAIRIE SKY

SOMETIMES for days one can forget the sky
That god-like, indifferent, never fails to bless
With unflawed beauty our huddled littleness.
One can forget—the meddling breeze goes by
Piling vacant lots with waste to catch the eye;
Or mud, or dust, or merely the heat that shows
In quivering air, can make the senses close
To everything that is far or vast or high.

Then a scrap, a bird, the casual glance beguiles
Up, up, up!—till once more, swiftly, surely,
The clean, keen blade of ecstasy stabs purely:
Oh, glorious blue across which clouds are blowing,
Or lucent gray the far rain-tempests showing,
Or sunset blazing for ten thousand miles!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Anthropology

THE ORIGIN AND SPREAD OF CULTURES

By Robert H. Lowie

On one of his jaunts through Germany Goethe fell in with a droll pair of panacea-mongers,—Lavater, the mystic and phrenologist, and Basedow, the reformer of education and Christianity. The poet thus found himself one day at an inn with Lavater on one side holding forth to a rustic parson on the meaning of Revelation, while Basedow was demonstrating to a dancing-master that the rite of baptism was a superannuated custom; and the experience evoked the oft-quoted lines,

Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
Das Weltkind in der Mitte.

American anthropologists find themselves nowadays in somewhat the same position as Goethe at the Coblenz tavern. The British historical school is bullying them on the one side, while the German-Austrian *kulturhistorische* school is cajoling them on the other, both serenely certain that they have found the solution of the anthropological riddles of the universe; yet the calm commonsense of the American *Weltkind* somehow manages to withstand alike the hectoring of Professor Elliot Smith's disciples and the soft wooing of Fathers Wilhelm Schmidt and Wilhelm Koppers.

What is it all about? That part of the science which on this side of the Atlantic is called ethnology attempts to study the whole of mankind's social heritage,—to determine what it is in each particular case, and by what means each people obtained their share. Now it is obvious that any part of a people's culture may have originated on the spot or it may have been imported from without; and so whenever the same mechanical device or game or belief turns up in two distinct regions the question arises, which of the two logical possibilities applies? A classical writer of the old type like the illustrious E. B. Tylor was content to judge each case on its merits, and the majority of American ethnologists have followed in his wake, though on the whole rather more strongly impressed than their predecessor with the frequency and extent of cultural borrowing. Not that an actual migration of peoples is deemed necessary for the spread of a custom or invention; mere friendly or even hostile contact is often sufficient to carry an idea or an object hundreds of miles from its starting-point. What is more, this sort of thing goes back to, nay far beyond, the pale of written history: yellow-amber beads from the Baltic, where alone such material occurs, have been unearthed in ancient Greek graves, and in Dakota mounds seashells from the Atlantic mingle with those from the Pacific coast. Yet in this country this notion of diffusion has not been carried to extremes; while a very large portion of any particular culture may be admitted to come from an alien home, it is generally recognized that occasionally, even though rarely, a new idea arises spontaneously and that such a lucky chance may be repeated.

It is quite true that such duplication is not nearly so common as might be supposed. A layman is likely to point to the records of the Patent Office and ask whether the same discovery has not been frequently repeated. But he forgets that the conditions are very different now from

what they were in early and primitive days. First of all, every single modern investigator starts with the same stock of ideas and has access to identical instruments, mathematical aids, and what not. But the primitive inventors of two different areas lacked this identity of cultural background, and so it certainly was less easy for one of them to repeat the other's achievement. Secondly, modern scientists usually deliberately set themselves a definite problem and work systematically toward its solution, whereas the inventions of their savage colleagues were undoubtedly casual and often accidental. There is thus no genuine parallel, and the modern instances do not prove anything for the dim past.

All this may be readily conceded. But the historical schools of both Germany and England go further. The very idea that anything should ever have been invented twice seems to them ridiculous twaddle; and accordingly members of both have constructed complete schemes for the culture-history of the world on the assumption that every element of culture goes back to a solitary place of origin and was thence diffused to wherever it may have been found since. This harmony between two groups of workers in different countries might be a splendid argument for the correctness of the conclusions reached were it not for a trifling circumstance, to wit, that though they are completely at one in insisting that diffusion is the key to all the mysteries of culture history, the two schemes are alas! in utter disagreement as to every other point; they differ as to the time, the place, the combination of traits associated with the spread of culture. That little circumstance, given the *Weltkind's* Missourian frailty, somehow tends to cast doubt on the certainty of their conclusions.

It must not be assumed that the two schools represent the same level of scholarship. Both, indeed, present a curious twist that well merits psychological, not to say psychoanalytical, study. But the Austrians, biased as they may be, not only envisage culture as a whole but are bending every effort to keep abreast of modern thought. Not so the British diffusionists, who for that very reason present a rather more amusing spectacle for popular entertainment,—especially in their latest pronunciamento, Mr. W. J. Perry's five-hundred page volume on "The Children of the Sun." These Britons form very much of a close corporation. For some occult reason the theoretical arguments of writers outside their group are largely ignored. Does insular etiquette perchance demand that one must not quote men whom one has not met socially? On the other hand, there is constant appeal to comrades-at-arms. The late Dr. Rivers quotes Professor Elliot Smith and Mr. Perry; Professor Elliot Smith recites the tentative hypotheses of Dr. Rivers as though they were geometrical propositions derived from basic axioms; and Mr. Perry determines moot-questions by an appeal to Professor Elliot Smith and Dr. Rivers.

The essence of their theory may be put into a few words. The only place where any worth-while evolution of culture has taken place, they contend, is Egypt; the remainder of the world represents progressive stages in the decay of an "archaic civilization" that started globe-trotting some time subsequent to 2200 B.C. Do the women of New Guinea make a crude kind of pottery? Then it shows only the degenerate form of an ancient technique evolved on the Nile. Does any tribe anywhere worship the sun? Then that notion could only come to them from the same source and has of course suffered the usual sea-change. And what is asserted for the solar cult is suggested as highly probable for all belief in the supernatural: "prior to the coming of this [Egyptian] civilization the native peoples were devoid of any magical or religious practices or ideas." There is thus a complete reversal of the customary point of view, inasmuch as the culture of such rude peoples as the Australians is defined as not primitive at all,

but as merely part of the Egyptian wreckage. Consistently with this general scheme, Central American civilization is conceived as an importation ultimately traceable to the Nile, while all the North American cultures represent merely fragments of the "archaic civilization" derived from Mexico.

It is not easy to criticize this structure of theory because from whichever direction one blows upon it the house of cards collapses forthwith. For one thing, students of the Near Orient are not yet by any means agreed as to whether the seat of the earliest civilization is to be sought in Egypt or in Babylonia, and even if it were true, as Mr. Perry asserts, that agriculture originated on the Nile, to decide the antiquity of all other inventions by this one is a most naïve form of economic determinism. Still less acceptable is the summary refusal to grant any kind of inventiveness to the ruder peoples of the world. It is true enough that there is no mysterious impulse in the human psyche to progress *ad infinitum;* yet wherever we look we find very neat adaptations to local conditions. Did the Eskimo derive their snow-goggles from Egypt via Mexico, as Mr. Perry's theory implies? How is it that the California Indian, otherwise so simple in his mode of life, is second to none as a plaiter of basketwork? And from whom could the tropical forest-dwellers of South America learn to prepare their staple diet by removing the poisonous principle of an *indigenous* plant?

The obvious fact is that creation is not restricted to one favored portion of the species but that its mental prerequisites are widely, even though sparingly, distributed. When different peoples with their respective inventions come into contact, there is a chance for the exchange of ideas, and the resulting enrichment of both cultures, itself a stimulus to men of genius, leads to still greater achievements. The notion that when two peoples of varying culture meet, the simpler plays a purely passive part is demonstrably false, and demonstrating its falsity lays the ax to the root of the pan-Egyptological mania. Again and again we find that "higher" peoples borrow from "lower." The Caucasian discoverers introduced metal tools and horses into America, but they borrowed maize, potatoes, and tobacco. China has been a remarkable agency for spreading civilization in the East, but her records show one case after another in which the Chinese adopted the devices of lower cultures.

If this is true on the material side, where the more completely organized people manifestly enjoy a definite advantage, it obviously holds at least equally true in the realm of belief and fancy. An African witch-doctor or American *shaman* is certainly not badly handicapped in a race with Egyptian hierophants when the goal is some theory of the universe, let alone when it is not a matter of theory at all but of emotional reaction to the ever-present crises of everyday existence. Not a few Egyptian religious ideas and rites, indeed, may have been adopted by the Egyptians through association with simpler peoples; others undoubtedly antedate the historic civilization of the Nile valley and are merely survivals of notions going back to dim antiquity, to a period when all humanity shared a limited stock of simple cultural elements.

There is, of course, something fascinating about a scheme of such simplicity as that propounded by the pan-Egyptians, just as there is about the quest for the philosopher's stone and the mystery of perpetual motion. But Nature and History alas! are not *simplistes*. It is also an agreeable exercise for leisure hours to thumb one's nose at Commonsense, to look at the world while standing on one's head; we all like to do that from time to time. But it is perilous to turn a somersault while walking the tight-rope of scientific argument.

Music

A MORATORIUM FOR OPERA

By W. J. Henderson

Cannot a patient but weary world be rid for a term of that beaten bladder called opera which is now tied around its neck? Why not let us indulge, in New York at any rate, in the bliss of a five years' moratorium of lyric drama, that real music may be free to stretch her glorious limbs and chant her hymns that need no painted faces or scenic gauds to help them?

Why is so much solemn and apparently philosophical criticism wasted on this limping hybrid of the arts? Its origin was respectable enough, to be sure, for Angelo Poliziano, a real poet, fathered it, and the famous old marquisate of Mantua was its cradle. But though it came into the world with the peplum of Minerva streaming from its shoulders, its chastity was soon debauched by the passionate sensuousness of the Italian mind. It declined through the whole Sixteenth Century and was rescued from total destruction only by the reform movement started in the Palazzo Bardi. No sooner had the young liberators, led by Rinuccini and Peri, given it a second chance at an honest existence than public opera-houses began to be opened and the rescued victim of spendthrift princes was dragged from her narrow path and made common again in the streets of Venice and Rome.

A creation which had started in life as the entertainment of the most intelligent aristocracy the world has ever known found its late Seventeenth Century triumph in furnishing tunes for gondoliers to shrill through the *canali piccoli* after male sopranos had fluted them in the dozen opera-houses of Venetian alleyways. The dullards who came in the early Eighteenth Century to sit in the seats of the Baglioni, the Gonzaghe and the Medici took their lyric pleasures just as the gondoliers did. It was no wonder that in the late years of that cycle D'Alembert scoffed at the arbiters of fashion in Paris when they loosed what they called opinions about opera!

"Such people," he wrote, "when they talk about melodious music simply mean commonplace music which has been dinned into their ears a hundred times. For these people a poor air is one which they cannot hum and a bad opera is one of which they cannot learn the airs by heart."

Did he live now, he would thus blaspheme the sacred "Pagliacci." Away with all such men to the Tower! Let the curtain rise on the picture of the interior of Saint Andrea della Valle. Let Mario paint and sing. Let Tosca be furious with jealousy. Let Scarpia be black as his inky robe. As statesmen, philosophers, men of the world and persons of superior taste, we shall take it each according to his humor. And the hopeless old globe will go ringing down the grooves of conventionality just as it has done since Adam ate the apple.

The opera of today is in a sorry state, indeed, and the opera going public of New York is in a condition to excite pity. If Wagner's greatest works had to come newly before this public as novelties and ask for favor, they would be incontinently damned by a Society which at this hour secretly abhors them and usually gives away its subscription tickets on the evenings of their performances. If even so recent a reincarnation of the splendid soul of the Italian Renaissance as Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," which was new here only ten years ago, had now to gain its place on the New York stage, it would be thrust into outer darkness to make way for Giordano's "Fédora" and Massenet's "Thaïs." For of such operas, with their lollipop music and their jugglery of gestures and posings, the ideal répertoire of the patrons of "the greatest opera house in the world" is constituted.

But Society, with all its petty peccadillos and traditional sins, cannot be bur-

dened with the chief blame for the state of opera in New York. It keeps its platitudinous comments to itself; what parades as public opinion is the vociferation of a small army of standees. The thunders of applause following the strident emission of banal tunes into the Metropolitan auditorium come from connoisseurs whose taste is equally ravished by the floating serenaders of the Venetian lagoons or the traveling bands on the Capri steamers. Watching the frantic demonstrations of these standees, agitated by the stentorian shoutings which they call singing, one is driven to a sudden recollection of words of Nietzsche which seem vaguely to apply to the case:

> Must they needs have their ears beaten to pieces before they will learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like a kettle-drum or a fast day preacher?

For the conditions which exist in the Metropolitan Opera House, the glass of American operatic fashion and its source of form, we undoubtedly owe some gratitude to the present administration. Twenty-five years ago the Metropolitan was famous for its matchless assemblage of singers, its inferior chorus, its negligible ballet and its unmentionable scenery. All this has been reformed. Today we have scenery of excellent quality, a competent chorus, an excellent ballet, a tolerable orchestra and a large company containing perhaps half a dozen artists, of whom possibly two would have been admitted to the first rank in that earlier day. As a distinguished personage remarked in Milan last summer, "All that is needed to make a successful opera institution in New York is two good singers and the press."

For the daily newspapers bravely uphold the standards of art as they are now flaunted at the opera. The reasons for this attitude ought to be clear to any careful newspaper reader. The Metropolitan is regarded as a fashionable place of amusement, not as a temple of artistic ideals. It necessarily caters to Society and secondarily to that vociferous proletariat which nightly shakes the rafters with its approval of musical rant and fustian. A struggle to create a body of artistic ideals among such patrons would be inevitably futile. No newspaper desires to make itself obnoxious to the general public by assuming the habit of a common scold, and as such it would be certainly viewed if it kept on, week in and week out, mercilessly exposing the shortcomings of the Metropolitan and its presentations. Thus the chroniclers of the press have fallen into the practise of treating the routine performances as casually as possible, inviting consideration only to whatever may be of passing merit and saying little about permanent defects. That there is frequent opportunity to praise is due to the individual efforts of certain members of the organization, and to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, whose untiring search after a répertoire commands admiration.

The standards of criticism now full-masted in the press-room of the Metropolitan Opera House flutter gently under the influence of the subtle system of education which has existed there for years back. Oscar Hammerstein invented the expression "educational opera," by which he meant operatic performances by merely acceptable singers, given at prices intended to bring into the opera-house persons previously debarred from its joys by the limitations of their pocketbooks. It cannot be said that the pocketbook has played the same part in the system of education which now operates at the Metropolitan. As the quality of the performances has gone down the price of orchestra stalls has gone up. The public has simply been educated to pay the prices and to believe the performances to be the best in the world. The older newspaper critics have not been able to escape the process of education. They take their pleasures modestly. The younger ones never heard any better opera.

But the blame for operatic decay cannot be all laid at the doors of the Metropolitan. The seed of disease is in the blood

of opera itself. It is an art form suffering from anaemia. The suggestion that it be sent into retirement for five years is not an idle jest. Such a moratorium would immeasurably benefit musical art. All the unmusical people in the City of Shams would be compelled to seek their true level, the vaudeville theatre, and those who really hungered for music could satisfy their appetites with real works of art, the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, the piano music of Chopin, the vast and amazing tone pictures of Stravinsky. Instead of joining in the vehement *bravi* evoked by the still more vehement bawlings of Signor Stridolini or the anguished shrieks of Mlle. Morbidezza they would begin to acquire some insight into the true beauty of musical performance. They would listen to the piano playing of Josef Hofmann, the violin playing of Fritz Kreisler, the singing of Frieda Hempel. They might even soar so magnificently above their own dusty level as to go to a concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. In the course of the five years some of them might learn that watching the silly antics of some ponderous basso as *Don Basilio* in a soporific representation of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" is not half so much fun as attending a Sunday evening concert of the International Composers' Guild and studying the futile struggles of Darius Milhaud and Arnold Schönberg to raise themselves by their boot straps to the shoulders of Stravinsky.

Philosophy

THE CRITICAL REALISTS

By Woodbridge Riley

> The essence, or logical (neutral) entity, which is my datum in a given case of perception or conception, may be identically the same essence that is your datum, and even the very essence, or character, of the existing object perceived or conceived by us both. This essence may be said to have being or subsistence independently of my, or your, consciousness of it, and of its embodiment in the object. . . . Suppose, *e.g.*, that my perceptual datum is the character-complex a round-wheel-about-three-feet-in-diameter-moving-away-from-me-and-now-between-this-house-and-the-next . . .

These are not quotations from the very blank verse of Gertrude Stein, but passages from a treatise on the latest invention of American philosophers, Critical Realism. In darkest Dewey and his Instrumentalism there are paragraphs that are hard enough, and yet worse are in the New Realism in the original, but for uncouth words and a style as technical as that of Thomas Aquinas, without his clarity, I commend the works of the Critical Realists. Dewey uses technical tags such as "things experienced as" and charges the Presentative Realist with "substituting for irreducibility and unambiguity of logical functions (use in inference) physical and metaphysical isolation and elementariness," and the New Realists have their strange slogans, such as "neutral mosaic" and "ego-centric predicament," but all these may be worked out with the aid of an unabridged dictionary and the midnight oil. What however, is one to make of such strophes as in this in the tomes of the Critical Realists: "When we see faces, we do not see our seeing of them, but only the faces . . . That which we feel, when we feel, *i. e.* distinctly attend to a sensation, is capable of existing when it is not felt."

It is no wonder that William James complained of the absence of the polishing process in the younger generation of American philosophers. Their obscurity has now reached such a pitch that they do not even understand one another. Thus, one of the Critical Realists declares that the Pragmatists say that ultimate reality consists of experiences—"meaning by this, only God and Professor Dewey know what." Another exclaims that he cannot get the faintest notion of what is meant by this passage on mental activity: "Instead of acting on the world, we so act upon ourselves as to place ourselves where we see things in an

order and combination different in the case of illusion from the actual."

So much for the style of the Realists, whether they call themselves New or Critical. Several of them were pupils of James, but whereas he preserved his thoughts in amber they preserve theirs in mud, like the Chinese with their eggs of ancient vintage. From the list, however, one should make one notable exception, and that is George Santayana. It is he who has furnished his colleagues with their main doctrine, that of "essences," or universals which may be given directly to the mind, data which are not existing things, nor states of mind, but ideal. He has done this in a manner so precise and plausible that he has been able to put forward as a novelty a notion that is as old as the Middle Ages, if not older.

This doctrine of the possibility of cognition by means of essences or universals was prepared for by the New Realists, and in two ways: by their notion of "subsistents," and by their theory of the "extension of consciousness." They had the notion of subsistents as "facts," capable of being held before the mind; actual and possible objects of thought, independent realities like the relation of the radius to the circumference or even the square root of minus one. They also had the theory of the extension of consciousness. This meant that consciousness takes unto itself a "new" dimension into which it protrudes and thus becomes a part of that "neutral mosaic" which is neither matter nor mind, but the realm of pure being, a realm which may explain, for example, why "the algebra in our mind also exists in nature."

Such are some of the technical terms which must be learned by the player in this new game of metaphysical mah jong. But the game is really not new. It is the ancient philosophical amusement called reification, the turning of thoughts into things. In Western philosophy it began with what has been well described as the olympianization of ideas. Just as among the Greeks men became heroes, heroes demi-gods, and demi-gods the gods themselves on top of Olympus, so things, terms, classes, universals, were gradually raised up into heaven. Thus Plato's empyrean has been brought back again, and propositions, relations and universals have become realities, subsisting not in the space and time of ordinary things, but in the "non-spatial extension" of the New Realists.

Such are the subsistents which, by the Critical Realists, are identified with essences—data hovering between the individual and outside objects, in a peculiar world of their own. It is one thing to postulate these essences; it is quite another to know them. Thus the problem of the possibility of knowledge is raised. How is the mind to reach out into this strange realm of subsistents, data, essences? The English Realists achieve the feat by means of their doctrine of awareness or compresence, which posits a situation in which thought and thing overlap. This superposition, which recalls placing a triangle of solid lines over an identical triangle of dotted lines, seems to be identical with the "neutral mosaic" of the New Realists; and consciousness becomes that "cross section of the infinite realm of being to which the organism specifically responds."

But all this speculation carries no conviction. It turns the brain into a kind of telautographic machine whose signatures are not honored. Anyone can fill out and sign a mental check, but who will accept it? Some of the New Realists try to wriggle out of the dilemma by speaking of a non-spatial extension of consciousness, but into what realm they project or protrude their thoughts they do not tell. At times they seem forced over into a hypothetical fourth dimension, but to call the things they put into this dimension "real" is not acceptable even to the mathematicians. The latter, if a lay reader can understand them, do not utilize the fourth dimension as "non-spatial extension," but as four-fold space. This space they use as a postulate, not as a place. It is simply mental

room in which to carry on mental gymnastics. However, the Critical Realists appear to have borrowed it from the New Realists, just as the latter borrowed it from Bertrand Russell. At any rate, it gives them elbow-room in which to practise their speculative jiu-jitsu. By it they are enabled to manipulate their entities, which they describe as neither psychological nor physical but of a peculiar type belonging to logic. Thus, in reading a book, what is presented to the mind, they say, is the significance of the ideas set forth and not the mere printed characters, and this significance is not an existence and not in time and space, but a purely logical entity; or to put it in another way, "a sensation is capable of existing when it is not felt, and does so exist."

Now, what does all this mean? It is, in fact, nothing but an exploded theory which pretty well passed away in the Middle Ages. In other words, all these precious essences are nothing but the old Scholastic "quiddities," slyly injected into the skulls of his colleagues by Santayana. When Sherlock Holmes exclaimed "Quick, Watson, the needle!" he knew precisely what he was going to get. The Critical Realist evidently does not, but a casual reference to Thomas Aquinas and his quiddities will discover the true source and character of the drug. Santayana is a past master at persuasion, and as a Thomist he has a training in clearness and precision of statement that has enabled him to put across what another Thomist has called "a wild hypothesis of Scholasticism." This hypothesis assumes the possibility of cognition by purely intellectual "species." Being interpreted, that means that as our senses perceive objects by means of an impression on the sense organ (for example, the image on the retina, communicated to the brain) which impression is not itself received by the mind, but is simply the medium by which we perceive the object, so our intellect knows by means of impressions, which are the media by which it knows ideas. Now, impressions are but attributes of material objects, abstracted, that is, considered apart from the objects. Hence, by means of these impressions the mind directly knows abstract qualities or quiddities which exist individually in material objects, but it knows them, not as existing individually, but as potentially universal.

Thus Thomas Aquinas in the first book of the "*Summa.*" This doctrine of an underlying reality Santayana puts forward as self-evident and then he runs through the whole gamut of Scholastic Realism. By its aid he so charms his audience that they become enraptured even of essences, just as the lady at the court of Louis XIV did of the vortices of Descartes. Thus, American philosophy, in this, its latest phase, is little but a revival of outworn mediaeval Realism, with its intellectual species, quiddities, essences, call them what you will—entities ever hovering between subject and object, outside space and time, with about as much to do with real life as the smile of the Cheshire cat after the cat itself has faded away.

THE END OF A LITERARY MYSTERY

BY FREDERICK P. HIER, JR.

When John Burroughs died the way was opened for publishing a curious story which had lain in secret since 1867, when Burroughs published his first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person." This story, involving Whitman and Burroughs in one of the strangest literary ventures on record, would never have become known but for a series of accidents. For the book itself dropped out of print in 1871 and Whitman's instruction to one of his literary executors, to write the story after Burroughs' death, survived that executor only by the narrowest margin.

My curiosity was aroused by this book, when, on reading it in conjunction with Burroughs' "Whitman, A Study," published in 1896, I was struck by the marked difference in their styles. The greater vigor of the former I at first attributed to Burroughs' youth, but after maturer reflection the difference did not seem explicable on any theory of natural development. At the time I left the question open, but with the conviction that the first book, contrary to what might be expected, was much stronger and more original than the later one. Subsequently a more careful analysis convinced me that "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" was not what it appeared to be on its face, the veritable first book of John Burroughs, but that it was something else—that the strange circumstances surrounding its first publication and unexplained disappearance sufficed to make it one of the mystery books of American literature.

It became clear to me, for example, that the author of the "Notes" had not only an accurate knowledge of the general facts of Whitman's life, but also an uncanny grasp of the undercurrents of his personal growth and integration and an attitude too familiar and nonchalant to have been acquired in the three years of Burroughs' acquaintance with him. The unmasking aptness of the quotations, unimprovable after half a century's study, argued too great a perception in a beginner. The sure extravagance of certain statements about Whitman, which brought down on Burroughs immediate criticism in some quarters as hopelessly prejudiced, made it look doubtful if Burroughs himself would have put things so abruptly. Most significant of all was the manner of expression. There was a vigorous breadth and sweep and a native, poetic feeling, arriving at an orchestral total effect, which was not the manner of Burroughs at all.

These hints led to an extended search. It was found that Burroughs' style during the same period was characteristically different from that of the 1867 "Notes." There was a gentle, contemplative moderation in it, like a ship under easy sail, as, for example, in his Whitman piece written for the *Galaxy* in 1866, quite in contrast with the bluff vehemence of the Whitman book. Burroughs had a meandering touch, part of his attraction, whereas the flight of the "Notes" was that of the eagle. "Wake Robin," published in 1871, which Burroughs had written from 1863 onward, during the very period of the "Notes," announces in the second paragraph of its preface:

> Though written less in the spirit of exact science than with the freedom of love and old acquaint-

> ance, yet I have in no instance taken liberty with facts, or allowed my imagination to influence me to the extent of giving a false impression or a wrong coloring. I have reaped my harvest more in the woods than in the study; what I offer, in fact, is a careful and conscientious record of actual observations and experiences, and is true as it stands written, every word of it. But what has interested me most in Ornithology is the pursuit, the chase, the discovery; that part of it which is akin to hunting, fishing and wild sports, and which I could carry with me in my eye and ear wherever I went.

In the preface to the Whitman "Notes," the second paragraph is in the same general form, but note the difference:

> In History, at wide intervals, in different fields of action, there come (it is a thrice told tale,) special developments of individualities, and of that something we suggest by the word Genius—individuals whom their own days little suspect, and never realize, but who, it turns out, mark and make new eras, plant the standard again ahead, and in one man personify vast races and sweeping revolutions. I consider Walt Whitman such an individual, I consider that America is illustrated in him; and that Democracy, as now launched forth upon its many-vortexed experiment for good or evil, (and the need whereof no eye can foresee,) is embodied, and for the first time in Poetry grandly and fully uttered, in him.

Here in the latter quotation, is the barbarous and elaborate interpolation unmistakably characteristic, not of Burroughs surely, but of Whitman himself. The words genius, history, and democracy are capitalized, as was Whitman's practise with these and other words he considered important—and not Burroughs'. The punctuation is singularly his, especially in the two parentheses, for as Emory Holloway observes in his recent work, "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman," "his system of punctuation was unique... A parenthesis seldom sufficed, but must be reinforced with commas." Practically all the parentheses in the book are thus reinforced.

In fact, the style of the "Notes" is like Whitman everywhere. His personality underlined his commonest utterance, and in his more deliberate efforts, especially those pronouncing his deeper purposes, it assumed the peculiar forms which have become known as Whitmanesque. His first three articles about himself (to be regarded further), his explanatory projection of the poet's mission in the introduction to his first edition of "Leaves of Grass," the reply to Emerson in 1856, and, in fact, the full course of his collected prose, are one in blood, bone, body and soul with the "Notes." Here, for example, is a quotation from page 39:

> We have swarms of little poetlings, producing swarms of soft and sickly little rhymelets, on a par with the feeble calibre and vague and puerile inward melancholy, and outward affectation and small talk, of that genteel mob called "society." We have, also, more or less of statues and statuettes, and plenty of architecture and upholstery and filigree work, very pretty and ornamental, and fit for those who are fit for it.

In precisely like measure and voice, Whitman said in his "Democratic Vistas" (1871):

> Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain-top afar in the west, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these States.

One native and exclusive Whitman phrase, "spinal marrow," occurs throughout his writing. He used it typically in his Shakespeare essay (Collected Prose, page 283), and again in his last explanation of his meanings (Collected Prose, page 527): "If I am to give impromptu a hint of the *spinal marrow* of the business." He wrote of "my *spinal* and deliberate request," in a letter to Dr. Bucke in September, 1888. Very indicative therefore is the appearance of this phrase in the "Notes," where, on page 119, one reads: "This is the *spinal marrow* of the various poems."

As a result of all this intrinsic evidence, here only partly represented, I concluded that "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," alleged to be John Burroughs' first book, was really his only in very small part,—that it was mostly written by Walt Whitman himself.

II

External evidence bearing upon this conclusion soon added to its weight. Whit-

man's essay on Burns, first printed in 1882 (Complete Prose, page 395), is called, "Robert Burns as Poet and Person"; the same peculiarity of title. The only other extended piece on Whitman during the 1867 period, O'Conner's "The Good Gray Poet," was, like the "Notes," published under the name of one of Whitman's closest friends during a time of continual association; yet every line is as different from Whitman as could be. Whitman's letters to his mother during 1866-67-68, contain references to Burroughs' *Galaxy* article on himself, enclose a special copy to her, talk of his forthcoming 1867 edition of "Leaves of Grass," but never once mention the 1867 "Notes on Walt Whitman." Recall that this was the first book about him, 108 pages in length, and that Burroughs' 9-page magazine piece was referred to in at least three separate letters. Very curious, too, is the letter Whitman wrote to A. K. Butts on February 8, 1874, referring to copies of his books:

> O'Kane has undoubtedly sent you *all* the copies of my books remaining in his possession—he received originally—239 Leaves of Grass, 100 As a Strong Bird, 92 Democratic Vistas, 45 Notes by John Burroughs, etc.—You now have *all* my books in the market.

It is not so important, perhaps, that in a list of what Whitman twice called "my books," "Notes by John Burroughs" should appear. But it is very notable that this was the only book about himself that Whitman ever handled and sold personally. Why was not Burroughs, the supposed author, or Redfield, the publisher, in possession of and engaged in the sale of the book? In 1871, Whitman brought out three books; a new "Leaves of Grass," "Passage to India," and "Democratic Vistas"; and Burroughs two, "Wake Robin" and the second edition of the "Notes on Walt Whitman." All the Whitman volumes *and the "Notes,"* were published by Redfield, Whitman taking personal charge; whereas "Wake Robin" was put into the hands of another house, which has printed all of Burroughs' subsequent books and continues to publish them to this day.

Among the scores of conversations about Burroughs recorded by Traubel there is not a single definite averment by Whitman regarding the "Notes." There is one, however, in a little-known book, a highly pointed, personal fragment, which to those acquainted with Whitman's method of production will come as an intimate disclosure. It is known that he made notes beforehand in which he projected roughly and in the largest suggestiveness the general drift of a poem or article. These notes often contain in a few lines the germ and scope of an elaborate piece. After his death these notes were divided among his executors. The share that fell to Dr. Richard M. Bucke was edited and published by him in a volume entitled "Notes and Fragments" in 1899. In his preface Dr. Bucke says that "every word printed in the body of this book is before me in the handwriting of Walt Whitman." On page 64, in the section relating to the meaning and intention of "Leaves of Grass," appears the following:

> CURRENT CRITICISM
>
> Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person. By John Burroughs. New York: American News Co., 1871.
>
> It seems as if the debate over Walt Whitman and his "Leaves of Grass" were not only going to be kept up with more and more animation and earnestness every year, but that the discussion is to bring (and indeed has so brought already) an examination unwonted among us, of the very bases of the art of poetry, and of the high original laws of ethics and criticism. These bases—how do they refer to our social age and country? These laws—what are they, as applied to the poets and artists of the first class, for America and for the wants of the American people? Such are the questions which the advent of Walt Whitman has evidently roused and of which these notes are attempts to at least suggest the answer.

This might have been a forenote or an afternote to the book (the date, 1871, was evidently filled in later) but in either event it is certainly one of Whitman's musing notes on one of his *own* productions, containing in a single paragraph the funda-

mental design of the whole so-called Burroughs book!

III

Now let us see what was Burroughs' overt reaction to the situation. Happy at the time in getting the publicity of association with the greater name of Whitman and of saying something for the man he loved, he would no doubt in maturer years repudiate, in his consciousness at least, the book that was not wholly his own. That is exactly what he did. For the 1871 edition of "Notes on Walt Whitman" was its last one. That year, Burroughs' authentic first book, "Wake Robin," came out. It has gone through innumerable editions since then, but the Whitman book was allowed to fall out of print and sight and has never reappeared. It is the single and only title in Burroughs' long list of twenty-one volumes which was never and is not today included in his collected works. He would never consent to another edition after the second of 1871, though strongly urged to do so in the eighties and after Whitman's death.

But even this fact might not be conclusive if Burroughs' "Walt Whitman, A Study," published 25 years later, in 1896, was an enlargement of, or superseded the earlier and smaller work. In that case it would be only natural for one to wish his mature work perpetuated and his early attempts forgotten. But such is not the case and Burroughs knew it, as we shall presently see. The 1896 "Study" is written on an entirely new plan, which does not resemble that of the early book. It is in no sense an augmentation of the original scheme, corrected and amplified in the light of more complete knowledge. In fact, the "Study" does not even refer to the former book, directly or indirectly. To my knowledge there is no other case in literature where an author has written (to all appearances) two books on the same subject or person, and in the second book completely ignored the first. Some explanation or hint is always given, in a preface or introduction, as to why the second book is necessary and how it adds to the first or provides a more deliberate judgment. To cite a former book, in matters it is not desired to repeat, is a natural and common practise. But Burroughs, in his "Study," says on page 7 that he has no apology to offer for making another addition to the growing Whitman literature without breathing a word about his previous book. More, he told W. B. Harte in 1896 that "he had for some time cherished the idea of writing a book upon Whitman"—as though he had held a project in his heart which he had never yet accomplished!

As the evidence indicating Whitman's authorship of the "Notes" piled up, my astonishment grew that the masquerade should not have been discovered long ago. It would be inexplicable were it not for the fact that the book is so rare and difficult to obtain; most of the writers on Whitman, I presume, have never seen a copy. At any rate, the assumption that the book was Burroughs' own has been practically universal, and both Whitman and Burroughs fostered it. Burroughs, nowhere that I have found, makes the out and out avowment that the book was his, but he allowed his biographer and close personal adviser to call it his first volume. And we find Whitman writing to W. M. Rossetti on December 3, 1867: "I sent you hence Nov. 23,—a copy of Mr. Burroughs' Notes," and on May 9, 1868, to Charles Hine: "I send you by same mail as this—a little book, written by Mr. Burroughs (a second Thoreau)—the book—all about my precious self."

Whitman's closest friends repeat the same thing. O'Connor wrote to Whitman, May 9, 1867: "He (Allen) doesn't say a word about John Burroughs' book, etc. I have written to him saying that John will at once put the book to press himself." Dr. Bucke in his "Walt Whitman," 1883, quotes the "Notes" as Burroughs's. The standard biographies and studies are no exception; Perry, Platt, Kennedy, Carpenter, all credit Burroughs with the book.

All the bibliographies which include biographical material, save that of Wells and Goldsmith (1922), list the book in like manner. But elsewhere there are hints at the truth, usually somewhat guarded. Whitman's literary executors—two of whom knew the facts—speak in the introduction to the ten-volume Camden edition of his works (page xxxiii) of "John Burroughs, in his book about Whitman—a book to which Whitman himself contributed invaluable features in advice and revision . . . ," and again (page lxiii) of: " 'Walt Whitman as Poet and Person,' a biographic and philosophic statement of the case of the 'Leaves' by John Burroughs—who had the advantage in the project mention of Whitman's counsel and endorsement . . . " and Emory Holloway, in the "Cambridge History of American Literature" says that "the substance if not the phrasing" of a passage he quotes "was supplied by Whitman himself." But that is all.

IV

Before, however, all of this evidence and corroboration had been assembled, positive information came to me unexpectedly from Horace Traubel, one of the executors. We were speaking of the books about Whitman and I remarked that Burroughs' first book appeared to me abler than his lengthier work of 1896. Traubel incisively agreed. I continued and said that the manner of the early book was really more like Whitman than Burroughs and that if Burroughs wrote it he had duplicated Whitman with marvelous success. Traubel ejaculated a characteristic short "Yes!" and for some time sat silent. Then he looked up and said:

> I want to tell you something. But I don't want you to say anything till the time comes. You deserve to know because you guessed it. Walt wrote Burroughs' book for him; maybe not all of it, but most of it. Bucke told me and I asked Walt and he said it was so. We thought the book was invaluable and ought to be reprinted and Bucke approached Burroughs on the subject but Burroughs wouldn't consent. It was then that Walt told Bucke that he wrote the book and that that was the reason Burroughs didn't want it republished. When I talked to Walt he said he wrote most of the book and wanted me to tell about it some day to get things straight, but not to do it till after Burroughs died. Now I guess Burroughs is going to live longer than I am and I want you to do it.

I suggested to Traubel that owing to the nature of the information, my say-so might be questioned, and asked him to make a written statement. He signed the following declaration:

> "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," which was published in its first edition in 1867, was mostly written by Walt Whitman. Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke got this information first from Whitman, and Walt himself told me that it was true. This is probably the reason that Burroughs never allowed an edition of the book to be printed after the second one of 1871, though he was several times approached for the purpose. I do not want this information used till after Burroughs' death, but whatever anyone says, it is true.
>
> (*Signed*) HORACE TRAUBEL
> Literary Executor of Walt Whitman.
>
> Dated June 10, 1919, New York City.

Only four men had known this, Whitman, Burroughs, Bucke and Traubel, and the latter's death in 1919 left Burroughs alone surviving. The case was complete except for his word; consideration convinced me that perhaps it was unfair to hold such information while he was alive without giving him a chance to be heard. He was the only person who knew at first hand the original facts and his word would add the final authentication. In reply to an inquiry he wrote to me as follows on October 15, 1920:

> Roxbury, N. Y.
>
> *Dear Sir*:—I have received your letter of the 10th relative to my little book, "Notes on WW as Poet and Person." There is a modicum of truth in what you have been told. Whitman's mark is on several of my books and magazine articles which were written during the Washington days. He was a great critic, and I was in the habit of submitting my MSS. to him for his strictures.
>
> The first thing I wrote about him was in the *Galaxy* in the late sixties, and was called "Walt Whitman and His Drum Taps." This was written while Whitman was absent in N. Y., and he never saw it till it was in print. My next piece was called "The Flight of the Eagle," (in "Birds and Poets"). This he named, and there are a few sentences scattered through it from his pencil.

Page 197 was written by him. He told me the incident and I asked him to write it out, which he did, and I put it in.

I have not a copy of my "Notes on WW" here, and I have not looked in it for years, but I know it abounds in the marks of Whitman's hand. I had a more ambitious title, I forget what, and he renamed it, and pruned it, and reshaped many paragraphs. The most suggestive and profound passage in it is from his hand, nearly a whole page, but I cannot refer you to the page. Whitman named my first volume, "Wake Robin," for me. I took a number of titles to him and he held me to that one. It is certain that my "Notes" would not have been what they are without his help. If I remember rightly the supplement to the last edition was entirely written by him.

My volume, "Whitman, A Study" would have been of much greater value could he have pruned it. It is too heady and literary.

When I go back to West Park I will look over the "Notes," and if I can throw any new light on the subject, I will write you again.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS

This statement is so candid that it shames criticism. Certainly if it was the first time Burroughs had ever been confronted with the facts, he came through with that high punctilio for which he was distinguished. And it must not be forgotten that he was an aged man, over half a century away from those facts and without the documents at hand.

It is notable, however, that he writes, "my *first* volume 'Wake Robin,'" and, referring to his Whitman writing after the *Galaxy* article of 1866, skips over the "Notes" and calls "The Flight of The Eagle" of 1877, "my next piece." It is probable that Whitman's part in this "next piece" has never been known before. Burroughs admits, what is evident upon examination, that the eighteen-page supplement in the second edition was entirely written by Whitman, though the introductory note to this edition, signed "J. B., June, 1871," says: "The Supplementary Notes commencing page 109 present what I have to say of the book 1871-2."

Further query followed concerning the "most suggestive and profound passage" mentioned in the letter's third paragraph and Mr. Burroughs replied, this time with the "Notes" before him:

West Park, N. Y.,
Nov. 6, 1920.

Dear Sir:—I have been looking over my little booklet "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" & am a great deal at sea about it. I find it hard to separate the parts I wrote from those he wrote. The fine passage I referred to by him begins on p. 37, chapter xxi, & includes the whole of that chapter. In other places I see where he has touched up my work, leaving the thought my own. The chapters on Beauty, & on "Drum Taps" are all my own. The Biographical Notes he enlarged and improved in the proof, from notes which he had given me verbally. I have no doubt that half the book is his. He was a great critic & he did me great service by pruning and simplifying. The title, too, is his. I had a much more ambitious title.

Very Respy.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Putting the two letters together, we get the following results. Burroughs wrote unaided the chapters on "Beauty," pp. 50-57, and on "Drum Taps," pp. 97-108, a total of nineteen pages. Whitman provided the title and wrote chapter XXI, pp. 37-39, and the supplement, pp. 109-124, and supplied the personal sketch, pp. 77-96; a total of thirty-nine pages. About half the book, 58 out of 124 pages, is thus accounted for by Burroughs. Whitman's hand is so spread over the remainder that he could not separate the parts. There will never be perfect agreement, I suppose, as to all the parts exclusively Whitman's but in view of the entire data, it may be said fairly that the book is virtually his.

V

There are delicate implications in the matter which may cause misconstruction unless the whole thing is placed in its natural setting among the forces and elements out of which it grew. The most potent of these were Whitman's tendency to mysterious concealment and the public's early antagonism, which together gave birth to his anonymous self-advertising; and the psychology of the Whitman-Burroughs friendship in its relation to their personal dilemmas and the outward events of 1867.

Whitman's hiding of things, which con-

tinued throughout his life, began in his earliest boyhood, when his own family was perplexed by it. His mother testified that he came and went as he pleased, taking everything for granted and accounting for nothing. He always had reticences, and however we lift the curtains the residue of mystery is great. Set the man and his great book side by side. "Leaves of Grass" is probably as naked and complete an expression of a total man as was ever written, but Whitman's own intimate life is almost unknown. He not only thought and acted behind the scenes, but often wrote anonymously in favor and defense of his book. This sly advertising began about two months after the ill-fated first edition of "Leaves of Grass" was placed on sale, with a long piece in the *United States Review* for September, 1855, entitled, "Walt Whitman and His Poems." Then followed a short notice in the Brooklyn *Daily Times* on September 29, with the ingenuous heading, "Walt Whitman, a Brooklyn Boy." The third was a review of "An English and an American Poet" in the *American Phrenological Journal* for 1856; Tennyson's "Maud" and "Leaves of Grass" being the subject matter. The three pieces were reprinted as part of a supplement added to the second issue of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" in 1856, and two of them reappeared in the appendix to the second edition later in the same year. When the third edition was published in 1860-61, the publishers, Thayer and Eldridge, distributed gratuitously a little brochure of sixty-four pages, "Leaves of Grass Imprints," containing a number of criticisms of "Leaves of Grass," including Whitman's three articles. It is now known that Whitman arranged and edited the booklet, though his name did not appear.

In 1883, "Walt Whitman, a Brooklyn Boy" was included in Dr. Bucke's book on Whitman, still with no hint of its authorship, in spite of the fact that Whitman himself revised and authenticated the whole volume. Not until 1893, the year after Whitman's death and thirty-seven years after the articles were written, did it become generally known that Whitman himself wrote them. His literary executors then published a miscellaneous collection, "In re Walt Whitman," and the first three articles were these early attempts of the poet to justify himself, then printed under his name for the first time. Whitman's last venture of this kind, entitled, "Walt Whitman in Camden," appeared in the *Critic* for February 28, 1885, under the pseudonym of "George Selwyn." This painstaking exposition of himself, begun in 1855, did not end till the posthumous volume of 1893, but it is notable that Whitman did no extensive anonymous writing during the later years, but confined himself to suggestion, counsel and revision. What then, were the earlier causes, which pulling and pushing "Leaves of Grass" through its many vicissitudes, induced him to advocate his own work?

The first edition of 1855, stepping out imperious and magisterial, met with almost unanimous scorn and mockery. Of the one hundred and twenty copies placed on sale in New York and Brooklyn, only one was sold, and the dealers, after two months' display, insisted upon the book's withdrawal. Complimentary and review copies were burned or thrown away. Whitman was driven into solitary contemplation at the far end of Long Island. The second edition of 1856 had a slightly larger sale, but the howl of the critics increased. All of the arrogant disdain in Whitman was aroused and this, together with his profound confidence in the ageless truth of his book, set him at work, not on virulent attacks upon his calumniators but on lusty and sinewy expositions of himself. He thought that his book was being not only assaulted but misunderstood, and with indefatigable diligence he tried to direct attention to the actual issue and to shift the battle to his own ground.

The palpable success of the third edition in 1860, for the first time in the hands of good publishers, was interrupted by the Civil War. After these three successive

attempts had all been frustrated, it is small surprise that Whitman stirred himself. He said later: "I was then in the struggle, fought desperately for my life." And when he consented to the publication of his three early pieces in "In re Walt Whitman," he told his executors, "that in a period of misunderstanding and abuse their publication seemed imperative." Of the "In re" book itself, Whitman observed that it "seemed necessary to the fuller elucidation of the critter and his cause." The "Notes on Walt Whitman" was simply the most elaborate of Whitman's early justifications, and it is necessary, if we would understand it, not only to appreciate Whitman's cryptic tendencies and the reasons for his propaganda, but to conceive his environment and his relationship to Burroughs at the time.

In 1858, when he was only twenty-one years old, Burroughs had become acquainted with Whitman's work. Whitman then gave him, as he wrote later, the broadest outlook of any poet of his time. The two men did not meet, however, until the Autumn of 1863, when Burroughs, crushed by the events of the war, went to Washington to enter the ranks, but instead became Whitman's fellow clerk in the government service. An immediate intimacy sprang up, for Burroughs had, besides his enthusiasm for "Leaves of Grass," strong, outdoor qualities and sanities which Whitman felt and responded to. It is not strange, therefore, to find Whitman speaking of "the high lasting quality of John's best work," which Whitman considered to be in those regions where the best of the man was: outdoors. But he did not give unqualified adherence to Burroughs as a writer. Amidst Whitman's more remote creative imaginings, Burroughs felt uneasy and bewildered, and he admitted that "Leaves of Grass" itself had left him uncertain, until he had experienced Whitman's personal reassurance. Whitman saw this and while he was quick to grasp Burrough's fine and vital enthusiasm, he himself drew the horizon and main outlines of Burroughs' picture of "Leaves of Grass" and its author when the time came.

It did come four years after their first meeting. They were then in the nervous midst of the after-strain and turbulence of the war. Whitman, the discouraging difficulties of his first three editions behind him, was preparing his enlarged fourth edition of 1867. Only two years before he had been discharged from his government position through "dastardly official insolence," as he later described it. The time was critical for him, and with the impress of the terrible struggle just past in hot scars upon his spirit he projected a rounded and final fabric of his song. He was forty-eight years old and in grand maturity. Burroughs, on the other hand, was in his commencement days. He was only thirty years old and not yet on his own or established in the literary field. He had published little except miscellaneous essays and verses and his *Galaxy* piece on Whitman. Both men were natural writers, suddenly released from the war's engrossment. Burroughs looked to Whitman as a friend and master; Whitman to Burroughs as a friend and helper. "Notes on Walt Whitman" was the spontaneous fruit. It gave Whitman the needed push and it gave Burroughs the needed pull.

WOODROW WILSON

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

THE vast amount of anecdotal and eulogistic material which appeared after the recent death of Mr. Wilson suggests the desirability of attempting a preliminary estimate of his personality, achievements and place in history. Many would urge that we must wait for years before making any effort to pass even a tentative judgment upon his career, on the familiar ground that no one who has lived in a period can write about it intelligently —that to get sound history we must delay until someone entirely ignorant of the passions of the era discussed can study the documents embodying its dead enmities and biases, and thus construct an adequate, penetrating and absolutely impartial exposition and interpretation of it. This position is based on two errors. The first lies in the assumption that a later generation will never share the prejudices of its predecessors. If you believe it, try to imagine a Boston aristocrat of 1924 writing fairly of Thomas Jefferson, or Maurice Barrès of Bismarck or Moltke! The second is found in the theory that a person living later will have a better perspective and keener insight than a contemporary. This implies a tacit acceptance of a theory of historical causation long ago disproved by Hume—that subsequent events are necessarily results of earlier ones—and also of the notion that a consideration of the remote results of a period is more valuable for estimating it than a clear view of its actual events. It is the writer's contention that while contemporaneity may possibly intensify hatreds and affections, yet the type of person likely to show a reasonable impartiality under any circumstances at all will make better use of the same evidence if he has lived through the period he deals with.

In this article there is little space for description. Some effort will be made to suggest plausible explanations and interpretations, but there will be no attempt at personal praise or blame. The writer does not pretend to any finality of estimate. He merely claims to be free from a few of the more atrocious distortions of the Drool Method in regard to the subject chosen, and to have canvassed a great variety of written and oral estimates of the late ex-President as scholar, writer and public figure.

II

The extreme divergence of opinion as to Mr. Wilson's personality and achievements, and the intensity of the apologies and accusations launched by his friends and foes have astonished many impartial observers, but all of them are probably adequately explained by the luxuriating of the herd instinct during the World War. The passions of the Civil War produced like results. We are apt to forget that Congressmen wrote home in April, 1865, that Booth had been an instrument in God's hand, and that clergymen in the North thanked God publicly for the nation's deliverance from Lincoln. It may, however, be instructive to reproduce typical examples of the encomium and the indictment in the case of Mr. Wilson. I shall choose those which are made impressive by reason of their extreme deviation from plausibility and by the fact that

they are the product of distinguished historical scholars—the late Dr. William Roscoe Thayer, fresh from the presidency of the American Historical Association, and Professor William E. Dodd, who, on the basis of his professional work, was far more deserving of that honor. Professor Dodd, normally a highly intelligent and progressive historian, the biographer of Mr. Wilson, and even beyond Ray Stannard Baker the chief historical architect of the Wilsonian Epic, has given us his most concise delineation of his hero in an article, "Democracy's Great Triumvirate," in the New York *Times* for January 29, 1922. Typical sections follow:

> Forty-eight years after Lincoln another, and the last of our three great leaders, came to the Presidency. It was Woodrow Wilson, sprung from the loins of Lincoln's broken South. He found the masters of industry, after half a century of untrammeled power, confronting him. . . . Lincoln had succeeded in one thing: the saving of the unity of the country. Jefferson succeeded in two things: the widening of the area of democracy and the marvelous revival of the democratic spirit of the people. Wilson in two or three short years carried through more, and more important, legislation than any other President ever made into law. . . . It was a great, unprecedented program, and it was successful beyond all expectation. But Wilson was marked for defeat. He was hated by many who were called great or eminent; they resolved that his career must be halted. . . . I shall not retell the story of the great conflict, of the high hopes and the great performances of those great years, 1917-18. It was a high tide in American history, a great day for all who knew and felt the impulses of the time. Over all presided the spirit of Wilson, too fair to be unjust even to the German people; too democratic and too Christian to indulge in the language of hate. At the close of the struggle . . . he promulgated his peace of reconciliation and then his famous Fourteen Points. . . . He would make a peace the like of which men had never before known. But he was still marked for defeat. . . . Men could not forgive him for being the world's acknowledged leader. He must go. It was the ancient spirit of privilege which had warred upon Lincoln, which had hurled its anathemas at Jefferson. . . . Thus came the bitter end to him, as to Jefferson and Lincoln. It was American industry, ancient privilege, fighting for a strangle hold upon the world, that mobilized all the hostile elements in 1920. . . . Industry, American industry, won at Paris.

Now for the other side. Perhaps the most bitter arraignment of Mr. Wilson ever printed is that contained in an estimate of his personality and career published by Mr. Thayer in the *North American Review* for March, 1921. I quote:

> The American election day of November 2, 1920, may well remain a most conspicuous landmark, not only in the chronicles of the United States but in the history of democracy. Never before had American democracy reached so vital a crisis. An egoist who happened to be President of the country under abnormal circumstances, freed alike from precedents and moral bonds, saw the way to assemble in his own hands extraordinary powers which made him a despot of unlimited reach, and the United States a docile despotism.
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> Probably President Wilson did not deliberately plan to attain this result. He was an opportunist, even in his guilt. By nature stubborn, self-satisfied, and self-reliant, he was a most fertile soil for the seeds of ambition to grow in. He did not create favorable chances, but he quickly discerned and seized them when they arose. . . . This stage of egomania is, of course, very common. The peculiarity in Mr. Wilson's case is that he was able to delude many persons into asserting that his disease was the highest wisdom. I have heard him extolled as a modern Messiah, and the persons who so extolled him were unquestionably sincere. . . .
>
> He had "kept us out of war," as long as it served his purpose. Now he spoke proudly of being in the war: "I, too, come of fighting blood," he said jauntily. More remarkable still was his ingenuity in finding reasons for our joining the Allies, or "Associates," as he preferred to call them. We took up arms "to make the world safe for democracy," he explained. . . . The war had not progressed long before thoughtful men of every nation, shuddering at its horrors, set to thinking how all war could be abolished and peace be made permanent. Various plans were suggested. One of them, the League to Enforce Peace, seemed to many Americans the most popular and feasible. President Wilson did not initiate this . . . but when he found that it was gaining in favor, he openly espoused it, and, as chance often plays freaks of this kind, he came at last to be revered as its starter by persons who did not take the trouble to inform themselves as to the origin of the project. . . .
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> He saw in the League of Nations a marvelous opening to his own aggrandizement. If any league should be agreed upon when it came time to make peace, who would be more likely to be chosen its President than himself? This suggestion became an obsession, and to it he sacrificed all other considerations. . . . Having scorned to take counsel with anyone, having reduced his Cabinet ministers and other officials to the status of servants, he threw off all pretense of being bound by the Constitution. . . . Whatever blocked his ambition was bad; consequently the Senate was bad. So blinded by egomania was Mr. Wilson that he imagined that the people of the United States were on his side—the very people who had defeated him by more than a million

votes in 1918. Accordingly he planned to stump the country in behalf of his scheme for a League of Nations. . . . November 2d came. Inexorable as fate, the Great and Solemn Referendum turned out to be the Greatest Repudiation in American history. . . . A majority of more than seven million and a half Americans repudiated Woodrow Wilson, his ways, his régime, and his visions.

In an effort to arrive at something like a valid interpretation of Mr. Wilson and his achievements, I shall first consider his scholarly standing and productions, and then briefly discuss the facts of his political career.

III

It has been very commonly assumed that because of his having been a college professor and president he necessarily possessed a highly superior intellect and could boast of a scholarly record of unusual merit. As a matter of fact his scholarship was only average, and distinctly lower than that of the normal college professor, who is well-nigh universally embellished with a Phi Beta Kappa key earned as an undergraduate. As a student his record proves him greatly inferior to his immediate predecessors in the presidency. Mr. Roosevelt was in the first eighth of his class at Harvard and Mr. Taft graduated second in a class of 121 at Yale, but Mr. Wilson finished only thirty-eighth in a class of 106 at Princeton. As there is no evidence that any of the three was given to wildness at college, it may be safely assumed that these facts offer a fairly accurate reflection of their relative native intellectual endowments. Certainly no one will hold that the scholarly requirements of Princeton were more severe at the time than those which prevailed at Harvard and Yale.

I need not spend any time discussing Mr. Wilson's purely academic career. The facts are well-known and they may be allowed to stand at their face value. Let us turn instead to his literary and scholarly achievements. In his professional work Mr. Wilson was primarily a political scientist rather than an historian. In this field his work was creditable if not distinguished. His most important book was his earliest, "Congressional Government," published in 1885, which was the first considerable American treatise to move in the direction of James Bryce and Mosei Ostrogorski, and, leaving the sterile classificatory political science of Bluntschli, Burgess and Woolsey behind, to describe the chaos and depravity in the actual operation of our party system. Unfortunately, the early promise of this essay was not fulfilled. Mr. Wilson's later writings on politics became more stereotyped and formal, and, in the light of subsequent work along lines he suggested by Bryce, Ostrogorski, J. A. Smith, Bentley, Weyl, Brooks, Beard, Merriam, Kales, Young and others, "Congressional Government" now seems a product of the Mesozoic age of American political science.

Another idea worthy of note which we may ascribe to Mr. Wilson was that to the effect that it would be a good thing to let the youth of America know that there were civilized peoples being governed passably well outside the confines of the United States. This conviction produced his well-known book, "The State." Though embodying no original research, pathetically erroneous in its theory of political origins, exhibiting little power to penetrate beneath external forms into the processes of actual government, based very largely on a formal German manual, and, because of its detachment from the facts of government in action, one of the most difficult books to teach or learn from ever offered as a textbook in political science in an American university, it deserves the credit of having first really introduced the American academic world of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century to the study of comparative government. No other work from his pen possesses any real merit as a contribution to political science, but his "Mere Literature" throws a significant light on his deeper attitude toward that science and its cultivation. After legitimately calling attention to the

sterility of most professorial lectures and formal treatises on the subject, he recommends "poets and sonneters," as the best source of political information and inspiration. "There is more of a nation's politics to be got out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions." These are surely not the words of a realistic observer and penetrating student of politics. They give us, I believe, a clue to his real methods and preferences, and show that as a political scientist, as well as in the rôle of politician, he was a rhetorician first and always. One does not need to read Dr. William Bayard Hale's "Story of a Style" to discover that words were ever Mr. Wilson's chief stock in trade.

The most scholarly and persistent of his apologists has been recently reported as saying that in 1912 he was the foremost of American political scientists, but a careful perusal of all the competent written opinions on the subject and a fairly thorough canvass of oral judgments have failed to disclose a single authoritative confirmation of that estimate. As an original thinker he will not compare for a moment with such men as Pound, Beard, Bentley, Weyl, Croly, Holcombe or Shepherd, nor as an assiduous compiler with F. A. Ogg, or W. F. Willoughby, nor as a penetrating delineator of governmental systems with President Lowell, nor as a master of the juristic side of political institutions with Goodnow, Freund, McIlwain, Powell or Corwin, nor as an interpreter of the actual processes of modern government with Merriam, Bentley, H. J. Ford, Beard, Brooks, Ray or Kales. Unquestionably, his success in the field of academic political science was due far more to his stimulating teaching than to his writing, and here it was chiefly the impressive rhetoric, and often keen dialectic, of his lectures that gained him popularity. Painstaking interrogation of his former students fails to disclose any evidence of their having been overwhelmed by any such combination of analytical power and erudition as that which characterizes the lectures of Roscoe Pound on jurisprudence, or brought spontaneously to their feet by any such realistic interpretation of political life and exposure of contemporary political abuses as that which thrilled Professor Beard's students for a decade, or given any such practical insight into contemporary political situations as that which has been the reward of Professor Merriam's students.

As an historian his concrete achievements were even more slender and less impressive than his feats as a political scientist. It was doubtless assumed by many that his election last December as president of the American Historical Association was convincing proof of his eminence as a devotee of Clio, but this illusion may be easily dispelled by having recourse to a printed list of ex-presidents of the Association. At least half are men whom even the most heroic imagination could not place in the front rank of contemporary historians, though it is true that in some cases distinguished scholars have been chosen. The greatest scholar American historiography has produced, Herbert Levi Osgood, was never seriously considered for the presidency, though he lived to the relatively ripe age of sixty-three. Likewise, only one of the men who have placed American historical scholarship a generation ahead of that of any other nation in modernity and vitality of outlook,—such men as Robinson, Breasted, Turner, Shotwell, Beard, Becker, Dodd and Farrand—has been honored by this office.

Mr. Wilson's historical works consist of a brief book on the history of the United States from 1829 to 1889, entitled "Division and Reunion," published in 1893; a biographical study of George Washington, of interpretative and literary, but scarcely of historical, significance, published in 1896, and a popular history of the United States in several volumes, published in 1902. Of these, only "Division and Reunion" has ever attracted any

favorable attention from historians. While this work is but a slender manual brought out in a textbook series, and gives no evidence of any mastery of, or particular reliance upon, source-material, it was in its day, like "Congressional Government," rather a novelty, in that for the first time it told the story of the Civil War and Reconstruction in a spirit as free from the savagery of Thaddaeus Stevens and Charles Sumner as it was from that of Ben Tillman. If it now seems puerile, when compared with the volumes of McMaster and Oberholtzer, James Ford Rhodes and Professor Dunning and his students, that fact should not obscure its value at the time of its publication. Yet a hundred volumes of more merit have appeared since 1893 on various phases of American history without having incited reviewers to suggest the authors as candidates for the presidency of the American Historical Association.

The "George Washington" is not history, whatever one may think of Mr. Wilson's intuitive and literary gifts, and in fifteen years of daily contact with university departments of history I have heard the "History of the American People" mentioned but once, and that was when a venerable professor warned a seminar of undergraduates that it was not to be regarded as an authoritative work on any period of our national development. At the same time it may be conceded that it is of high literary merit and one of the best popular histories of our country that has been brought out by a single author. A wide-spread perusal of it would doubtless be beneficial to the majority of Americans. It is equally fair, however, to point out that it shows scarcely any use of the new scholarship that has revolutionized American history in the last twenty-five years, and that more of substantial value can be discovered in many a single volume by other men—for example, Willis Mason West's "American Democracy," S. E. Forman's "Our Republic," Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Frontier in American History," Max Farrand's "Development of the United States," or Carl Becker's "The United States." It is quite evident, then, that no informed person would think of suggesting that Mr. Wilson was qualified to rank as one of our leading historians. In sober fact, he failed to rank with even Mr. Roosevelt in actual achievement.

IV

Probably the best way to reach some estimate of his place in American political life is to rehearse his contributions to progressive thought and sound legislation early in his administration, then enumerate the phases of his débâcle, and finally endeavor to discover some credible, if not always adequate, explanation of his apparent inconsistencies.

While his achievements as governor of New Jersey were not epoch-making in any sense, he did certainly make some slight progress in positive legislation and in temporarily improving the public tone of that trust-ridden and machine-controlled State. And during the first two years of his administration as President of the United States his bitterest foe must concede that he got through more externally impressive legislation than can be claimed for any like period of years since Alexander Hamilton's unparalleled achievements at the opening of the Washington administrations. We may agree with the judicious estimate of Professor Farrand that "his first administration as President of the United States will probably long remain an unequalled record of legislative achievement, for which the greatest credit must be given to Mr. Wilson himself. Merely to mention a substantial reduction in the tariff rates, a revision of the banking and currency system, the strengthening of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the bolstering up of the anti-trust laws, and the creation of a Federal Trade Commission would be sufficient to indicate his accomplishments." To these should be added the beginnings of federal provision

for rural credits, and the passage of the Adamson Law, probably the most forward-looking act of Mr. Wilson's political career, however much it may have been purely opportunist. Coming to the war, it may be said that whatever the sordidness of the actual preparation and administration, of which he was probably only imperfectly conscious, he did certainly manage to keep our ostensible reasons for participating with the Allied Powers on an unprecedentedly high, if largely illusory, moral and rhetorical level. Finally, while not the originator, he was certainly the foremost practical sponsor of the most discussed plan for international coöperation in the long history of such proposals.

There are, of course, some qualifications which should be appended. Not a single new policy was involved in any of the above acts, unless it was in the Adamson Law, which can scarcely be regarded as an outcome of a well-considered philosophy of government or political program. Tariff revision had always been a basic policy with the Democrats and progressive Republicans; the banking laws were but a modification of the Aldrich plan, and have certainly failed to ward off all the evils which were alleged to be inherent in that scheme; and the legislation relating to the curbing of trusts and the strengthening of the Interstate Commerce Commission was strictly a part of the Rooseveltian heritage which had been side-tracked during the Taft defection from "my policies." And anyone who thinks this last legislation has been effective should consult the statistical exhibit of Senator LaFollette in the *Congressional Record* for March 14, 1921. For this failure, however, we must assign the responsibility to what Herbert Spencer called "the great political illusion" rather than to any special lack of wisdom on the part of Mr. Wilson.

Turning now to the case for the prosecution we may pass over at once the silly villification of Thayer and George Harvey, and consider the allegations made by those whose criticisms possess enough objectivity and pertinence to entitle them to a hearing. They may be summarized about as follows. In his legislative policy from 1913 to 1916 Mr. Wilson did not touch the real issues involved in the reconstruction of American economic, social and political life, but was only a Bryan sixteen years delayed. "The New Freedom" was but the cocked-hat transformed into printed paper. We did not actually go into the World War to protect ourselves from imminent German invasion, or to make the world safe for democracy, but to protect our investment in Allied bonds, to insure a more extensive development of the manufacture of war materials and to make it possible to deliver our munitions to Allied ports. Serious infringements of international law by Allied Powers were passed over with mild protests; our inability to trade with Germany or Austria was never seriously resented. Even assuming that we did enter for the sake of advancing the cause of democracy, Mr. Wilson sanctioned during this crusade for Demos the most serious inroads upon democratic practice and human liberty in the history of our country, wiping out in three years most of the solid gains of a century and a half of struggle against arbitrary power. When the war ended the United States—the alleged apostle of freedom—was the most reactionary state in Christendom.

Again, during the period of formal rhetorical idealism and of great coöperative sacrifice on the part of the masses of the people, there was being carried on an orgy of profiteering and corruption, any approximation to which had never before been known among mankind. Much of Mr. Wilson's idealizing about the war to end war, it is further argued, and about the right of national self-determination, and a peace of justice and fair-dealing, was but the grossest form of compensatory, if partially sub-conscious, hypocrisy to assuage him for his unpleasant knowledge of the Secret Treaties. He gave the signal for the disintegration of the non-partisan

devotion to the national welfare by his notorious appeal for a strong and partisan Democratic Congress in the Autumn of 1918, on the eve of his departure to negotiate a just peace as the delegate of an undivided nation. His Fourteen Points were not the product of his own thought but a summary of the work of a commission, and perhaps written by a member of it. They were never understood or assimilated by him in their true implications, and were violated in spirit and letter alike in the Treaty of Peace. Though constantly speaking of a peace of charity and justice, he permitted it to be negotiated in an almost unprecedentedly arrogant manner, without allowing the vanquished to be represented, and forcing them at the point of the bayonet to deny the obvious facts of history and sign a document confessing their sole responsibility for the great conflict. The outcome of this procedure was "as harsh a product of the ruthless spirit of victory as is recorded in history."

Not satisfied with this betrayal of the trust and faith of the peoples of the world, he insisted upon wedding this hideous offspring of chauvinistic hate and greed to his plan for the ending of national enmity and cupidity. The League of Nations, a scheme to which he had been converted in 1918 by a group of progressive Republicans, was interwoven with the nefarious peace pact in such a manner that neither could be accepted or rejected without the other. But even under such circumstances and in the face of expressed executive contempt, Congress would have accepted both, had it not been for the arrogant demand of Mr. Wilson for the "whole hog or none." Had he been able to act as a realistic and conciliatory statesman, instead of as an inflexible zealot, we might five years ago have been a member of a far stronger international organization than that which the contemporary Wilsonians are urging upon Congress in the form of the Bok Peace Plan. The most sinister and potent cause of the current European confusion, misery and chaos has been the reparations sections of the Peace Treaty, and, while Mr. Wilson was not accountable for their initiation, he was responsible, it is argued, for allowing their inclusion through his silly and notorious defiance of logic and the advice of the American economic experts. Finally, though incapacitated for office in one of the most crucial periods in our history, his egotism kept him from resigning, and prompted his curt dismissal of the one Cabinet member who was doing his best, however unimpressive that may have been, to maintain some semblance of existence in the executive branch of the government.

V

A number of considerations will naturally occur in extenuation or explanation of various phases of this bill of indictment. In so far as he proposed a millennial utopia his failure was simply one more addition to the museum of age-old testimonials to the inadequacy of one "righteous soul" in the face of the cussedness of mankind. Hence, probably the chief reflection on him lies not in his defeat, but in his colossal mistake in believing that it could be done at all—that it might be magically realized in a few weeks times and in the face of the momentum of a half million years of human savagery and hunting-pack ferocity. And though the reasons assigned for our actual entry into the World War by John Kenneth Turner may be approximately the correct ones, it can be safely held that Mr. Wilson never realized that this was the case. The most probably hypothesis is that the pressure of patriots and investors, with an eager newspaper service at their disposal, became so heavy as to wear down his resistance, during which process he built up the justification, defense and compensation mechanism which was given oral expression in his declarations and speeches from April, 1917 onward. His mind was of such a sort that if he once *said* that we entered for purely idealistic reasons such became the indisputable and permanent fact so far as he was concerned.

The phrase, with him, always vanquished the reality. He was not a hypocrite; he simply lived in an unreal and ethereal world of rhetoric and metaphysics. In complete consonance with his philosophy, he sought an interpretation of the facts and issues of the war in Luther's speeches and Milton's verse rather than in the statistics of American industry, the income-tax reports, the investments of American bankers abroad, or the shipping records of American ports. Only once, and that after the Paris Conference had ended, did he give evidence of a realistic attitude towards the war. This was exhibited in his St. Louis speech of September, 1919, when he offered the same interpretation of the genesis of the war which had brought Eugene Debs four years at Atlanta.

His apparent acquiescence in administrative inefficiency and corruption is to be explained in the same way. As the late Frank I. Cobb pointed out in a fine and discriminating apology in the New York *World* for March 4, 1921, Mr. Wilson's interests were in principles, not in men. Appointments were distasteful to him; they were distracting concrete realities. He rarely considered the subsequent efficiency or even the existence of an appointee unless the man ran counter to the Wilson program, in which case the examples of Bryan, Garrison and Lansing are instructive. Nor should he be too severely blamed for the decrease of liberty and tolerance during the war period. There is invariably a tightening of the social or herd machinery in times of great crises. Such a situation was inevitable, even though the American manifestation was more than necessarily atrocious, perhaps because of the unreality of the alleged group danger and the unusual necessity of artifically inflating the illusion and preventing disconcerting criticism. Those who had never lived through a period of war might have been excused in 1917 for believing in its potential ennobling impulses, but now that we have an opportunity to view the thing in its bald futility and baseness, those who still cling to the illusion should seek admission to a salubriously situated colony for the feeble-minded.

Wilson was defeated at Paris primarily because he was in no sense fitted to meet the situation. His ineradicable traits of mind were his chief handicap. Even though he employed experts to amass a vast body of information, he believed the matter practically settled when he had enunciated his attractive abstractions as to the future disposition of the world. While we can scarcely believe Mr. Baker's absolutely damning assertion that his detachment from fact was so pathological that he had never read the Secret Treaties before leaving for Europe ten months after their publication in what was then America's leading evening daily, yet he certainly continued to dwell primarily in the world of words and *a priori* concepts and expedients. And when he found gradually and too late that the crimes of two thousand years of European diplomatic and military chicanery could not be effaced in a few weeks by the therapeutic influence of fourteen moral principles, he attempted to enter the diplomatic game himself, with the results that would normally attend the entrance of a rural clergyman into a poker game on a trans-Atlantic liner. Professor Carl Becker, in a judicious review of Mr. Baker's voluminous work, concludes that Mr. Wilson failed primarily because of the rapid collapse of "idealism" upon the close of hostilities—the rapid revulsion of feeling from the noblest heights to the most sordid depths, so characteristic of mankind. There is doubtless much in this, but it cannot be denied that Mr. Wilson himself fired the pistol which gave the signal for the release of the psychic toboggan when he made his appeal for a Democratic Congress in the Autumn of 1918, a month before the armistice.

One phase of this Wilson program has often escaped notice, namely, the problem of its fundamental wisdom. It has usually been assumed that the principle of com-

plete national self-determination was both wise and inevitable. But much good opinion can be adduced on the other side, for the path of historical progress has been accompanied by the erection of larger and larger states. To a certain extent the creation of a great number of artificial political entities based only on national aspirations was in reality a reversal of the process of history. It should be remembered, however, that some of the evils attendent upon the creation of such states might have been eliminated by a thoroughgoing adoption of the League of Nations, though only a very naïve person would hold that the League at best could be more than a feeble first step in the campaign against the savagery of nations.

Mr. Wilson lost out at home upon his return because he was a Democrat first and foremost, and because of his inflexible spirit and his eschatological interpretation of personal opposition. He had been a Democrat first, last and all the time from 1913 to 1917, a perfectly natural, defensible and fruitful attitude; he had been somewhat of a Democrat throughout the war, as was evidenced by his attitude towards Roosevelt and Wood and his unwillingness to create an able non-partisan Cabinet; and in the autumn of 1918 he once more openly caressed the donkey. Few could hold the senior Senator from Massachusetts in lower esteem than the writer, who regards the characterization of him in "The Mirrors of Washington" as a eulogy, but it seems unfair to criticize him for accepting the challenge which Mr. Wilson threw down to him. But even the opposition of Mr. Lodge might have been overcome had it not been for Mr. Wilson's impossible method of dealing with opponents. Looking upon himself as the delegate and instrument of cosmic good, the Logos of the new internationalism, he held his opponents to be wilful servants of the spirit of evil and darkness. There was no intermediate ground, no basis for compromise.

Mr. Strunsky believes that Wilson might actually have retrieved his fortune, so sadly damaged at Paris, "if he had consented to barter with Lodge as he bartered with Lloyd George and Clemenceau." There seems no doubt that his adamant rigidity on the matters of separating the Treaty from the League and the revision of the latter was compensation for his knowledge of the weaknesses, inconsistencies and broken promises embodied in the former. He seemed to feel that he could purify a document containing endless hate, arrogance and oppression by linking it up with the mystic philological key to the new international Apocalypse.

VI

After all allowances and extenuations are made, however, one sombre fact remains and defies all apology, namely, Mr. Wilson's defection from Liberalism. It is difficult to contemplate a more striking irony of fact and fate than the circumstance that at the trial of the Boston Communists, in 1920, under the notorious espionage legislation sanctioned by him, the government expert on radicalism unwittingly branded a section read from "The New Freedom" as good Communist doctrine and just cause for the deportation of the author. It is Chafee and Post, rather than Keynes and Turner, who have dealt the death blow to the Wilsonian Epic. He may be forgiven for falling before the superior adroitness and unscrupulousness of Lloyd George and Clemenceau in diplomacy, but nothing can remove the blot of the Palmer degradation. To be sure, many of Mr. Wilson's apologists have urged in his defense that Lincoln indulged in nearly as atrocious conduct in repressing dissent during the Civil War. But they fail to point out the fact that Lincoln quickly forgave his enemies. He would never have permitted the debauch to run on for over two years after the war had ceased. One can scarcely hold that Mr. Wilson would have prevented Charles Sumner from having Jeff Davis's head on a platter. Some

have contended that he was never an apostate from Liberalism, but simply insisted upon administering it to unwilling subjects in allopathic doses by means of the maul and ramrod. Doubtless Mr. Debs would hold that this amounts to the same thing, and Senator James A. Reed is probably right when he argues that it was the Wilsonian forcible feeding of his own brand of Liberalism which made it unpalatable some time before his retirement, and rendered the name of Liberal one which is today everywhere in disrepute among us as never before in a half century.

The greatest problem in the complex career of Woodrow Wilson is held by some to be that presented by the transformation of the Wilson of "The New Freedom" into the sponsor of the Palmer Inquisition. But its solution is really relatively simple if one looks over his career as a whole. When this is done, the Wilson of 1910-1917 appears to be the anomaly and the Wilson of 1918-21 the normal man. His writings reveal him to be primarily an aristocrat and a conservative, whose Liberalism was abortive and opportunist. One does not need to have recourse to chapter II of Hale's "Story of a Style" to be convinced of this. His philosophy was that of the benevolent *laissez-faire* school, and his ideal the aristocratic gentry of England and the Old South. About his only conspicuous expression of practical political opinion prior to 1910 was his wish that Bryan, the crusader against privilege in 1896, might be knocked into a cocked hat. But in his unquestionably laudable effort to make over Princeton University into a genuine educational institution he came into conflict with the alumni of that university, who happened to be the very back-bone of the most rock-ribbed American conservatism and standpatism. In this battle he came to hate the class which opposed and ultimately ousted him, and so he eagerly accepted the opportunity offered by a political career to hit back at it effectively.

No one can understand the divergence between the "Constitutional Government" and "The New Freedom" who does not see in the latter his economic and political challenge and defiance to his enemies of the Princeton battlefield. In the reform legislation of the first two years of his administration he had, as he felt, dealt them a good wallop, and so his animus was considerably deflated. In office and society he was thrown in more and more with them and their class, and they began to seem rather decent and tolerable after all, especially now that he was their acknowledged superior and they came to him for aid and favors. This trend was greatly magnified and hastened after the entry of the United States into the war. He depended very largely upon the group of financiers and industrialists for encouragement and guidance, and it flattered him to have them at his beck and call. In a few months the Wilson of 1912 had completed his reversion, and was his old self once more before the year 1917 had ended. When to this is added the fact that he felt himself to be the moving force and guiding angel in the greatest moral crusade in the history of humanity, one can understand his impatience at opposition and criticism —why he should feel that the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean constituted quarters altogether too comfortably appointed for Rose Pastor Stokes, Eugene Debs, Bill Haywood and Victor Berger. There is no conscious hypocrisy or overt diabolism here, merely the normal evolution and oscillations of a personality unconsciously adapting itself to changing circumstances and surroundings. The psychological mechanism known as "projection" sufficiently explains his invective against the Kaiser, against the "little group of wilful men" of 1917, and against the Republican senatorial group of 1918-19.

All these facts constitute an adequate rejoinder to Professor Dodd's thesis that Mr. Wilson was overthrown by capitalistic reactionaries. This is pure nonsense. The most vigorous of his critics from 1918 to the present have been the Liberal period-

icals, especially the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, a few progressive and independent dailies, and such Liberal writers as J. K. Turner, Chafee, Keynes, Weyl, and Post. Even the partisan opposition which integrated the Republicans in the opposition following 1918 was by no means limited to, or directed by, the reactionaries. Hiram Johnson and Borah were much more vocal than paleolithic party-horses like Henry Cabot Lodge and George H. Moses. The League was defeated primarily because Mr. Wilson alienated the progressive group, who had praised his idealism and internationalism in 1918, through insisting upon linking it up in an inextricable manner with a monstrous and reactionary Peace Treaty. The atrocious assaults against the very foundations of American liberty executed under his *aegis* by Palmer and his dragoons endeared Mr. Wilson to the reactionaries more than the acts of any other president since Grover Cleveland, and established a popular and fatal precedent for dealing with dissident groups in a republic. Whatever ousted him, it was not the hatred, animosity or activity of the American Bourbons. The attempt of reactionary Republican Wall Street lawyers, led by Austen G. Fox, to secure the dismissal of Professor Chafee from Harvard University for revealing a small portion of the Palmer atrocities is a fair proof of how little actual hatred of the Wilson régime of the period after 1917 prevailed among the vested interests. The allegation that he was destroyed by the Morgan firm after having let himself be exploited to protect the bonds of the Allies is preposterous. The Morgan firm, in common with most other great banking houses, was strongly in favor of the League. The reparation clauses of the Treaty were approved by Mr. Wilson against sound financial advice.

VII

The task remains of considering the actual Wilson personality. The problem has been well stated by the *Nation:*

> If history deals gently with Woodrow Wilson it will portray him as one who wrought mightily by proclaiming ideals and painting them in moving terms. If it deals with him in the truth of justice it must also point out how universally he failed to achieve those ideals. . . . Today one can but recall his words and marvel how little has been the actual achievement for peace of the man who uttered them, how colossal the opportunities lost, how staggering the defeated idealism, how limited the sum total accomplished.

The solution, it seems to me, lies in the fact implied from time to time above, namely, the flight of his mind from the reality of concrete situations into the illusory world of abstractions and rhetoric. Walter Weyl, in a profound and brilliant characterization, has admirably described this escape:

> The simple faith of Mr. Wilson in his Fourteen Points, unexplained and unelaborated, was due, I believe, to the invincible abstractness of his mind. He seems to see the world in abstractions. To him railroad cars are not railroad cars but a gray, generalized thing called Transportation; people are not men and women, corporeal, gross, very human beings, but Humanity—Humanity very much in the abstract. In his political thinking and propaganda Mr. Wilson cuts away all the complex qualities which things possess in real life in order to fasten upon one single characteristic, and thus he creates a clear but over-simple and unreal formula.

Mr. Simeon Strunsky, in an interpretation published recently in *Foreign Affairs*, has defended the opposite thesis, namely, that Mr. Wilson was actually far greater as a realistic statesman than as a phrasemaker. His argument is based chiefly on the fact that he often made speeches which contain phrases ill-suited for the moment, as, for example, the famous "too proud to fight" speech delivered three days after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But it would seem that this fact is open to exactly the opposite interpretation, namely, that he was so detached from reality and so absorbed in phrases that he became wholly unconscious of the circumstances of the moment and was often guilty of most unfortunate, if unintentional, indiscretions. Definite proof of Mr. Wilson's capitulation to the seductiveness of phrases wholly divorced from fact and conviction is to be found in the appendix to J. K. Turner's "Shall It Be

Again?" Here there are concrete exhibits proving that on every important issue connected with the war he directly contradicted himself, on occasion in the same speech and frequently on the same day.

There still remains, of course, the deeper and more fundamental problem of why and how he came to possess this type of mind. For this we should doubtless have to fall back upon the psychiatrist, with his conception of the introvert and the extrovert and his theory of the mechanism of compensation and of the flight from reality. We should need to know all the details of Mr. Wilson's personal life from his earliest childhood, purged of all rationalizations and defensive resistances and justifications. Perhaps a clue is to be found in his early failure as a practising lawyer. That failure may well have impelled him to seek compensation in legal and political cobweb-spinning. The writer, however, does not regard this theory as sufficiently explanatory. The truth is that Mr. Wilson's basic traits seem to have been fixed in childhood on a narcissistic pattern. It is, perhaps, not an insignificant fact that, from his earliest recorded days, he was the recipient of uniform, persistent and extensive adulation from women. I here hint at nothing improper; I merely state a fact, itself certainly not discreditable. But every astute person knows the effect of such adulation upon masculine character, attitude and conduct. It makes for cockiness, self-assurance and intellectual exhibitionism.

One other fact may throw some light upon Mr. Wilson's penchant for regarding well said as well done. He was for twenty years a lecturing professor in political science. Now, as we all know who are in the profession and are honest enough to admit it, the professor, particularly in the fields of philosophy, literature and the social sciences, tends toward a dictatorial attitude and the utterance of a vast amount of careless spontaneous opinions and dicta —impulsive generalizations prompted by the circumstances of the moment, passed out unchecked and soon forgotten. We are faced with little probability of being interrogated or asked for proof, partly because of the general state of psychic intimidation in which college students are held, and partly because a large portion of the class, normally in various stages of somnolence and distraction, is not likely to be following the lecture or digressive remarks very attentively. Further there is little danger, even if someone in the class detects an erroneous or dubious opinion, for we may safely assume that he will have forgotten it before the next session. The looseness and arbitrariness in the use of words permitted to a professor, as compared with a doctor, lawyer, manufacturer, engineer, or stock-broker, is enormous. This tendency towards carelessness in thinking and expression becomes more apparent in proportion as one is possessed of rhetorical gifts, and Mr. Wilson was admittedly one of the most rhetorical of lecturers.

But there is one thing concerning which no wise professor will make rash and ill-considered remarks, or indulge in loose talk and that is the promise of a vacation. His class is sure to wake up, take notice and demand fulfillment. Woodrow Wilson promised mankind a vacation from the most horrible scourge now afflicting it—war. And the peoples of the world bestirred themselves and remained around to watch him make good. Having promised the impossible and having even failed to obtain much that was within the scope of human achievement, he collided with a universal disillusionment and discontent. It is an interesting but perhaps futile and insoluble question as to who is the more dangerous—he who promises much and produces little, thus begetting a great crop of disillusioned cynics, or he who promises nothing and achieves nothing, thus failing either to arouse hope or to produce dejection. I pass this problem on to John Dewey or Stanley Hall, but no fair-minded person can well deny that Woodrow Wilson produced more cynics than any other figure in modern history.

THE GUARD

BY RUTH VALENTINE

FRANCIS XAVIER RANEY, the guard, leaned against the high desk at which a trusty filled in prisoners' names on printed slips of paper. An olive drab uniform and cap matched too well the color of his face and hair to give them any distinction by contrast. Under pale lashes his yellow-gray eyes bulged slightly and his thin-lipped mouth was a downward slash in his narrow face.

It was Saturday, Visitors' Day, at Stanton prison and as each bus from the station stopped before the towered entrance its occupants crowded into the small office of the Captain of the Guards, where Raney was lounging. The trusty, a pensive-faced young man, needed no supervision, but Raney liked to stand there, aware that he made the visitors nervous. Those among them who came for the first time often stammered under his suspicious stare as they gave the names of the prisoners they wished to see. The nervously friendly visitors, particularly the women, who approached him with questions or offered harmlessly unnecessary remarks about the weather, he looked at blankly for a few seconds, then asked in a flat menacing voice, "What?" Nothing more than that, but they repented of the weather and usually moved away to the chairs lined up against the opposite wall without repeating their questions. Raney regretted this for he liked saying "No" whenever he could.

On this Saturday in May the sunny weather brought more than the usual number of people, and the office chairs and the long green bench outside were so soon filled that several men and boys and a young woman with two little girls were left standing. Back of the bench was a railed-in garden, a bit of lawn, a maple tree and a small bandstand fringed with red geraniums and bushes of marguerites. Through the gateway went the two children and started chasing each other around the bandstand. Out of the office door came Raney and, raising a threatening arm, yelled,

"Come out of there, you!"

There was something in his voice that spoke to the children of punishment and they ran, terrified, from the garden to their mother. Though trusties who had the limited freedom of the grounds outside the prison sometimes smoked their Bull Durham on that garden lawn there were none there that day. The rule painted on a sign said "No Visitors Beyond Here," and Francis Xavier liked rules.

An old gray-mustached Mexican sat on the end of the bench, corded brown hands folded between dusty black serge knees. He had been there an hour and his son's name had not yet been called. When it was called he would go into the close packed "reception room," seat himself at the guard's direction across a high desk-like partition from his son and try in that confusion of voices to ask him questions and hear the low answers. He got up slowly, for his bones ached with rheumatism, and went to Raney.

"I see Ramon Sepulveda soon?" he asked timidly.

Raney looked at him, then beyond to a boat on the bay.

"You can't see him, he's in the hospital."

"Hospital? "repeated the old man and moved his lips, trying to seek some answer to the confused terror that made him stupid.

"Yeh, he's sick, you can't see him."

Raney stared at the old Mexican coldly.

"Please, what sickness has he?" This like a begging child.

"You can't see him, I tell you—that's all!" Raney turned back to the office and looking over his shoulder as he went up the steps, saw the old man once more humped on the bench. "Old fool," he announced, spat neatly across the walk into the gutter and went inside.

There he found MacKenzie, another guard, talking to the trusty at the desk. None of that for him, Raney's contemptuous look said. The superintendent of the prison was his model—if he needed one—a man who had had his training in the good old days when you could beat up a con when it was good for him. Partridge, the "supe," had fallen in with this prison reform junk (for so Raney considered it) to keep his job, but he had some tales of what they did to the cons in the old days that warmed Raney with pleasure.

Raney had been a guard at Stanton for almost twelve years. He had got the position through the influence of Belle's uncle, who was a county sheriff. He and Belle were engaged to be married and as his wages as driver of a delivery wagon in a small town could never have supported a wife, the sheriff's offer to get him a place as prison guard made possible his marriage and seemed a great step up in the world.

At first he had been restive under the monotony of prison routine, but the habit of watching men work yet not working with them and the growth of a capacity for bullying them gradually made him into an excellent prison guard. His development was not influenced by the presence of a "reform" warden at the head of the institution, for had these two ever conferred over the question of prison discipline, the warden would have found in Raney a large contempt for his policies. Fortunately for Raney, the actual supervision of the prison was in the hands of the callous superintendent who had seen several wardens come and go and who, though he saw to it that the guards for the most part obeyed the letter of the rule that forbade them to lay hands on the convicts, observed with satisfaction the brutalizing ingenuities of their evasions of its spirit. Raney had perfected many ways of provoking in the men the insubordinations necessary to send them to "solitary." To the newcomers even his sneering stare was unbearable.

There was a fly in Raney's ointment. He was tired of his small salary. He felt that after twelve years he was the victim of shabby treatment because he could not afford an automobile. So his thoughts had been turning for the past year toward some vague but well paid occupation in the world outside the prison walls. He preferred one of a get-rich-quick nature. This pleasant prospect slowly obscured in his mind the advantages that went with a small salary at Stanton—the easy monotony, the many perquisites, the authority. His wife, eager for the change (she hated the prison) talked always of her brother's success in the city, of this and that friend of his who had done well, without, so she said, being any smarter than Raney, until he believed he was a fool to stay where he was.

II

As Raney walked to his cottage on this Saturday evening, smoking a cigarette, cap pushed comfortably back from his forehead, he breathed in with disgust the rotten egg odor that came from the mud flats of the bay below the road. Low tide had left them gray and slimy, pock marked by the bubbling up of air. He saw a lumpy gunny sack a few yards from the edge. Probably a dead dog in it . . . no wonder the place smelled worse than usual . . . was he going to spend the rest of his life in this cheesey place? . . . like hell he was . . . a swell chance for promotion with a captain

of guards and a supe who couldn't be pried from their jobs . . . he was worth a lot to them . . . he knew how to put the fear of God into the cons . . . nobody slipped anything over on him either . . . if he had another job in sight he'd quit tomorrow.

So went his thoughts as he climbed the curving road to the row of six yellow frame cottages, all alike, and turned in at the one with calla lilies growing along the inside of the picket fence. He hoped Belle was home from the city and had his supper ready. Yes, he heard her moving about in the kitchen as he went around to the back door. He walked in, gave her a muttered greeting, and sat down at the table.

"See Henry today?" Henry was Belle's brother and should be useful in finding work.

"Yes, I did," answered Belle, "he took me to lunch and then I took the children to a movie."

"Did you say anything about a job for me?" Raney was as nearly eager as it was possible for him to be.

"I said you were thinking of making a change and he said he was glad to hear it and maybe he could help you. Say, why don't you give notice when you get your pay next week and that'll give you a month to find something and I'll look for a flat next time I go to the city?"

Raney grunted, ate in silence for a minute, then said,

"All right, I'll do it. I'll write Henry tonight and ask him to get busy."

The letter was written and after its completion, the sporting page, a cigar and his favorite patent rocking chair lulled him to peaceful stupor. Belle watched him from the less comfortable chair in which she sat crocheting with intent energy. She was a little dark woman with eyebrows that were forever nervously twitching. Twelve years of trying not to give offense to a husband she could never seem to please made her look older than her thirty-eight years. She wanted to move to the city so that she could be near Henry and his children.

III

Henry found work for his brother-in-law with two friends who were starting in business for themselves as manufacturers' agents for automobile accessories. These men, Dustin and Kent, employed Raney only as a favor to Henry, for the vague business experience he fabricated for his brother-in-law could not otherwise have stood their scrutiny. Kent did comment to his partner after their interview with Raney,

"Pretty quiet sort of fellow. Maybe too bashful to sell."

But Dustin, who had recently read with credulous patience a book titled "How to Tell Character at a Glance," said with assurance,

"Not him. Nobody with that stare is bashful. Anyway, if he's no good we don't have to keep him."

Raney, the salesman of new and patent devices designed for the further complication of the business of running an automobile, started out in the fog of a June early morning carrying in his pocket a memorandum book of the firms he was to visit, and in his hand a heavy sample case of imitation patent leather. On the ferry he found a seat and sat down to read the morning paper. As he finished a column at the bottom of the page his glance moved away from the paper and was caught suddenly by a familiar pair of shoes across the aisle. Broad and bulging of toe, clumsy soled, of thick lustreless black leather, they were noticeably unlike ordinary shoes. Raney knew them well. They were the product of the prison shoe factory, worn by the convicts, and a pair of them was supplied to every man discharged from prison. The feet across the way moved uneasily. The man was conscious of the stare and Raney knew it and stared on. The man got up and walked to the forward end of the boat with a step he tried to make leisurely. Raney recognized him as a man who had recently finished his sentence. The man knew Raney too, and only by an agonized

effort kept from looking back to see if Raney followed him. Raney amused himself by following the man in his frantic dodgings about the boat. The terror he was causing pleased him enormously.

For the rest of that week Raney carried his sample case in and out of stores, but found himself on Friday evening with only two small orders. He returned to his employers with a grievance. It was impossible, he told them, to sell anything in the towns to which they had sent him. There were too many other fellows selling the same line. Why, most of the places he went they didn't even give him a chance to show his stuff. His employers asked him with surprise if he expected to sell without competition and at his surly "I suppose not" gave him a talk on salesmanship, as they conceived the art, full of advice to him in such terms as "get the psychology of the man you are selling" that were meaningless to him. "Get your man" was current in his vocabulary, but not this other.

He started his second week of effort with cheerful assurances from his employers that this week he would surely bring in a lot of business. But the merchants he visited showed no eagerness to become his customers. This in spite of the fact that he used on them almost the same methods of verbal persuasion that had always been so successful with his charges at Stanton. The week ended with an incident that completed Raney's distaste for salesmanship as his approach to wealth. He had on his list the name of a large garage in a prosperous country town, one of several in the county owned by one man, and to this he went first on Friday morning, told the first mechanic he met what he wanted and was directed to the accessories department, which he found was a store in itself. As he entered the door, the place was empty. He lifted his case to the counter and was unfastening the snaps when a vigorous voice behind him said,

"Good-morning, sir, what can I do for you?"

Raney turned around, but forgot his customary opening speech that had been the result of his ruminations on Kent and Dustin's talk on salesmanship. For he looked into the alert brown eyes of young Clark Rogers, a dark, powerfully built boy of twenty-two who had been his particular enemy in prison. Clark had served a sentence of a year. A drunken ride of his had ended in a smashed store window, and an indignant judge, exasperated by too much reckless driving in the community, had sent him to prison as an example to alcoholic and thoughtless youth. Clark took prison as lightly as he had taken all else in his life and his irrepressible cockiness had made him the object of Raney's dislike and consequent persecution. Raney had not been able to cow him into the prison pattern of submission and hated him for that.

When Clark saw who his visitor was, he rubbed his hands together and laughed joyfully.

"Well, well, *Mister* Raney, this is a pleasure. Can it be that you have left poor old Stanton flat? What will the brothers do without their dear old chum Raney!"

He noticed the sample case. "So you are a little salesman now. Well, it's a strange world with you in it. That's a tricky hat you're wearing but your little tan cap suited you better. What are you selling, *Mister* Raney, handcuffs for bad babies?"

Raney turned to close his sample case with a savage,

"Shut up, or I'll fix you!"

"Tut, tut, Mister Raney, that's not the way to sell your toys."

Raney shook a finger at him. "In ten minutes you'll be out of a job here. I'll tell them you're an ex-con!"

Clark strolled to the counter and leaning provocatively near Raney said, softly,

"My boss knows all about me. I was paroled to him and he happens to be my uncle. So beat it, Raney, before we kick you out. You can't sell a nickel's worth of stuff to anybody in this county. I know everybody in this business around here and I'm going to pass along the word to them to give you the gate if you show up. Go

on back and bully the poor devils in prison, that's your meat. Gee, I'd like to beat you up, but you're not worth the trouble. Better get out before I change my mind about doing it."

Raney, cursing, got out. The next day he walked into the office of Kent and Dustin and resigned, to their relief. They had decided to discharge him, but were putting it off because of their friendship for Henry.

The obliging but somewhat annoyed Henry found another job for his brother-in-law. This time Raney put on the white duck uniform of an operator at a gasoline filling station and functioned for a month. Then he was discharged. The sales at his station had decreased alarmingly. The other operator at the station reported that Raney "made everybody sore" and that he "ordered the customers around too much."

"Frank," said Henry, "you can't hold a job where you meet the public unless you act friendly to people, and I guess you got out of the way of that up at Stanton."

"I'll be damned glad not to meet 'em," Raney answered, "and I'll get a job where I don't have to."

He did not ask Henry to find this job, but he did have to borrow fifty dollars from him to meet his bills. After a two weeks' search he found what he wanted. A construction company hired him as boss of a gang of pick and shovel men working on a road in the mountains. Raney traveled all day on the train to reach the construction camp and when he reported for duty found that he had charge of a crew of fifteen men and that he was under the superintendent of construction, Blake, a young engineer. Blake's instructions to him were brief, to keep the men at work and to keep them satisfied, for they were a long way from any source of labor supply. Raney had had experience keeping men at work in the prison mill and this seemed an easy task.

He stood watching his men the first day; saw them sweat and strain as they swung their picks in the hot sun high up on the side of a canyon whose bottom-most pines wavered in the heat; heard the rattle of chains as the scraper crews cleared away the loose earth and rocks; breathed in the odors of dust, sweating horses and manure. He was more content than he had been for many weeks. This kind of work he understood.

"No loafing there!" he called to a young Italian who had straightened up to rest his shoulders and looked with empty dreaming eyes over the canyon. The boy scowled, spat on his hands and swung his pick in slow monotonous rhythm again. It was hot and the water bucket was soon emptied by the frequent parched gulps taken from it. One of the men picked it up and started down the road to refill it at a nearby spring.

"Come back and get to work!" ordered Raney. "You can fill that at noon."

He was angry that the man had not asked permission. The man paused, sullenly, dropped the bucket where he stood, and came back.

At the end of that first day the men hated Raney and showed it by ignoring his orders as much as they dared. Raney knew of their hatred and gave the only answer of which he was capable, more bullying. Saturday night when the men were paid they swore openly at Raney and left for the nearest railroad station. The superintendent telegraphed for a new crew and asked Raney to go easy with the men. Raney privately decided that he had been too easy with the first bunch. They were a lot of bums. He'd show the new ones who was boss when they started. He showed them so well that they lasted only two days and all work on the road was held up until a third crew came from the city. With them came a new boss, and the superintendent gave Raney his fare back to the city, telling him that they could not afford to be changing men all the time. Angry at the dismissal, Raney tried to pick a quarrel with the new boss, but met only patient good nature.

IV

When Raney reached home the next evening he told Belle that he had been fired, but added that he was going to quit anyway because he was damned if any company could pay him to be an easy mark for a lot of wobblies. If he had them up at Stanton, where they belonged, he'd show them. Belle knew from experience that this was no time to annoy her husband with questions, but the troubling uncertainty of the future forced from her a worried,

"What *are* you going to do now? We've got to pay our bills and how we're going to do it when you can't keep a job is more than I can see."

"Don't I know that?" agreed Raney. "It's not my fault. If I could get a chance at a decent job, I'd keep it all right. So for God's sake quit jawing me."

He was discouraged but could not admit it to Belle. When he left Stanton nothing seemed easier nor more sure than that he would be successful. There were no obstacles in his imaginings. Here was the reality, confusing and insoluble. He woke Belle that night to talk to her. Never a reflective man, the frustrations of the past weeks had begun by angering him and then bewildered him into a state of jumbled self questionings that was a new experience. For the first time in many years he sought advice from Belle.

"What you think I'd better do?" he asked when his repeated "Belle" had wakened her. "Partridge would be darn glad to have me come back to Stanton."

"Well, I don't know," Belle considered, raising herself on an elbow as if to lift herself above the problem. "We could keep going if you'd let me go to work until something turned up."

"Nothing doing on that," vetoed Raney. "I'm not going to have Henry say you're supporting me. I don't see anything to it myself but to go back to Stanton, but I don't want you saying I made you go to work."

Belle subsided on her pillow.

"All right, Frank," she said patiently, "you do what you think's best."

In a short time the Raneys were back in the yellow frame cottage. Belle looked down the hill at the gray group of stone buildings with bitter dislike as she watered the dusty calla lilies inside the picket fence, but Raney found them an exhilarating sight. He had been back three days when the jute mill where most of the convicts worked shut down for five days while worn out machinery was being replaced. The men who usually worked there spent that unwonted time in the enclosed mill yard. Lest they should consider it a holiday they were forbidden to take any games or reading matter into the yard. Raney was one of the guards detailed to duty there, charged with the carrying out of this order which included the confiscation of forbidden material and the reporting for "solitary" of any convict who offended twice. Everytime his "hand those over, you!" was obeyed, the annoying memory of his encounters of the past weeks became soothingly dimmer. He was able to report two men for solitary. The first day he found them with a pack of cards, and the second he discovered them flipping small wads of cigarette papers at a line in the dust. He altered this pastime in his verbal report to the more heinous crime of pitching pennies and produced six from his own pocket as evidence. His word was better than the men's so they paid a penalty for having faces that reminded him of two members of his pick and shovel crew.

His homecoming was complete when he learned that there were eighteen I.W.W.'s in the dungeon for refusing to work. This news caused him almost to burst from his uniform with satisfaction.

"Those dirty wobblies," he said to his friend Bowers, a hard-boiled guard, as they smoked their cigarettes in the sun at the noon hour, "they're a bunch of soreheads that haven't got the guts to get along in the world like the rest of us. I'd hang every damn one of them."

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Zoë Akins' "The Moon Flower," an adaptation of Lajos Biro's "The Last Kiss," is, like her "Déclassée" and "The Varying Shore," servant girl drama written for ladies and gentlemen. That, at least, is the design, although in the present instance there is need for the ladies and gentlemen to be either under twenty, in which event the play may conceivably impress them as at once fresh and poignantly romantic, or over seventy, in which event it will serve wistfully to recall to them their early days of theatregoing. To those of an age between, Miss Akins' exhibit will be merely an overly bedight and gilded copy of the ancient fable of the celebrated courtesan, the wealthy protector and the young lover, made considerably idiotic by the author's apparently ineradicable relish for what is known in the vernacular as spending names. It is Miss Akins' idea of elegance and rich dramatic atmosphere casually to mention a king, a grand duke or a duchess every third minute, and to embellish the intervening spaces of time with allusions to champagnes of rare vintage, *plats* of infinite *aux* and *à la's*, million dollar yachts, priceless strings of pearls, Monte Carlo, the Riviera and the various royal families of Europe. As further evidence of her recognition of *bienséance* and intimate acquaintance with the refinements of exclusive *milieux*, she fills her plays with tony French waiters, of whom there are at least three to every person at table and who elaborately bow themselves in and out at the nose-in-air beck and nod of a super-tony *maître d'hôtel*, baccarat, pools of goldfish, Dimitrino cigarettes with gold tips, lace napkins with the morning chocolate, imperial suites of thirty or forty rooms, and casual references to those personal peculiarities of the kings and queens of Europe that have come to her personal notice while she was hanging out for the week-ends at their palaces. Miss Akins is a talented playwright—one of the most talented that has thus far shot across the American scene—but she is rapidly corrupting that talent with her absurd backstairs affectations. Her plays begin to remind one of nothing quite so much as a winsome little country girl in calico and black cotton stockings who pins a portière to her rear, struts majestically through the old family parlor with a brass curtain pole and assures her elders, upon their somewhat puzzled but still amused interrogation, that she is the Queen of Sheba.

"The Last Kiss," from which Miss Akins has derived her latest play, represents the modern Hungarian drama at its most shopworn and conventional. Hungary has it jitney Pineros and its Pierre Frondaies as well as its Molnars, although it is only fair to Biro to record that this is the poorest of all his dramatic efforts. Upon Biro's ground plan, the American adaptor has reared a play that in the matter of *clichés* goes back to the 1890's: a thing full of such delicatessen as "I would gladly give my life for one night in her arms," "Let us leave this place with all its false glitter and sham and go away together to some quiet little village where we can love and dream away our days," "She is the most mercenary courtesan of Paris and he is the richest and most powerful duke in all Europe," "Buck up, my lad, twenty years from now you'll look back at it all and laugh," "He has killed men for doing no more than you have done," "You are very rude, but (*with a twinkle in her eyes*) I like

you," and "Take me, hold me close; I am yours to do with what you will!" They are all here, either literally or in essence. And they contrive in the aggregate, what with the backdrop painted to represent the Côte d'Azur, with all the doggy waiters backing in and out and with barons, dukes and the like lounging around promiscuously and democratically, to produce just such an evening as is hugely enjoyed by the maid on her Thursday night out. Miss Akins' control these days is evidently Elinor Glyn, with Emily Post and the late Ward McAllister ringing the bell and banging the tambourine inside the cabinet.

In the rôle of the cocotte, Miss Elsie Ferguson, due perhaps to the intrinsic nature of a character which imposes upon its expositor no necessity for the finer shadings of emotion but only emotions that have been calloused by long and hard usage into a, b, c, manages her share in the proceedings satisfactorily. The grand duke of Frederick Worlock, though it would be a ridiculous performance in a more intelligent manuscript, fits the present servant girl scheme accurately. But the performance of Sidney Blackmer in the rôle of the dashing, daring, young romantic is the worst piece of acting that this Algonquin Salvini has thus far, with all his compelling virtuosity in the way of bad acting, vouchsafed his admirers. If there is a poorer young actor on the American stage at the present time, my astigmatism must be much more acute than my oculist says it is.

II

It is always something of a shock to a reviewer to come upon a performance of a classical rôle which grossly violates all of his preconceived notions, laboriously harmonized out of long antecedent experience, and to find to his horror that this latest performance is apparently just as right about it all as he previously would have believed it to be wrong. It is with something of this unpleasantly agreeable sensation that Jane Cowl's Cleopatra affects me. It is intelligent in a conception that I had hitherto doubted as intelligent; it is variously and accurately registered in keys that previously I would have held to be faulty; it is shrewd in various emotional shadings which, had they been outlined to me by some august professor, would have elicited from me some very superior snorts. It is, in brief, a Cleopatra critically sound in every particular, carefully and sagaciously studied, and wisely and adroitly projected—that never for a moment is possessed of the theatrical effect that Shakespeare strove for and that never for a moment holds one, persuades one and moves one as have Cleopatras infinitely less critically sound.

The fault with Miss Cowl's Shakespearian Egyptian is, it seems to me, precisely the fault of Walter Hampden's Shakespearian Dane. Its obvious carefully modulated and painstaking rationality takes the essential warmth out of its theatrical effectiveness. Hampden's Hamlet is ever less a prince of Denmark than an intelligent actor reciting the rôle of a prince of Denmark. Miss Cowl's Cleopatra is ever less the serpent of the Nile than an intelligent actress playing the rôle of a snake-charmer. She is the master of a rôle which persists in remaining outside her person and which obeys her, as it were, at something of a distance. There is illusion in her own mind, but she does not impart it to her audience, as she did in the instance of Juliet and Mélisande. As a person she has thought out a Cleopatra that as an actress she is unable to force convincingly over the footlights. Miss Cowl has conceived the best criticism of her various sister actresses' Cleopatras that I have encountered; but her sister actresses still paradoxically remain the more vital theatrical Cleopatras. It is all much like a play by, say, Percy MacKaye and one by, say, Austin Strong. The former is indubitably the more sophisticated, intelligent and well-written, yet the latter is the more

auspicious in the matter of necessary theatrical power.

The production of "Antony and Cleopatra" sponsored by Miss Cowl suffers, first, from an Antony in the best high school graduation-exercises tradition and, secondly, from a perspirational effort to put into the production what is known to certain scholars as pep. The Antony of Rollo Peters is an amazing creation. For eloquence, we have violent waggings of the head; for decision and defiance, the left foot thrust far forward and the right leg set to quivering with every spoken syllable; for despair, the head dejected and face cupped in palm after the technique of the more fashionable Sixth Avenue photographers; for exaltation, the shoulders thrown back, the eyes raised to heaven and the right index finger pointing toward the heart, as in a Nathan Hale statue; for passion, a mere making of bedroom eyes and an excessive impetuosity of breath. The actor's enunciation and articulation contrive out of the Shakespearian line something as follows:

> There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it;
> What our contempts do often hurl frumps,
> We wish it ours again; the present preasure,
> By revolution lowering, does become
> The opposite of itself; she's good beingawne;
> The hand could pluck her back that shov'd herron.
> I must from this enchanting queen breakoff:
> Ten thousand harms, more than thills I know,
> Midleness dothatch. Ho, Enobarbus!

The quest for life and speed has led the producer frequently to run off the speeches as if the play were a George Cohan music show. One momentarily expects a troupe of Tiller girls to come on. Of majesty, there is no more than in the Majestic Hotel; of romantic glamor and Egyptian passion hardly more than one finds in a Weber and Fields act.

III

"The whole enterprise," says the reviewer for the New York *Herald*, writing of the Messrs. Kaufman's and Connelly's "Beggar on Horseback"—"beginning with the purchase of a German original by Winthrop Ames, who read it and then threw it into the scrapbasket—is a fine achievement." What we have here, however, is a much more commendable and thrilling display of 100 per cent Anglo-Algonquinism than an acquaintance with the facts, for Mr. Ames threw much less of Paul Apel's "Hans Sonnenstösser's Trip to Hell" into the scrapbasket than the *Herald's* comradely booster and patriot believes. It is true that the American adaptors have put several original and diverting scenes into the play, but that play, for all their embroideries, remains in theme, structure, intimate plan, characters, climaxes and numerous details considerably like the play that was produced in Berlin twelve years ago. The adaptors have Americanized the characters in the matter of externals, have brought up to date and localized satirically portions of the dream-body of the manuscript, have made their young composer hero play a composition by Deems Taylor instead of Chopin's Prelude in C minor, as in the Berlin production, have converted Apel's gramophone into a hurdy-gurdy and caused it to play a jazz tune instead of Paul Lincke's appallingly popular "Give Me a Little Bit of Love" from the then current musical comedy success, "Berliner Luft," and have contrived a number of other such patent alterations, but, though they have done their job dexterously, they have brought little sound humor and fancy to the text that were not in it originally. Their deletion of the parrot, a highly comical device of the original; their conversion of the ear-torturing orchestra of the original into a singing jury; their mere suggestion of the nerve-racking phonograph that drives the young composer to distraction—these are as unfortunate as their literal adherence to the amusing murder scene at the end of the first act, to the manner of the epilogue and prologue, and to the device of the irksome heiress and the dancing waiter is the opposite.

The best elements in the local version of the play consist in the adroitly humorous

touches with which the adaptors have tricked out the ends of several scenes in the original which, had they been left as they were, would doubtless have trailed off somewhat ineffectively for an American audience, as well as in a thoroughly charming pantomine incorporated into the play by Deems Taylor—the most delicately lovely thing of its kind I have seen since Madame Donnet's little ballet, "La Pomme d'Or," and a vastly hilarious Kaufman-Connelly burlesque of an American newspaper which is peddled among the audience during the entr'acte. Roland Young has the rôle of the young composer whose nightmare of what life would make of him, were he to marry money at the expense of artistic happiness, brings him back into the arms of a waiting Cinderella. His performance is generally well managed, although one might wish that, inasmuch as he cannot play the piano, he would at least learn the relative positions of the keys so that his digital manoeuvers might less drolly fail to follow and synchronize with the off-stage playing.

IV

When the curtain went up on George Kelly's "The Show-Off" and disclosed the suburban sitting-room with the walnut centre table draped with a fringed tidy, the armchair upholstered in nondescript velvet and the cheap brass chandelier, I said to myself: here is still another of the attempts to duplicate Craven's "The First Year," and prepared myself for the worst. There was nothing in the first fifteen minutes of the play to make me change my prefatory attitude. These minutes were given over to a recitation by two characters of a series of usual and immediately recognizable bromides which, according to the next morning's newspapers, constituted remarkable powers of observation on the part of the author. (In New York, a remarkable observation consists merely of the talent for hitting off the more obvious and superficial characteristics of a dramatic character. Thus, any old woman who keeps on mouthing such familiar sayings as "What a small world it is, after all!" or "My rheumatics is troubling me again; it's a-going to rain," is uniformly greeted as a well-rounded character made sharply photographic by the playwright's "observation.") A few more minutes went by, and down the hills of Angostura still the tide of perceived stencils rolled. Then something happened. There was a loud, reverberating, barbershop laugh off stage and a moment later it entered in the person of a character named Aubrey Piper, and a moment later Kelly's play took on life and shrewd humor and some very real observation. Did I say the play? If I did, I am foolish, for the play did nothing of the kind. But the character of Aubrey Piper did, and in the doing caused the play to fade gracefully and unnoticed into the background, after the manner of an oil painting in a window full of tin-types.

This Aubrey of the belted overcoat and the latest Kuppenheimer modes, with his Mr. Simms of Seattle handshake, oppressively expansive nature, egregious prevarications and glowing regard for himself, is, for all the leaven of burlesque which the author has injected into him, as authentic and honestly entertaining a character as the native drama has given birth to. Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For," the fat boy in George Cohan's "Broadway Jones" who won't smoke cigarettes because they soften the brain, the coon in George Ade's "Country Chairman" objecting to certain cigars because they are rolled "too severe," the young boy in Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers," this Aubrey Piper—in such as these flows some of the best blood of American drama. If our dramatists were as expert in drama as they frequently are in dramatic character, the American theatre would be rich indeed. Kelly, for example, has achieved this excellent Aubrey, but not much more. His dramatic method is largely the method of the vaudeville sketch: five minutes of

jokes followed by five minutes of drama, and repeat. There is no get-together. Again, his invention is crude. When, for example, a father dies in the hospital and the family rushes off to his bedside, he keeps the more loving of the daughters at home for no other reason save that he *has* to keep her at home or stop his play. Still again, he rings down on nothing more tangful than the ancient E. E. Rose-Winchell Smith success of the million dollar invention. But the Mons. Aubrey thumbs his nose derisively at his creator's other shortcomings and blinds the audience to them. A thoroughly amusing figure. And played by a vaudeville actor, Louis John Bartels, to perfection.

V

When the curtain went up on the Messrs. Gropper's and Hammerstein's "New Toys" and disclosed much the same sort of middle-class sitting-room as Kelly's, with much the same sort of centre table and upholstered armchair, I said to myself: here is *still* another of the attempts to duplicate Craven's "The First Year," and prepared myself, as in the former instance, for the worst. Unlike in the case of "The Show-Off," there was nothing in the first two and one-half hours of the play to make me alter my preparations. All that the Messrs. Gropper and Hammerstein have succeeded in capturing of "The First Year" are a few minutes, and these few minutes, that might have been developed into first-rate comedy, their talents have been insufficient to bring to flower.

The effort of the authors has been to show not what happens in the first year of a married couple's life, as Craven showed, but what happens in the second. They have brought nothing new to Craven's idea. All that they have done is to take "The First Year," rewrite it badly, and palm it off as a study of the second year of marriage by sticking a baby into it. This baby actually has no more to do with the theme of their play, for all they seem to believe it has, than the baby had to do with McGuire's "It's a Boy." But even if it did, the common dodge of the theatre which asks an audience to work up its sympathies for a baby that all too obviously is actually nothing but a long bag of oatmeal tied with pink ribbons would work to the play's undoing. When, in that scene of a play wherein the audience is asked to get wet in the eyes over a lonely baby's plight, the audience can plainly see that the lonely little baby being hugged to the bosom of the desolate father was certainly never brought by the stork but was very much more likely dragged in by the cat, and when further its plaintive little cry emanates less from the bundle that represents the baby than from a stage-hand hidden behind the window twenty-five feet away—when this happens, Hauptmann himself, to say nothing of the Messrs. Gropper and Hammerstein, find that they have cut out a tough job for themselves. I surely am not ass enough (Cries of "Hear, hear!") to urge that realism be carried so far in the theatre that real one-year-old babies be begot, or merely hired, as the dramatic occasion may require, but I feel, as the skilful producers of "Baby Mine" and many another play that has depended largely for its effect upon the verisimilitude of the infant protagonists have well appreciated, that at least a satisfactory compromise with realism should be arrived at. It may be that the babies in "Baby Mine," though fashioned with an extreme ingenuity out of wax, did not look exactly like real live babies, but it is certain that, at their worst, they looked a whole lot more like babies than like so many sofa pillows in diapers.

Ernest Truex was the star of the occasion. He is a comedian whose technical equipment permits him to give a good account of himself in the initial portion of an entertainment, but whose equipment is so limited that thereafter he repeats himself to the subversion of the effects he strives for.

VI

Abby Merchant's "The New Englander" is simply a George Broadhurst play with the scene laid in Boston. It is no more the study of the New England character and viewpoint that it aims to be than a Drury Lane melodrama is a study of British naval warfare and horse-racing. Its characters are New Englanders only by the grace of gray wigs, lavender tea gowns and a slightly whiter makeup than is commonly used. Miss Merchant appears to have gained her ideas of New Englanders chiefly from attending the Boston theatres: her characters are less Puritan stock than Puritan stock company.

By way of reflecting the New England character and viewpoint the playwright has selected a plot that is a cross between Jules Eckert Goodman and Ibsen: a *smörgasbord* of sweet and loving ingénues, slangy low-comedy juveniles, stolen bonds, hereditary criminal impulses, suddenly restored memories and suicides off stage left. It is entirely possible that a genius, or even a person of some talent, might contrive successfully to reflect the New England character and point of view with a groundwork of such materials, but all that the present author has succeeded in reflecting is the dramatic character and point of view of a household made up of Charles Klein, Rachel Crothers, Owen Davis and Bertha Kalish.

The Equity Players, after a critically praiseworthy beginning with "Queen Victoria," seem to have made a sorry mess of their season, both financially and artistically. What they plainly need is a commercial theatrical manager with experience in combining the artistic and the profitable, of which species there are several who might be willing to undertake the job. If such a manager is, by reason of their organization's doctrine and the overwhelming conceit of the genus actor, objectionable in their sight, they might at least get hold of some gifted outsider to pick their plays for them. With characteristic modesty, I offer my own services gratis, at least to the extent of suggesting the following plays, most of which are possessed of authentic merit and, doubtless, of box-office possibilities: *1.* Rostand's "Last Night of Don Juan"; *2.* Porto-Riche's "The Old Adam"; *3.* Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" (an arrangement might be effected with Arthur Hopkins, who, as I write, holds the script); *4.* Rittner's "En Route," an amusing Don Juan play which, while not to be mentioned in the same breath with Rostand's, might be put on for much less money if the Rostand outlay was deemed too heavy for the Equity Players' treasury; *5.* Paul Apel's grotesque tragi-comedy "Love," though it would need careful translation and adaptation; not an important piece, but an entertaining one; *6.* Aristophanes' "Lysistrata"; *7.* Freksa's "The Fat Caesar"; *8.* W. Somerset Maugham's "The Critic," which might lose money but not any more than was lost by "Neighbors" or "The New Englander," and which, unlike these other plays, would be worth taking a gamble on; *9.* Sacha Guitry's trivial but jolly "Nono," with Equity member John Drew in Papa Lucien's old rôle, or Sacha's immensely funny "The Prestidigitator," though not in the heavy adaptation that went the rounds of the managers' offices a few years ago; *10.*—but what do the Equity Players want for nothing?

VII

The considerable talents of H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine, working in combination, have produced in "The Wonderful Visit" an inconsiderable play, one which, indeed, —so far as imagination, humor and merit generally are concerned—is hardly to be compared even with William Le Baron's boob-bumper on a similar theme, called "Back To Earth," and presented here six or seven years ago. In it are visible no evidences of the skill of either man; from first to last it is completely tame and bare. Founded on an early novel of Wells', the

exhibit takes the form of the stereotyped dream play. The dream in this instance is of an angel who comes to earth and who, instead of being able to elevate the soul of man, finds itself slowly pulled down to man's own low level. The characters selected to further this fable are the standard personages of modern British drama: the soft-hearted and imposed-upon vicar, the vicar's chatty old gardener, the seduced young housemaid, the gallant lover who is killed in the war, the fat and puffy housekeeper, the timid little bald-headed curate, the mannish Englishwoman of title who snaps out her pieces of mind, and the villainous Sir John in riding boots who periodically flicks them with his riding crop and, glancing over his shoulder to make certain that no one is within earshot, bends over the housemaid and tells her with a leer that he deems her a pretty wench. Thus do the Messrs. Wells and Ervine divulge themselves in the rôles of label leaders. Nor do the sentiments and philosophies which they lodge in the mouths of these stock dummies depart greatly from what in the last twenty years has come to be formula. They make their points very largely after the manner of amateur checker players: watching their game, one can foretell their every move; and their little triumphs are all too anticipatedly easy. They put up no imaginative hazards and barriers in the path of their theme. They play a bowling game in which they use tissue paper cones for pins, and against them roll large medicine balls. They have made their thematic job too childishly simple. Their angel faces less the grim problems and hard hearts of men than the drawing-room problems and soft hearts of the popular London playwrights of the 'Nineties. And the production vouchsafed their play by the Lenox Hill Theatre company is surely of no assistance to it. Miss Margaret Mower's angel has all the spiritual qualities of a book-agent selling Van Loon's "Outline of the Bible."

VIII

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's idea of "The Assumption of Hannele," by Gerhart Hauptmann, was produced recently at a series of special matinées. Miss Le Gallienne's idea of the play, unfortunately, seems to be somewhat at variance with the author's. The result, on the stage of the Cort Theatre, was the Grand Transformation scene of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stretched out to two hours and interrupted every now and then by what appeared to be selections from Gorki's "Night Refuge." The most remarkable result of the production, however, was the criticism of the play itself published in the New York *World*, a portion of which I append, for lovers of the rich and juicy, without comment:

> It was the year 1924, but to one sitting in the theatre it seemed as if the drama had, by ukase, been suddenly turned over to the brightest girl in the graduating class of a parochial school. One would expect that this play was written by just such a person, or at least the chief salesman for a manufacturer of church windows, altar cloths, and the pictures which have been long associated with a mail order heaven. The production of a play like this can mean only one thing. The name of a Hauptmann is too much for managerial judgment. If this play had been submitted by a child of thirteen, the producer, we have no doubt, would have patted her upon the head and sent her to the Sunday School superintendent with a letter of recommendation. Naturally enough the actors and actresses found nothing to grasp, and their performance, even taking into consideration that it was hurriedly rehearsed for special matinées, deserves to be excused.

I said that I would make no comment. But after transcribing the above, I have changed my mind. I wish to make comment. My comment is as follows:

Great God Almighty!

THE LIBRARY

By H. L. MENCKEN

The Little Red Schoolhouse

THE GOSLINGS: A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS, by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena: *Upton Sinclair.*

This volume is a sort of continuation of the author's previous work, "The Goose-Step," and is devoted to the elementary, grammar and high schools of the Republic, chiefly but not exclusively those maintained at the public cost. It presents an engrossing, instructive, and, if allowance be made for the author's indignation, highly amusing record of chicanery and imbecility—a vast chronicle of wasted money, peanut politics and false pretenses. The theory behind the public schools, which cost the taxpayers hundreds of millions every year, is that they manufacture hordes of enlightened and incorruptible voters, and so safeguard and mellow democracy. The fact is that they are mainly manned by half-wits and bossed by shysters, and that their actual tendency is to reduce all their pupils to the level of Kiwanis.

Mr. Sinclair proves all this by an immense accumulation of facts. He not only toured the country, inspecting innumerable schools himself; he also entered upon relations with many rebellious schoolmarms, male and female, and so heard the details of the sad story from the inside. Furthermore, he threw himself into a scientific study of the inner operations of the National Education Association, the trades union of the higher pedagogical functionaries, and digested whole shelves of reports, statistical tables, volumes of graphs, and other such fearful documents. The result is a tale that lacks nothing in the way of circumstantial corroboration. It is, in truth, overwhelming in its plausibility, and I doubt that anyone will ever challenge successfully any essential feature of it. But under the telling of it, alas, there is an erroneous assumption, and there springs therefrom a great deal of false reasoning and vain indignation.

That erroneous assumption is to the effect that the aim of public education is to fill the young of the species with knowledge and awaken their intelligence, and so make them fit to discharge the duties of citizenship in an enlightened and independent manner. Nothing could be further from the truth. The aim of public education is not to spread enlightenment at all; it is simply to reduce as many individuals as possible to the same safe level, to breed and train a standardized citizenry, to put down dissent and originality. That is its aim in the United States, whatever the pretensions of politicians, pedagogues and other such mountebanks, and that is its aim everywhere else. If any contrary theory is cherished among us it is simply because public schools are still relatively new in America, and so their true character and purpose are but little understood. The notion that they were invented by American patriotism and ingenuity, and go back, in fact, to the first days of the New England Puritans—this notion is, of course, only hollow nonsense. The early Puritan schools were not public schools at all, in our modern sense; they were what we now call church schools; their aim was to save the young from *theological* heresy—the exact aim of the Catholic parochial schools and the Jewish *Cheder* schools today. The public schools, which originated in Prussia during the Eighteenth Century and did not reach the United States, save sporadically, until the middle of the century following—even in Masachusetts there was no Board of Edu-

cation until 1837—, have the quite different aim of putting down *political* and *economic* heresy. Their purpose, in brief, is to make docile and patriotic citizens, to pile up majorities, to make John Doe and Richard Doe as nearly alike, in their everyday reactions and ways of thinking, as possible. How they succeeded in Prussia is well known to every student of the war papers of George Creel, Woodrow Wilson, Newell Dwight Hillis, Owen Wister and other such eminent experts. How they are succeeding in the United States is archly revealed by the current bulls of the American Legion, the National Security League, the Rotary Club, Kiwanis, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the Ku Klux Klan. These great organizations are all made up of their graduates, as are, in fact, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the United States Senate.

Thus Mr. Sinclair is contumacious to the Holy Ghost when he protests against the harsh intransigence, the organized stupidity, the Tammany discipline that he finds everywhere in the public schools. He seems to believe, Liberal that he is, that every schoolmarm should be free to handle her little flock of morons in her own way, and teach them whatever she happens to believe, congenitally or transiently, herself. He even goes so far as to argue that what is taught in the schools in general should be largely determined by schoolmarms sitting in congress—that they should have a voice in fixing the curriculum, and even in fixing their own salaries and promotions. This is Bolshevism in its most extravagant and accursed form. The schoolmarm actually has no more right to her own ideas than a deacon in holy orders has to his. She is sworn to propagate only such ideas as happen to be official, and no others. When she departs from that oath in the slightest way, if only *in petto*, she deserves to be handed over to the American Legion for punishment according to its chivalrous rites. Her prime duty is not to serve the enlightenment, but to serve the Republic, which is to say, to serve whoever happens to be running it at the moment, and deciding what it shall think.

I thus find it impossible to share Mr. Sinclair's ire. What he sets forth so wrathfully was already known to me before I read his book, and I had got used to it. He is, as usual, on the wrong track, and pursuing a chimera. The Liberals have many tails, and chase them all. But I'd be recreant to my vows at ordination if I did not commend his volume unqualifiedly as excellent reading. It is, in fact, one of the most interesting books I have got through for months. It presents a vast mass of scandalous and amusing facts, it sorts them out very deftly, and it is very well written. Why he has had to publish it himself I can't make out. Are all the regular publishers idiots?

Provincial Literature

THE STORY OF DETROIT, by George B. Catlin. Detroit: *The Detroit News.*

THE OUTLAWS OF CAVE-IN-ROCK, by Otto A. Rothert. Cleveland: *The Arthur H. Clark Company.*

OUT OF THE DESERT, by Owen White. El Paso: *The McMath Company.*

MEN OF MARYLAND SINCE THE CIVIL WAR, by Paul Winchester. Baltimore: *The Maryland County Press.*

It is a genuine pleasure to encounter such books as these, all of them local histories, written by resident authors and printed by publishers on the spot. Mr. Rother's stately volume deals with the river pirates and other outlaws who infested the lower Ohio between the years 1795 and 1820, when the coming of the steamboat drove them out; Mr. White's, even more impressive in size, recounts the brief but highly melodramatic history of El Paso; Mr. Catlin's deals with the founding and growth of Detroit, and Mr. Winchester's is chiefly devoted to a critical discussion of the career of the late Arthur Pue Gorman, for four terms United States Senator from Maryland, and one of the shrewdest, boldest, most unconscionable scoundrels ever seen in the upper house.

That no full-length biography of Gor-

man has ever been written is really quite remarkable, for he was not only a man of complex character and interesting career, but also a figure of great importance in the political history of the United States between the Civil War and the end of the Nineteenth Century. For two decades he was one of the leaders of the Senate, and for half of that time its undisputed boss. It was he, and not Nelson W. Aldrich, who perfected the Senate machine; Aldrich, after his passing, merely imitated him. He managed Cleveland's campaign in 1884 and gained the narrow victory by a magnificent display of all the arts of the political manipulator. He defeated the Lodge Force Bill of 1890. He fought off tariff reform during both Cleveland administrations. In 1892 and again in 1904 he was a formidable candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. All the while, of course, he was really a Republican at heart, like so many other salient Southern Democrats, including Oscar W. Underwood. Bryan, in the late 90's, had no more bitter and relentless enemy, and Aldrich had no more faithful friend.

Cleveland distrusted and disliked Gorman, but unquestionably owed the presidency to him in 1884. The popular vote in that year, as everyone knows, was very close; Cleveland's plurality over Blaine was but 62,683. In the crucial State of New York it was but 1,149. In the last days of the contest Gorman, whose headquarters were in New York, sent for some of his Maryland henchmen, including a veteran ballot-box stuffer named Eugene Higgins. On election night Higgins went to the town of Oneida, where the Democrats were in control of the election machinery, emptied the ballot boxes, stuffed them with Democratic ballots, and so carried the State and the country. After Cleveland's inauguration he was rewarded with a job in the Treasury. One day an Oneida acquaintance came down to Washington and told the President the story of Higgins' exploit. At once Cleveland sent for the latter, denounced him as a rascal, and ordered him to resign his post. "Mr. President," said Higgins unperturbed, "if what I did was, as you say, criminal, and bad enough for you to demand my resignation, don't you think it was bad enough to make you resign too? You were counted in when I burned those ballots, and as a direct consequence are now President of the United States!" But Cleveland stuck to the White House, and poor Higgins had to get out.

Mr. Winchester's account of this and many other such transactions is straightforward and convincing; he was intimately acquainted with most of the men he deals with, especially Gorman himself. He gives a curious account of Gorman's final downfall. It was due mainly to the ferocious assaults of two Baltimore newspapers, the *Sun* and the *News*. Both postured as public benefactors when the battle was over, but neither, in point of fact, went into it with clean hands. The *Sun* after supporting Gorman for years, turned against him overnight when he incautiously advised Cleveland, in 1893, against appointing George W. Abell, its managing owner, Postmaster General. Abell didn't want the office, but he wanted the chance to refuse it. Gorman's objection to his appointment was that it would give him too much Maryland patronage, and so damage the Gorman machine. When the facts leaked out they cost Gorman his hide, for the *Sun*, then as now, was extremely powerful in Maryland.

The *News* had been hammering Gorman for a year before the *Sun* took a hand. Its editor, the late Charles H. Grasty, always took credit in after years, in fact, for the old war horse's destruction. But Mr. Winchester shows that Grasty was actually ready and willing to take service under Gorman but a few months before he began to attack him. The arrangements, in fact, were all made for Grasty to buy the *News* and convert it into a Gorman organ, when a rich politician named Jackson, who was to supply the money in return for the junior Maryland senatorship, decided to

wait until the senatorship had been delivered. Grasty, growing impatient, then began negotiations with a group of wealthy Baltimore reformers, and they quickly bought the paper for him, and he launched it against Gorman. If Jackson had not been suspicious, Gorman might have stayed in the Senate, got the presidential nomination in 1900, and beaten McKinley. Jackson's suspicions, in point of fact, were well founded. Gorman always betrayed his friends. He had a favorite motto: "There can be no sentiment in politics." Maybe that is why he is so soon forgotten. The *privat dozent* in history who essays to exhume him will strike a goldmine. Mr. Winchester's modest but instructive volume shows the way to it.

The history of Detroit by Mr. Catlin is a conventional compilation by a man without much apparent imagination, but it at least presents the main facts in an orderly manner, and through its pages flit some extremely interesting figures, among them Potato Patch Pingree, Tom L. Johnson, Embalmed Beef Alger, Henry Ford and the Dodge brothers. The book on El Paso by Mr. White covers less time, but is richer in picturesque incidents. So recently as 1873 El Paso was a sprawling cow town, and its mayor and principal citizen was the Hon. Ben Dowell, proprietor of a celebrated saloon and gambling-house. All the more eminent residents of that era carried artillery, drank like Kansas Prohibitionists and lived with Mexican women. Today El Paso is as orderly, refined and forward-looking as Bayonne, N. J., or Youngstown, O. It is a stronghold of Fundamentalism, has five large tanks for ducking Baptists, supports a country club, a little theatre and a thousand bootleggers, and is the episcopal seat of a Catholic bishop, a grand goblin of the Ku Klux Klan and a provincial superior of Kiwanis. Twenty-five years ago, when a traveling troupe played Ibsen's "Ghosts" in the town, there were riots; today the flappers smoke Lucky Strikes, laugh at God, and read Marie C. Stopes and Guillaume Apollinaire. Mr. White is no virtuoso of prose, but he tells the story of the struggle upward with considerable charm, and to it he appends a number of biographical sketches, with portraits, of the principal El Paso Babbitts. I commend to connoissuers of ripe American manhood the group showing the three Coles brothers—A. P., Otis and Frank. If Bridgeport, Conn., can show three such handsome realtors, then it has improved vastly since I was last there.

Why are there not more such books? I know of no American town so dull that its history would not make an interesting volume. And every great highway of the land, as Mr. Rothert's work on the Ohio shows, is full of the ghosts of old adventurers.

God's Country: Exterior View

AMAZING AMERICA, by H. M. Somer. Sydney: *New South Wales Bookstall Company.*

DAS LAND GOTTES, by Herman George Scheffauer. Hannover: *Paul Steegemann.*

EIN FRUEHLING IN AMERIKA, by Roda Roda. Munich: *Gunther Langes.*

AMERIKA VON WASHINGTON BIS WILSON, by C. A. Bratter. Berlin: *Ullstein and Company.*

AUSLANDSRAETSEL: AMERIKANISCHE UND SPANISCHE REISEBRIEFE, by Friedrich Dessauer. Munich: *Josef Kösel and Friedrich Pustet.*

NEW YORK UND LONDON, by Alfred Kerr. Berlin: *S. Fischer.*

DER AMERIKANISCHE MENSCH, by Annalise Schmidt. Berlin: *Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte.*

Books on these States, of course, are common, but two-thirds of them, unfortunately, are written by visiting English literati, and so they tend to run in a groove. What one such visitor says is what all of them say, with immaterial variations. They are all entertained at the Coffee House, they all get drunk on what they learn with surprise is regarded as Scotch, they all meet Johnnie Farrar and Otto Kahn, and they all go home determined to come back next year and take another look at that girl in blue who mixed the cocktails at the tea-party after the lecture before the women's club at Ypsilanti, Mich. The reader who has pursued a course in their

books will turn with some relief and curiosity, perhaps, to works on the same subject by less practised hands. Here are seven of them, and no two of the authors have precisely the same equipment. Mr. Somer is an Australian agricultural expert and came to America, not to gape at the Woolworth Building, but to study cattle and sheep raising in the West. Mr. Scheffauer is a Californian who has lived so long abroad that the United States is now almost a foreign country to him. Mr. Roda Roda is a South German humorist who came here to lecture, but mainly to have a good time. Mr. Bratter was for many years a newspaper correspondent in New York and is now one of the editors of the *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin. Prof. Dessauer is a distinguished German physicist, specializing in radium, and came on a scientific mission. Dr. Kerr is a dramatic critic, and came merely for the sea voyage, staying in New York only a fortnight. Miss Schmidt is a teacher who left America in 1915, and who thus deals chiefly with the days before the war.

Of all these books Prof. Dessauer's is the most romantically gushing and Mr. Roda Roda's is perhaps the most searching and amusing. Who served as guide for the learned professor I don't know, but I am strongly tempted to suspect that it was his colleague in radiography, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, professor of Christian apologetics in the Johns Hopkins Medical School. At all events, the man who steered him around New York must have been a Prohibitionist, for his account of what he saw reads almost exactly like a pronunciamento by the late William H. Anderson *selig*. I quote a few strophes:

In diesen fünf Wochen sah ich—in Dutzenden der verschiedensten Gaststätten, niemals offen, einen Tropfen alkoholischen Getränkes, und nur zweimal im leeren Lokal, versteckt in später Nachtstunde. Sehr viele sind jetzt gegen das Prohibitionsgesetz, wollen Bier und Wein wieder zulassen. . . . Aber solange das Gesetzt gilt, wird es respektiert; es würde nicht verstanden, alles würde sich dagegen wenden, wenn einer versuchte, es öffentlich zu verletzen.

This on page 58. On page 67 the professor says that all Americans pay their income tax willingly, and that it is not regarded as nice here *die Steuerbehörde zu überlisten*. On page 69 he says that all varieties of honest labor are equally respected, and that a boss, when he has to issue an order to a workman, slaps him on the back and exchanges witticisms with him. On page 70 he says that no American ever works his wicked will upon a maiden, or keeps a mistress. On page 94 he says that—but I refuse to put it into English; you must have the original: "*Die Waschfrau kommt mit ihrem Ford angefahren.*" . . . Turn now to Roda Roda. He describes an evening party that he attended on Riverside Drive, among the newly rich of the second class. He lays it on, I fear, pretty thickly, but the essential facts are all there. It is burlesque, and yet it is fundamentally true. Roda Roda is under no illusions about Prohibition. He got as far West as St. Paul and as far South as Washington, and nowhere did he lack lubrication for his educated Bavarian whistle. He is known at home as the man who lifted the anecdote to the dignity of an art form. His book is made up of very short chapters, some of them half a page. But every one is amusing.

Mr. Somer's book, as I have said, is chiefly devoted to animal economy in the West. Alone among all the foreign visitors that I have ever heard of, he was not much impressed by the Chicago stock-yards. They seemed to him to be dirty, and, inferior in many respects to the killing-pens at home in Australia. Mr. Bratter's book is devoted exclusively to politics, and contains a long and well-informed discussion of the American elections system. It stops with the year 1916, but not a dozen changes would be needed to bring it down to today. Dr. Kerr, Mr. Scheffauer and Miss Schmidt are more concerned with the intellectual life of the Republic. The first-named gives special attention to the theatres, the second to literature and the general trade in ideas, and the last-named to social questions, including feminism.

Mr. Scheffauer's book, in places, makes rather curious reading. He is an American by birth and education and he has remained in constant contact with Americans; nevertheless, his long residence abroad gets a touch of foreignness into his discussion of his own country. He sees it most clearly as it was before the war; the vast changes that have come during the last decade sometimes to leave him rather bewildered. But of all the books in the present list, his is the one most likely to be of value to a foreign reader, for its fundamental judgments are based, not upon superficial observation but upon solid experience, and so they are seldom inaccurate. He should come home and then write another book. The America of today would surprise him, and perhaps appall him.

The Husk of Dreiser

ARLIE GELSTON, by Roger L. Sergel. New York: *B. W. Huebsch.*

This novel, the first by the author, a young journalist of the Middle West, seems to have made a very powerful impression upon the Young Intellectuals. Within a week after its appearance I began to receive letters from them, urging me to read it and enclosing encomiastic reviews of it. Unluckily, I was engrossed at the time in legal business of a nightmarish variety, and so I had no appetite for prose fiction. But of late, delivered by Providence, I have gone back to the vice of reading it, and, among other highly commended volumes, I have got through "Arlie Gelston." I can only report that it seems to me to be a respectable, but entirely undistinguished work. The story it tells is dull and often actively unpleasant, the people it depicts are mainly stiff and unplausible, and the English of the author seldom gets beyond the obvious. A palpable follower of Dreiser, he misses completely the quality which gives Dreiser most of his solid dignity and significance as a novelist.

That quality, of course, is the capacity to enlist the emotions of the reader—to make him feel for and with the people of the fable. The notion that Dreiser is a mere representational realist, which is to say, a mere photographer, is utterly absurd. It is held, to be sure, by his chief academic opponents, and it seems to be held, too, by some of his imitators, but it is absurd nevertheless. The virtue of such a book as "Jennie Gerhardt" does not lie in the fact that it is accurate and life-like as representation; it lies in the fact that, in some way that is hard to analyze, Dreiser manages to make us see the world through Jennie's eyes, and so gives us an understanding of her pitiful tragedy. Superficially, she is simply a girl of loose morals, living in contempt of the Mann Act. But actually, in Dreiser's highly skillful hands, she becomes a representative of the agony of all womankind. The last scene of the book, with Jennie looking through the train-gate as Lester's carcass is loaded into the baggage-coach, is surely not mere photography; it is poignant and unforgettable tragedy. To argue that it cannot be tragedy because Jennie is a poor simpleton—in other words, that simple folk cannot know disaster and despair—is to argue plain nonsense.

This evoking of emotion is the essential business of the novelist, as it is of any other artist. A novel that neglected it, however brilliantly done otherwise, would be a bad one, and doomed to a swift forgetting. There is, of course, such a thing as lifting mere representation to such heights of skill that the lack of emotional substance is momentarily overlooked, but on second thought the reader always notes that something necessary is lacking. Thackeray discovered this fact when he published "Barry Lyndon," unquestionably the best of all his novels as representation, but now so far in the shadows that I seem to be the only man left alive in the world who still reads it. Sinclair Lewis came near going over the same precipice in "Main Street." "Babbitt" shows how he discerned his danger, and took measures to remove it. "Babbitt" is certainly not all mocking;

there is also pity in it, and one touch of that pity is worth all its humor. For when art ceases to reach the feelings it ceases to be art and becomes science—and a book of science cannot be a novel. If only H. G. Wells could take in this simple fact, his sales would be vastly greater than they are today, and a public alienated by a long succession of thinly disguised tracts would be wallowing again in such charming things as "Tono-Bungay" and "Mr. Polly."

Mr. Sergel, it seems to me, fails on all counts. His people are not competently represented, and he is quite unable to project their feelings into the reader. His Arlie Gelston is stupid and dull without being pathetic; her story has the impersonal emptiness of a series of fractions. One gets the feeling constantly that it is all one with her whether she does or she doesn't—that she moves through life in a sort of idiotic haze. Such persons exist, and they are of great interest to the psychiatrist. But they are as hopeless in novels, *i. e.*, in art, as persons without faces.

Brief Notices

ANTHROPOLOGY, by A. L. Kroeber. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

An excellent introduction to the subject, designed for the general reader and chiefly based upon American material.

LETTERS FROM W. H. HUDSON, 1901-1922, edited by Edward Garnett. New York: *E. P. Dutton and Company.*

Obviously, a "made" book. Three-fourths of the letters are trivial, and only once or twice does Hudson say anything worth hearing.

TENNYSON, by Harold Nicolson. Boston and New York: *Houghton Mifflin Company.*

An extremely amusing and instructive account of the Poet Laureate—in his later days as much one of the noble ruins of England as Stonehenge. The first purely literary biography in the Strachey manner.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA, by Charles M. Doughty. Two volumes. New York: *Boni and Liveright.*

A stately and dignified edition of this most curious and baffling work, for years almost unobtainable. There is no need, at this late date, to review it. Its partisans regard it with almost fanatical reverence; its critics find it tortured and dull. I can only report that I dislike its innumerable affectations intensely, and yet find myself reading it.

SAM SLICK, by Thomas Chandler Haliburton; edited with a critical estimate by Ray Palmer Baker, Ph. D. New York: *George H. Doran Company.*

"Sam Slick" is an important work to the student of early American literature. It introduced the Yankee to fiction, it was one of the first American books to become popular in England, and it founded that American school of humor which culminated in Artemus Ward and the early Mark Twain. But reading it today is not unlike reading the debates in Congress during the Pierce administration.

MONETARY REFORM, by John Maynard Keynes. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

A vigorous argument against the gold standard by the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." It would be more convincing if it were less cock-sure.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND, by Albert Leon Guérard. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A charmingly penetrating and ironical reconsideration of the known facts about the Corsican. An iconoclastic but extremely valuable contribution to history. Who will do Lincoln in the same way?

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INDEX TO VOLUME I

American Portraits:
I. The Labor Leader 196
II. The Washington Job-Holder 345
III. The Editorial Writer 433
Americana 48, 177, 306, 429
Anderson, Sherwood: Caught 165
Arts and Sciences, The:
Anthropology 463
Architecture 89
Biology 213
Book-Collecting 215
Medicine 91
Music 466
Painting 218
Philology 94
Philosophy 468
Authors, The American Mercury: 128, 256, 384, 511
Barnes, Harry E.: The Drool Method in History 31
Woodrow Wilson 479
Beals, Carleton: Carrying Civilization to Mexico 227
Beard, Charles A.: What is a Statesman? 394
Bechhofer, C. E.: Spanish Nights' Entertainment 357
Boyd, Ernest: Aesthete: Model 1924 51
Apostle to the Heathen 419
Review of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" by George Brandes and "Poesia e Non Poesia" by Benedetto Croce 125
Bradford, Gamaliel: Horace Greeley 385
Bullock, William: Hylan 444
Cabell, James Branch: Review of "Fantastica: Being the Smile of the Sphinx and Other Tales of Imagination" by Robert Nichols . 123
Cain, James M.: The Labor Leader 196
The Editorial Writer 433
Chew, Samuel C.: Byron in America 335
Mr. Moore and Mr. Chew 39
Cline, Leonard Lanson: Sweeney's Grail 99
Clinical Notes 75, 201, 323, 451
Colby, Elbridge: The Invasion of America . . . 439
Dreiser, Theodore: Four Poems 8
Eaton, Walter Prichard: In Defense of the Puritan 424
Editorial 27, 161, 292, 408
Eglington, Guy: The American Painter 218
Feather, William: The Sire of Kiwanis 351
Fergusson, Harvey, The Washington Job-Holder 345
Ficke, Arthur Davison: Reflections of a Bible-Reader 281
Fishbein, Morris: Osteopathy 190
George, W. L.: John Maroufaz and His Sons . . 297
Goldberg, Isaac: Review of "Patria Nova" by Mario Pinto Serva 126
Henderson, W. J.: A Moratorium for Opera . . 466
Hergesheimer, Joseph: Lillian Gish 387
Hier, Frederick P. Jr.: The End of a Literary Mystery 471
Holloway, Emory: More Light on Whitman . . 183
Huneker, James Gibbons: Huneker on Huneker 22
Hussey, L. M.: The Pother About Glands . . . 91
Jenks, Leland: The John Brown Myth 267
Johnson, Gerald W.: The Ku-Kluxer 207
Kellner, Leon: A Note on Shakespeare 237
Kimball, Alice Mary: Portrait of an Old Mother 331
Krapp, George Philip: The Test of English . . . 84
La Farge, C. Grant: The New Sky-Line 89
Lee, Muna: Mushroom Town 459
Library, The, by H. L. Mencken . 120, 248, 376, 504
Lind, John E.: Review of "Luther Nichols" by Mary S. Watts 253
Lowie, Robert H.: The Origin and Spread of Cultures 463
McClure, John: Panorama 222
The Weaver's Tale 85
Martindale, Miles: Two Years of Disarmament . . 62
Mason, Gregory: Chautauqua: Its Technic . . . 274
Mencken, H. L.: The Library . . 120, 248, 376, 504
Editorial 27, 161, 292, 408
Clinical Notes 75, 201, 323, 451
Münsterberg, Margaret: Santayana at Cambridge 69
Nathan, George Jean: The Theatre 113, 241, 369, 497
Clinical Notes 75, 201, 323, 451
Oneal, James: The Communist Hoax 79
O'Neill, Eugene: All God's Chillun Got Wings 129
Owens, John W.: The Tragic Hiram 57
Parshley, H. M.: Heredity and the Uplift . . . 221
Review of "Social Life Among the Insects" by William Morton Wheeler and "Studies in Evolution and Eugenics" by S. J. Holmes . 381
Pearl, Raymond: Alcohol and the Duration of Life 213
Pennypacker, Isaac R.: The Lincoln Legend . . . 1
Riley, Woodbridge: The Critical Realists 468
The New Thought 104
Robinson, W. F.: Review of "Revolutionary New England" by James Truslow Adams 254
Sapir, Edward: The Grammarian and His Language 149
Sargent, George H.: Modern First Editions . . . 225
Schönemann, Friedrich: Review of "Auf der Rollenden Erde" by Walter von Molo . . . 383
Sinclair, D. W.: Six Orchestral Conductors . . . 285
Smertenko, Johan J.: The American View of Politics 363
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur: Every Science an Exact Science 309
Stevens, James: The Uplift on the Frontier . . . 433
Suckow, Ruth: Four Generations 15
Sykes, Howell: The Part-Time Missionary . . . 136
Theatre, The, by George Jean Nathan
113, 241, 369, 497
Thompson, Charles Willis: Pinchot 180
The Two Tafts 333
Valentine, Ruth: The Guard 491
Van Doren, Carl: Stephen Crane 11
The Comic Patriot 234
Walkley, Arthur Bingham: Mansfield Park and America 320
Whitman, Stephen French: Cretheus and the Lions 257
Winslow, Thyra Samter: Stella 403
X——: On a Second-Rate War 109

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME I April 1924 NUMBER 4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Horace Greeley	Gamaliel Bradford	385
What Is A Statesman?	Charles A. Beard	394
Lillian Gish	Joseph Hergesheimer	397
Stella (*A Story*)	Thyra Samter Winslow	403
Editorial		408
The Uplift On The Frontier	James Stevens	413
Apostle To The Heathen	Ernest Boyd	419
In Defense of The Puritan	Walter Prichard Eaton	424
Americana		429
American Portraits, III. The Editorial Writer	James M. Cain	433
The Invasion of America	Elbridge Colby	439
Hylan	William Bullock	444
Clinical Notes	H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan	451
Mushroom Town (*A Cycle of Sonnets*)	Muna Lee	459
The Arts and Sciences:		
The Origin and Spread of Cultures	Robert H. Lowie	463
A Moratorium for Opera	W. J. Henderson	466
The Critical Realists	Woodbridge Riley	468
The End of a Literary Mystery	Frederick P. Hier, Jr.	471
Woodrow Wilson	Harry Elmer Barnes	479
The Guard (*A Story*)	Ruth Valentine	491
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	497
The Library	H. L. Mencken	504
The American Mercury Authors		511
Index to Volume I		512

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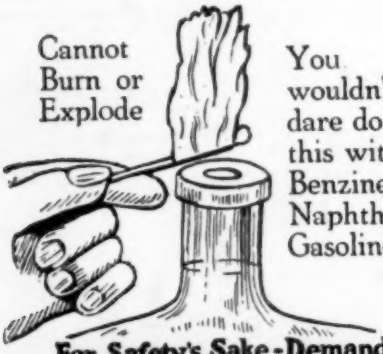
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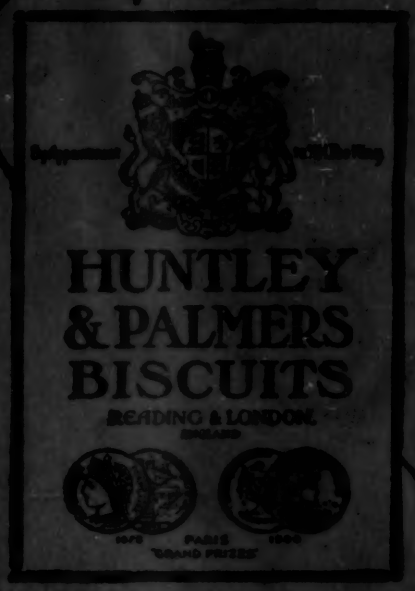
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